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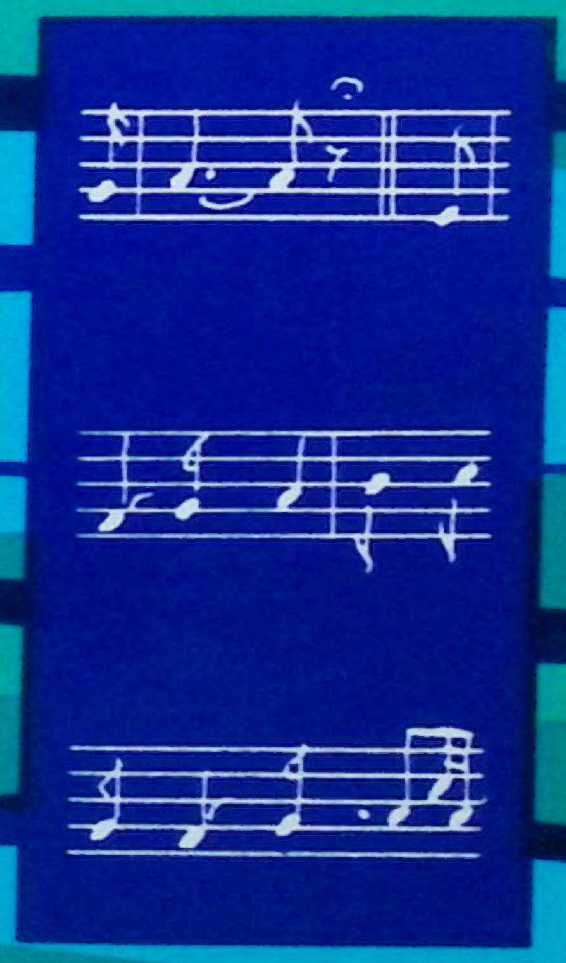

by MacEdward Leach

FOLK BALLADS AND SONGS

OF THE LOWER LABRADOR COAST

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FOLK BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE LOWER LABRADOR COAST

by MacEdward Leach

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To

Tristram P. Coffin and G. Malcolm Laws

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Résumé

Dans les petits ports de mer de Terre-Neuve et du Labrador où les gens sont d'expression anglaise, maintes chansons et ballades d'antan sont encore populaires de nos jours. On y chante encore des ballades comme *Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard*, *The Devil and the Blessed Virgin*, et *Captain Wedderburn's Courtship*. En outre, on y entend encore maintes chansons de mer d'origine canadienne, anglaise et américaine. Mais nettement plus typiques de la culture de cette côte aride, certaines ballades locales rappellent des histoires d'anciens naufrages, des luttes contre les glaces et les dangers du piégeage en hiver.

Ces ballades et ces chansons sur des airs traditionnels ne sont pas uniquement intéressantes en soi, mais elles offrent un aperçu intime de la culture des habitants du Labrador. C'est la première fois qu'une telle collection est recueillie dans cette région, de fait le dernier endroit où subsiste la culture folklorique britannique en Amérique. Les ballades et chansons reproduites sont accompagnées de commentaires préliminaires et de glossaires.

Introduction

I spent the summer of 1960 on the Labrador Coast collecting folklore under the auspices of the National Museum of Canada. Labrador is the great landmass lying north of the St. Lawrence, occupying all of the north-eastern part of Canada to Ungava and the Hudson Straits. In 1927 it was divided into two administrative districts. To Newfoundland was given all the Atlantic Coast and all the interior lands drained by water flowing into the Atlantic. Since the Hamilton River originates in a conglomeration of lakes 400 miles to the west and breaks through the height of land to empty into the Atlantic, Newfoundland acquired (at the expense of Quebec) a vast inland territory. Yet today the term 'Labrador' is used loosely to designate the whole territory, that belonging to Quebec as well as the eastern coastal section adjacent to Newfoundland.

It is fitting that this eastern part of the mainland should belong to Newfoundland, since many of the settlers of coastal Labrador were from Newfoundland, and since the Straits of Belle Isle, the water that separates the two areas, are very narrow, only 18 miles at one point. The result is that, from the very beginning, Coastal Labrador developed trade relations with Newfoundland as well as religious, educational, and welfare affiliations. Through the years the Labradorians have been oriented toward Newfoundland.

The settlements in Newfoundland Labrador are on the coast, at river mouths and estuaries. On the lower Labrador this has resulted in settlements at intervals of eight to ten miles. Until recently no roads existed between these settlements; communication was necessarily by sea, a long and hazardous means and not always possible. North of Pinware it is impossible even today to travel by land except on foot, and the road from Blanc Sablon to Pinware is in many places just a rough-hewn track, best traversed by sturdy trucks. This combination of circumstances isolated these settlements and resulted in each village turning culturally upon itself.

At the corner, so to speak, where the coastline begins to run more north than east, is the flourishing little village of Blanc Sablon. It is predominantly French and Catholic, and its orientation is toward Quebec. It is the last point in Labrador reached by the steamer from Quebec. Some eight miles down north from Blanc Sablon is the little village of Lance au Clair, which was settled by English from Newfoundland and from the south of England. Then ten or twelve miles over the barrens lies Forteau, at the mouth of the Forteau River in deeply indented Forteau Bay. Forteau was settled by immigrants from the Isle of Jersey. Six miles beyond Forteau is English

Point; then comes Lance au Loup, St. Modeste, and Pinware—each spaced about the same distance apart. St. Modeste is Irish and Catholic, the other two settlements are English with a sprinkling of Scotch and Irish, and Protestant. It was in these villages that I lived and worked in the summer of 1960.

It is impossible to trace in any detail the history of settlement along this coast, since the first settlements were casual and for many years only semi-permanent. Coincident with the first explorations of the new world, European fishermen came across for summer fishing. Usually they 'made their fish' on the shore in late summer and then sailed back home; but frequently they spent one winter ashore in rude shelters and so got two summers' fishing before returning. Now and then individuals remained longer; some took Indian or Eskimo wives and remained permanently. As Newfoundland was settled and grew in population it became regular practice—and still is—for many Newfoundlanders to cross the Strait in the early summer with their families and to camp on the Labrador where the fish were more abundant and more easily taken. Some built 'summer homes' there. After 'making the fish,' most families journeyed back home to return the next summer, but now and then a family stayed and made Labrador their home. When trapping began to develop in Labrador, many found the combination of fishing in the summer and trapping in the winter lucrative. Such fishermen-trappers naturally settled on the river mouths where they would have water transportation both to sea and inland. Gradually the tiny settlements grew; trading posts were established to trade with the Indians, settlers, and visiting fishermen. The permanent settlers were called *livyers,* that is, those who lived on the Labrador the year round as distinct from the summer dwellers. In addition to the casual drift of individuals who made Labrador a permanent home, there was some group migration direct from Europe. A group of Jerseymen settled in Forteau; one from Devonshire settled English Point. Certainly, continuous settlement on this lower coast dates from the seventeenth century; one cannot be very precise, since there are no existing records of early individual settlers.

Today these villages on the lower Labrador are fishing outports. On each fish day in spring and summer the men go out in their small boats to net, trap, jig, and trawl capelin, cod, and herring. When the fish are running in good numbers, the men often make three trips a day to the fishing grounds. Cod is the main catch; they seldom bother with what they call trash fish, such as flounder and haddock. Salmon are netted as they run in the bays toward the spawning streams and are often found in the cod traps. They are eaten fresh or 'bottled' for winter. Now and then a fisherman shoots a porpoise, and all share in the meat. But cod is the mainstay of the economy.

As regularly as the coming of spring, the cod appear along the shore, moving in from the Gulf, first to the south coast, and reaching Cape Chidley at the end of the summer. The factor that governs their coming is the arrival of the capelin, a small fish, which is a beautiful dark blue with iridescent trimmings, about the size and shape of a smelt. The capelin arrive on the Coast in hundreds of millions, blindly swimming in great schools right

into the sandy shallows to spawn. Capelin is the favourite food of the cod, and to secure it the cod follow the capelin far inshore. When the capelin are running close, every man, woman, and child is out dipping them in the shallows or netting them off-shore. Sometimes used as bait, they are also eaten fresh or dried in great numbers and kept as reserve food for dogs and people too, come winter. How they are regarded as food may be guessed from the recipe for a Newfoundland sandwich: two beach stones with a capelin between. But the greatest service the capelin perform is to lure the cod in.

This region is one of the last settlements in America where the processing of cod is still a family business. There are no fish plants on the coast; the fish must therefore be processed and dried by the fishermen themselves. As soon as a returning fishing boat is sighted, the women and children rush to the wharf to assist in 'making the fish.' Using two-tined pitchforks, the fishermen throw the fish up from the boats to the wharf. There they lie in flapping, slimy piles until they are lifted again by forks into the boxes at the ends of the splitting tables. The workers, men and often women, gather around the tables; there is laughter and banter back and forth. The man nearest the box, the 'cut-throat,' reaches down, grasps a fish, and holding it by a finger in each eye (this guarantees a good purchase on the slippery creature), he makes a lightning-quick cut across the throat from gill to gill and then a second longitudinal cut, ripping down the belly and allowing the entrails to spill out. He then pushes the fish over to the 'header.' The header, wearing a 'headin' palm' (pam), grasps the fish by the dangling head, pulls out the liver and throws it in the bucket at his feet, and then bending the head against the edge of the table, he rips it off and casts it on the pile on the wharf. The heads are generally saved for the dogs. Lips, tongues, and cheeks of the big cod are frequently cut out to be salted away for winter use, or they are eaten fresh, fried, or boiled up with potatoes. The header passes the body of the fish onto the 'splitter.' On his left hand the splitter wears a 'splittin' cuff,' a kind of fingerless wool mitten; with this hand he grasps the upper part of the back bone and then runs the blade of his slightly curved, squarish knife longitudinally, first down one side of the vertebra and then back up the other, separating the backbone and the upper ribs from the flesh. The 'slivered' fish is then tossed into the tub of water for washing.

After the fish are washed, they are forked into the home-made wooden wheelbarrows and taken to the 'rooms' at the head of the wharf where they are stacked in heavy rock salt to pickle. At this stage they are referred to as 'green fish.' After proper curing in the salt, the green fish are spread, split side up, on long racks, called flakes, to dry in the sun. These flakes, which are rough frames made of boughs, lath, and scrap wood, are raised about three feet from the ground. Each morning the fish must be trundled out to the flakes, spread singly on the supports, skin side down; and each night they must be taken under cover. Moreover, every time it promises rain or fog, the process must be repeated. As one fisherman commented, "You gets to know every fish before you gets 'em dried."

The 'making of fish' is not only a job for the whole family but also one in which neighbour helps neighbour. It would be hard to find a more picturesque and carefree scene when ten or fifteen boats are in, and the whole village—men, women, and children—are deep in the fish, cutting, heading, gutting. It is a scene of hilarity—hoses turned on one another, fish viscera slipped down the back of oil skins. Boys as young as six, clad in 'ile clothes' and miniature 'hip rubbers,' are wielding pitch forks, lifting fish to the barrows. Gaffers, too old to take a hand anymore in the boats, get in on this game, much concerned with the quantity and quality of the fish.

Until a few years ago sealing and whaling were regular occupations that were carried on locally. A whaling station to which they towed the carcasses is still to be seen down from Lance au Loup. Though occasionally Labrador men journeyed to St. John's and joined the sealing fleet that went to the ice, most sealing is carried on locally from the shore. Seals drift down the Strait on pans of ice, easily reached by small boats, or, as they drift in, from the selvage ice. Seal skins are home-processed; they have a variety of uses, the most common being for boots, very warm and dry. Seal meat is relished by the dogs, and the flippers are considered a great delicacy by one and all.

From August on, as fishing slackens, everyone turns out for the berries that grow in profusion over the land. Many varieties of cranberries, blue herts (blueberries), blackberries (here, a small groundberry) abound on the moor lands. Around the lakes and swamps the 'bake-apple' berry grows close to the ground, sending up a single stem, on the end of which, perched grotesquely, grows a several-celled brownish berry, which is delicious either when sun-cured with a bit of sugar or made into jams and pies the next winter. The Indians and Eskimos preserved the slightly ripe berries by weighting them down in containers of water and storing them away until winter. Then they were removed from the water and spread out in a warm place where they quickly ripened. This old method is still followed in many places. Another unforgettable berry is the maiden berry or the capillaire. It is a small berry of the fern family whose scarcity makes it a great treat; it makes the sweetest jam in the world. Partridge berries grow in abundance; the best way to eat them is in a thick, juicy pie. When the berries are ripe, women and children and many of the men spread out over the moors and return at nightfall with brimming pails. Like 'working in the fish,' berrying is often a big family or, perhaps better, tribal picnic.

In August also comes the herring fishing. Herring, like cod, is a staple fish. Very good it is when dried after a short time in light pickle, and only the fastidious outsider bothers about the bones. I was given a recipe for baked fresh herring that is guaranteed to eliminate the bone problem: "Put a layer of herrin' in a pan and then a douse of vinegar, and then a layer of herrin' and then a douse of vinegar, and then herrin' and then vinegar and bake 'em till thame eyes drop out and thame the finest thing you ever et." Herring is a bait fish. It is used locally as bait for cod as well as for the traps. Quantities are often disposed of to the trawlers.

In the winter after the snow has settled and the long freeze is on, the men go into the interior for meat and wood. Transportation is by the heavy sleds, 'komatiks,' pulled by dog teams. In the Forteau region they must

travel inland 35 miles before they find the first stand of timber. And the caribou are deeper in than that. In the woods the men live in 'tilts,' low-roofed log huts which are built along trap-lines so that a man would never be too far from shelter in bad weather. At present, fewer and fewer men run trap-lines; the price of skins is so low that it hardly pays. They continue to go into the woods to hunt. One man and his son killed over fifty caribou in 1959 and transported the meat out by dog-sled. Life in the tilts on these hunting trips is carefree and relaxed; in the evening, after the long day in the woods and with a good meal tucked away, they have a jolly time with songs, stories, and riddles. [1]

Transportation in the winter is by dog-sled, even on the frozen rivers and lakes and often on the sea-ice. The dogs are a heavy husky type, a mixture of various breeds. Every family has its own team of a dozen or fifteen dogs. All summer they are individually staked out around the buildings and are never allowed to roam. Once a day they are fed cod heads and fish offal. In the autumn they must be conditioned gradually so that they can stand the gruelling labour of pulling the heavy komatiks long distances through the heavy snow. The komatik has high turned-up runners, with a rope or thong from the top of one to the other. The driver drives the team from a position in front of the komatik; to slow it down he leans back against the rope, digging his heels into the snow. He can turn it by throwing his weight to right or left. When the going is easy, he can hop on and ride. The dogs are not harnessed in tandem, but singly to a centre line. Much lore has grown up around the dogs, but so far as I could find, no songs.

This then is the routine life. It is a life that involves every one in the same activities and in a communal way. One is constantly struck by the fact that the men are always together. On dull days they will all be sitting on the wharf, or in the rooms mending nets, fashioning killicks (anchors of stone and wood), or working in the fish. On Sundays, in clean clothes, they congregate on the wharf or in somebody's kitchen, whittling and talking. Talk centres on the seasonal activity and local events, such as the current run of fish, the boat that went adrift. It seldom touches on politics, matters of state, or national events. Every item discussed is turned over and over and looked at from all sides. It is not so much what is said as the developed comradeship of human voices.

One is impressed, too, by the fact that every man is a jack of all trades. All are competent carpenters (both house and boat), trappers, fishermen, boatmen, mechanics, dog veterinarians, cooks, woodsmen. I watched a fisherman dismantle his disabled boat-engine out on the fishing grounds and take out a broken piston and replace it, the boat gyrating all the while in a bad cross chop. In the summer of 1960 an enterprising man in one of the villages imported a freezer and an ice-cream machine operated by a gasoline engine. After practically every man in the place had helped put it together, it would not run. It had them all stumped, but only for a week or two. After much discussion, experimentation, and argument in which even the young boys took part, the problem was finally solved.

The women also can turn their hands to any needed task: they cook; make bread, cakes, and pies; bottle the berries, fish, birds, and game;

[1] *See* song p. 10.

knit, sew, make rugs and bed clothes; they also take turns with the fish, some of them even go out in the boats. They drive the dog teams and serve as nurses and midwives. When the men are in the woods hunting and trapping, the women do much out-door work around the place, even to fetching water and chopping wood. All plumbing is strictly out of doors. In short, life is almost as it was in rural United States a hundred years ago, except that then there was more of everything: fish, game, birds, wood.

Most of the people in these outports belong to the Church of England or to the United Church of Canada. There is one Catholic church between Blanc Sablon and Pinware. Each village has one or two tiny church houses, but services are held very irregularly. The Anglican priest who serves this shore is stationed at Flower's Cove, Newfoundland. Even in summer he seldom gets to Labrador more frequently than once a month. Services are poorly attended. The singing, carried on by the minister and a few zealous women, is indifferent; rarely do the men participate, though they do almost all the secular singing. Lately there has come to the coast a group of Pentecostals. The leader of this group travels by plane, enabling him to hold many services up and down the coast during the week. He preaches against cards, profanity, drinking, dancing, modern dress, secular education, and old-time songs and stories, and his following is increasing. The effect of the Pentecostal movement is to destroy much of the old traditional culture in the families where it is found. The wife of a fine singer who had a great store of traditional songs in full texts broke up every attempt we made to record his songs by beating on a dish pan and shouting, 'It's all lies,' even though the singer had not yet become a member of the sect. I tried to arrange a meeting on neutral ground, but his wife thwarted it. Another singer, a member of the sect, was persuaded to sing a wreck song by my pointing out the moral it contained. In the midst of the song the minister flew over in the gospel plane, buzzing the village to announce a meeting that night. The singer froze in the middle of a stanza, reacting for all the world like a child caught with his hand in the candy box.

Asked to generalize about this culture, one would note its cohesiveness and homogeneity. Most people in each village share the very same experiences, and they react emotionally to common stimuli in exactly the same way. There is relatively little outside influence: no newspapers, few books, no radio, no television. In the summer the steamer comes irregularly with supplies and an occasional visitor; in the winter a light plane brings mail when it can land on the ponds. Days pass without communication from the outside except through the uncertain short-wave transmitters. The nurses at the one Grenfell mission station on this Coast take care of the sick, the injured, and the babies. A desperate case is got out by plane if the plane can land.

As one lives among these people, one gets the impression that they are as happy and contented as anyone living in a great metropolitan centre, and their lives seem as full. One wonders if it is not due to their constant and deep participation in life. They are not onlookers; they do not have to make activity to get through the days. In the evening they relax with songs and stories of their own culture or with the old ones that have been integrated into their culture.

In the outports of Labrador there is a time to sing and a time to be silent. One does not sing at work, and one does not sing to one's self. Singing is for a group but not by a group. The time must be right, and the right time is after supper with a long evening ahead, or a day or night during the festival time of the Christmas season. It is rarely in the summer; then, work invariably spills over into the evenings. Almost all the singing is done by the men and always without accompaniment. There seems to be nothing planned or ordered about these evenings. The villagers, especially the men, just visit around; one evening they will congregate in one kitchen and another in a different one. They sit on the bench along the wall, on the wood-box, they squat on their hunkies on the floor or stand propped in a corner. The chairs are left for the singer, the old people, and the host. The women of the house go about their household tasks, putting wood on the fire and clattering lids. There is talk, the unending talk about the fish, the weather, the out-of-the-run events of the day. Pipes are going. An hour or so slips by. Some one calls out, "Uncle Peter, how about giving us a song?" Uncle Peter smiles, "What'll it be?" And then he answers his own question, "I'll sing 'Jimmie Whalen'; that one is a good song. Many a time my father sang that one. Some of you'll mind him singing 'Jimmie Whalen.' He learned me that song when I was just about as big as the lad there."

Uncle Peter settles back in his chair, and with no more ado, he launches into the song. He does not look to the group as he sings, but straight ahead of him, as if he were deeply concentrating on the song. He uses no gestures, nor any interpretation by changed tone or volume. It is all dead-pan, unless the song is a humorous one; then the singer usually gets so amused at his own song that he becomes inarticulate. But he always lets the story-song speak for themselves. The audience never participates beyond comments o the songs; there is no applause or extravagant praise. Rather there are quie remarks here and there, "That's sure a good song," or "A song like that, it's got more truth than a preacher's sermon."

Only three times during the many song sessions I attended did more than one person sing. Peter Letto in Lance au Clair is held in deep veneration as a singer by everyone. When he is in the room, no one would think of singing without suggestion from him. There is also the tendency to regard certain songs as the property of certain singers. Stuart Letto knows most of his father's songs, but when he sang in the presence of his father it was always at his father's suggestion. Peter would say, "Let Stuart sing that un; me wind is gone." Then he would add, "It's me old heart."

Understandably in a close community like this one, it is the local songs that are the favourites. Songs like "The Game Warden Song," and "Captain Shepherd," and the local wreck songs, such as "Mariposa," are listened to over and over. They are crude in metre, form, and style, and often the tune is pedestrian and halting; yet the listeners immediately identify with the song and live in it. When it is over, then every omitted detail must be brought forth and reminisced. One evening in Lance au Loup all the gaffers in the room engaged in a spirited debate over what had happened to the timbers salvaged from the wrecked "Mariposa." The talk after such a song is concrete and dramatic and more interesting than the song itself, which is likely to

be bare generalities. This suggests that song may be just a stimulus, prompting memory and leading the listeners to re-live the event. One notes that there is a general tendency to localize even the old traditional ballads and make them a part of their own culture. As an example of the local song that is almost meaningless to an outsider, I am inserting here the most popular song in Forteau. It is an account of a hunting trip into the country and will give some suggestion of the life of the men in the woods, living in a tilt, surrounded by the vastness of the frozen Labrador. 'Doodee' is a clay pipe originally made in Ireland. When this song is sung or recited, everyone in the room is rigidly attentive. The proper names evoke merriment, and after the song is finished comes the spirited talk filling in the details.

COUNTRY SONG

Come all young men and maidens and aged ones as well
And listen to my scanty tale I am now about to tell.
Concerning of our concert, how hard it was to start;
In getting all together we almost got faint heart.

In getting out those dialog we did our very best;
Some boys went in the country; some more went to the west.
We start off in the morning; lefted the little shack behine;
We start off in two directions as the weather was proving fine.

When that day's hunt was over we assembled home at night
To see each man with his mug in his hand as he tries to get his bite.
When the dogs without have got their feed and all is stowed away,
Each man is telling stories of his hunting trip that day.

Then before the break of morning they are up and round again
Preparing up a breakfast to serve up in their tins.
There are some sat on the bunk with scarce a word to say;
They are waiting for their breakfast and the wrack to clear away.

When Ed and Ed was toasting bread and John was making tea,
Jim sets up in the corner and puffs his old doodee.
With ninthteen [*sic*] deer upon the shack, it was a record trip,
And when the boys gets home again, the girls will give them a tip.

And now the hunt is over; so merrily home we'll go;
There's some with blistered fingers and some more with frozen noze.
When leaving Northwest Brook and coming home, you see,
Then Jim and Ed got wrestling and they broke Jim's old doodee.

The whole singing pattern of the Labrador suggests that of the Old English or Old Irish, the *scop* or *filid*. One man in each village is tacitly recognized as the 'official' singer; he is selected because he is the best singer, and very often such a gift or influence is hereditary. In almost every instance it is the family, not just the individual, which has the songs in keeping. Peter Letto learned his songs from his father and his grandfather, and his son has learned them as a matter of course. I found no 'ballet' books or other personal manuscript collections, nor do they have printed song collections.

In Forteau, the Roberts family have been the singers. Abraham Roberts, 84 years old in 1960, was a great singer and tale teller. Now he can no longer sing, and his memory is fading. I was told that his sons can sing their father's songs, but they are not interested in keeping them alive. A grand-daughter, however, does show interest. In English Town there is a

superb singer, Stanley Trimm, but his family have become Pentecostals, and it is hard to get him to sing. There is no one else in English Town. Leo O'Brien is not only a singer and a carrier of tradition but a creator of songs as well. He is the author of a number of local ballads that have gone into tradition in Labrador and the west coast of Newfoundland. His store of older songs is from family tradition. William Riley and his son Charley represent another family tradition from the same place. In Pinware, Ned O'Dell is the local *scop* with a great store of traditional family songs.

The songs of the Labrador Coast are almost all ballads; they outnumber the 'ditties,' the humorous and sentimental songs, by twenty to one. I asked about this and got such answers as: "These are better because they are not just da, da, da, but give you something to think about." "These are good because they are about people." "I like these because they teach you something." But of the ballads, it is the sentimental ones that are the favourites. This preference for narrative songs that tell a dramatic story points up a conspicuous difference between the popular song of today and the folksong. Popular songs rarely tell a story or even refer to one; being usually without form they are empty and are carried by the music. Certainly here in Labrador and, I think, among the folk in general, the story is the thing, and the music is incidental and, in some instances, almost non-existent. Note that in Labrador the old ballad "The King and the Bishop" has lost all song quality, but that the story survives. The popular singer today cannot understand the predilection among the folk for story, and so he cannot rest until he has worked the old story-song into something like the popular songs of today by his style of singing, by putting in instrumental background, and by enhancing lyrical elements.

The 'Child' ballads found here in Labrador are the expected ones, though one should find "Lord Bateman" and "Barbara Allan." "Lamkin" and "Little Matty Groves," both given here, are not in the Greenleaf collection from Newfoundland. They are, however, in Newfoundland, and I have collected several versions of both. Extended collection on Labrador will reveal an older tradition than the culture that came in from Newfoundland. In Forteau, for example, one might reasonably expect an underlay of traditional lore from the Isle of Jersey. The very interesting ballad here listed as "Captain Wedderburn" (46), linked as it is with the Virgin Mary, suggests an earlier version of the *Inter Diabolus et Virgo* text of "Riddles Wisely Expounded" (1) with later modification of the riddles through influence of the Wedderburn ballad. It may well be, I think, closer to the archetypal form than any other version. The survival of "King John and the Bishop" in tale form, not hitherto found in any form in the Maritimes, is further proof. Here then is the end product of long evolution and the evidence that to these folk the story was the most important element. Another unique version of an old ballad is the remake of "Little Matty Groves." It is fascinating the way the folk aesthetic has reworked the form away from the undramatic succession of quatrains, somewhat like a poem by Longfellow, into a kind of epic lay technique, the verse units based on the story.

But eighteenth and nineteenth century broadsides form most of the collection. Many of these are English, Scottish, and Irish. Here and there are

American broadsides, most, it would seem, coming by way of the lumbermen. The third group of ballads found here—the local ballads—are interesting for their close connection with the culture of the Coast. The shipwreck songs, the songs telling of struggles with the ice, like "The Slob Song," with blizzard and sea like the fine "Trinity Bay Tragedy," these are to them the most dramatic and most meaningful, expressing as they do their constant concern with the dangers they all face as they go to sea and to the wilderness. "Captain Shepherd" and "The Game Warden Song" reflect their resentment of government interference in local affairs like taking game and running rum. Gripe songs, like "The Mission Song," "Big Sam," "Canada-I-O," are to be expected from an economically distressed area. Between the narrative songs the Labrador audience does enjoy the 'ditties,' the nonsense songs, the 'lying' songs, and the cumulative songs, although they refer to them as children's songs. I discovered that those singers whose tradition is English, like Trimm, Roberts, and Belber, had few of these; those with Irish or French in their background, like Letto and O'Brien, preserved a goodly number, among others even the fifteenth century verse of "Bryan O'Lynn" and the Elizabethan "The Lying Song."

The great significance for folklorists of this region is the fact that here is a culture closer to a pure folk culture than perhaps any other in North America. There is, for example, far more modification of the folk culture of the Ozarks from the central culture than here. And the same is true of the southern Alleghenies and of the outports of Newfoundland. Unfortunately, however, this is not a 'good' folk culture. It is not good, because it is static and not creative in any way. It is interesting to contrast it with the folk culture of Scotland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This latter culture was a highly creative folk culture, one in which new creations, especially in tale and story, were constantly appearing; one in which the people had taste, appreciation for the dramatic, for the nice turn of phrase. The result was that they left their inheritance of tradition much richer than they found it. The folk culture of the Newfoundland outports is not creative; it is important only as a repository; but these folk, even as custodians of the tradition bequeathed them by their English, Irish, and Scottish forbears, have not been very careful. Much of their lore they have let slip away; much they have imperfectly preserved; much they have not understood and as a result have garbled.

Abbreviations

BELDEN: Belden, H. M. (*ed.*) *Ballads and Songs Collected by the Missouri Folklore Society* (Univ. of Missouri Studies, 15) Columbia, 1940.

BROWN COLLECTION: *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore,* Vol. 2 and 3, Durham, 1952.

BULLETIN: *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast,* Cambridge, 1930; reprinted Philadelphia, 1960.

CHILD: Child, F. J. *English and Scottish Popular Ballads,* Boston 1882–1898; reprinted New York, 1957.

COFFIN: Coffin, Tristram P. *The British Traditional Ballad in North America,* Philadelphia, 1950, 2 rev. ed., 1963.

CREIGHTON: Creighton, Helen. *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia,* Toronto, 1933.

CREIGHTON AND SENIOR: Creighton, Helen, and Doreen Senior. *Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia,* Toronto, 1950.

DAVIS I: Davis, A. K. *Traditional Ballads of Virginia,* Cambridge, 1929.

DAVIS II: Davis, A. K. *More Traditional Ballads of Virginia,* Chapel Hill, 1960.

DEAN-SMITH: Dean-Smith, Margaret. *A Guide to English Folksong Collections* 1822–1952, Liverpool, 1954.

DOERFLINGER: Doerflinger, William. *Shantymen and Shantyboys,* New York, 1951.

FLANDERS: Flanders, Helen H. *The New Green Mountain Songster,* New Haven, 1939.

GARDNER AND CHICKERING: Gardner, E. E., and G. J. Chickering. *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan,* Ann Arbor, 1939.

GREENLEAF: Greenleaf, E. B., and G. Y. Mansfield. *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland,* Cambridge, 1933.

GREIG: Greig, Gavin. *Folksongs of the North-East,* Reprint, Hatboro, Pa. 1963.

JAF: *Journal of American Folklore.*

JFSS: *Journal of the Folksong Society;* continued as Journal of the Folk-dance and Song Society.

KARPELES: Karpeles, Maud. *Folk-Songs from Newfoundland,* Oxford, 1934.

LAWS I: Laws, G. Malcolm. *Native American Balladry,* Philadelphia, 1950, rev. ed., 1964.

LAWS II: Laws, G. Malcolm. *American Ballads from British Broadsides,* Philadelphia, 1957.

MACKENZIE: Mackenzie, William R. *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia,* Cambridge, 1928.

O'CONNOR: O'Connor, Manas. *Old Time Songs and Ballads of Ireland,* New York, 1901.

O LOCHLAINN: Lochlainn, *C. Irish Street Ballads,* London, 1935.

ORD: Ord, J. *The Bothy Songs and Ballads of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray,* Paisley, 1930.

PMLA: Publications of the Modern Language Association.

RANDOLPH: Randolph, Vance. *Ozark Folk Songs,* Columbia, Missouri, 1947–50.

RICKABY: Rickaby, F. *Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy,* Cambridge, 1926.

SHARP: Sharp, C. J. *Folk Songs of England,* London, 1908–12.

THOMPSON: Thompson, Harold (*ed.*) *A Pioneer Songster,* Ithaca, New York, 1958.

WILLIAMS: Williams, A. *Folk Songs of the Upper Thames,* London, 1923.

The Musical Style

The musical style of this collection of songs from Labrador shows surprisingly little difference from that of collections made elsewhere in North America, an indication that Labrador has been an integral part of the British-Irish-American folk-music tradition. If it can be considered representative, the collection shows that the Labrador style contains, in general, a larger proportion of new (nineteenth century?) melodies than do those of the Eastern and the Southern United States, and a larger proportion of tunes of Irish origin. Furthermore, the number of tune families represented seems to be low, and the amount of variety, the degree of deviation from the average, is also relatively small. Comparison of the statistical aspects of my analysis with those in two analyses done similarly (Helen H. Flanders, *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England,* Philadelphia, 1960; and Vol. 4 of the *Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore,* Durham, N.C., 1958)—although these contain the tunes of ballads only and not those of other kinds of songs—indicates considerable similarity between the Labrador and the U.S. material in the proportion of various musical features within the repertory. The correspondence among the three collections is close in scale, rhythm, ornamentation, especially in range, but less in overall structure. Nothing is found in the Labrador collection, however, which is not also found, to a greater or smaller extent, in other North American collections of folk songs.

The ranges of the Labrador songs average just over an octave, extending from a major sixth to a perfect twelfth. A major ninth is the most common compass. The scales are more frequently heptatonic than one might expect. Comparison with the Flanders and Brown collections indicates that these two contain a larger proportion of the so-called gapped scales. The Brown collection, particularly, contains a large amount of pentatonic material, which might indicate a basic regional difference. Heptatonic tunes, which do predominate in the Flanders collection, though not to so great an extent as in the Labrador songs, may indicate a regional preference (in northeastern North America) for the heptatonic. The fact that the Flanders collection consists entirely of Child ballads, whereas the Labrador collection at hand contains only a small number of these, does not seem to be reflected in a specific difference in musical style. We should point out, however, that the Child ballad tunes in the Labrador collection tend more frequently to be pentatonic or hexatonic than do the other tunes.

About seventy per cent of the Labrador tunes are heptatonic. Of these the majority (57 per cent of the total) are in the major, or Ionian, mode. Three

other heptatonic modes are found: Mixolydian (e.g., 84, "High Times"; 8, "Golden Vanity"; 101, "Boston Burglar"; 38, "Morrisey"), Dorian (130, "Mantle So Green"; 125, "Janie on the Moor"; 59, "Three Boochers"; 121, "Dirty Nell"), and Eolian, with only three examples (90, "Canada-I-O"; 55, "Alma"; 136, "Rosy Banks of Green").

About twenty-five per cent of the total is hexatonic material, only 5 per cent is pentatonic, usually without half-tones (37, "Daniel Monroe"; 56, "The Marigold"; 65, "Jolly Jack") and, in one case, pentachordal, i.e., five tones in a diatonic arrangement (18, "Matty Groves").

There are examples of tunes in the course of which modulation seems to occur; for example, in 113, which moves from the tonic to the subdominant, or in 51 or 133, in which the modulation is from major to the relative minor (C major to A minor). Related to the concept of modulation is the practice, found in about five per cent of the songs, of creating a leading tone just at cadential points, especially at the close of the tune. The scale of such a tune has the interval of a major second between the tonic and the tone below it. The tone below, however, is raised a half-step at cadential points. This practice is also found in other styles of European folk music and may have the function of providing the kind of cadence found in a major mode for tunes in the older, modal style; for example, *see* tunes 15, "Beam of Oak"; 12, "Old Oak Tree"; 110, "Paddy Backwards." Other kinds of chromatic alteration are also found, for example, in number 81, "*Neptune* Rules the Sea"; 92, "Riverhead Line"; 115, "Hush-a-bye Baby"; 86, "Blood-Stained Soil"; and 111, "Lying Song." Occasionally this leads to the kind of modal classification in which a combination of modes must be considered the tonality; for example, Dorian mixed with major (91, "Mission Song") and Dorian with Mixolydian (100, "Henry Green"). A peculiar tonal tendency is found in No. 45, in which the leading-tone is raised when approached from above and lowered when approached from below, the opposite of what one might expect in Western cultivated music. Song 122 ("Kelly and the Ghost") is pentatonic but adds a sixth tone, which is a leading-tone, just before the final cadence.

The melodic contours of the Labrador songs are most frequently arc-shaped; this is true particularly in the large number of tunes with the form ABBA or a variant of it. The melodic intervals are most frequently major seconds and decrease in frequency as their size increases.

There are also, however, examples of large leaps: sevenths (117, "Whiskey in the Jar"; 46, "Stowaway") and octaves (96, "Ghostly Fishermen"). Melodic sequence, that is, a phrase presented and then repeated—exactly or approximately—at another pitch level, generally rare in British folk music, is found in 48 ("Love, Let Me In"). A melody with prominent triad formations is found in 92 ("Riverhead Line").

In cadences, the tonic is normally approached from the tone immediately above or below. Occasionally a reiteration of the tonic (two or three times) appears at the cadence (e.g., 100, "Henry Green"; 138, "Girl I left Behind"), and rarely (32, "Soldier and the Lady") the tonic is approached from the third above. Ornamentation or, perhaps more specifically, melismatic setting of the words—a syllable set to two, three, four, or even more tones—appears in many of the songs. These ornaments are usually in the form of

mordent or turn. A song with ornaments tends to have only one or two to a line, these recurring in each stanza. They usually appear in songs sung in the parlando-rubato manner (*see* below); for examples, *see* 94 "The Chippawa Girl"; 36 "Sally Monroe"; 34 "Lovely Mary Ann"; 31 "Glenshee." The presence of ornamentation and melismatic rendition is evidently part of personal styles of performance; certain informants use it in most of their songs, but others do not sing in ornamented fashion at all. There are a few songs in which most or many of the syllables are set to two notes each, usually pairs of eighth notes, for example, 125 "Janie on the Moor," and 128 "Young Riley."

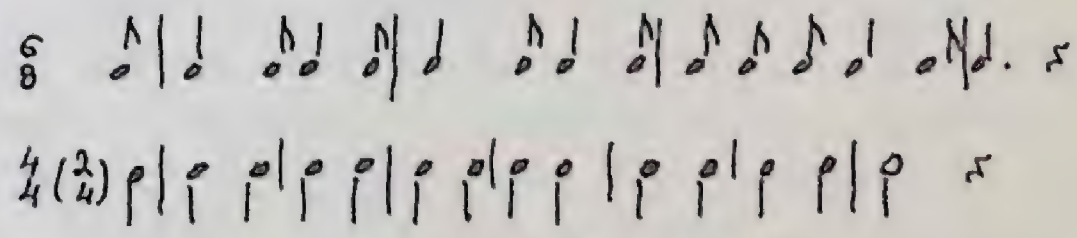
A phenomenon especially to be noted is the practice of speaking, rather than singing, the last syllable, word, or even two or three words in the last stanza of a song. This practice is present in other North American areas but does not seem to be used as consistently in places other than in the Labrador collection. It is found in almost all the Labrador songs; most of the exceptions are humorous songs.

Rhythmically, the Labrador songs fall into the two categories identified and named by Béla Bartók (*Hungarian Folk Music,* London, 1931), the 'parlando-rubato' type, which consists of changes in metre and tempo, ornamentation, and close relationship in the tune, to the stress patterns of the words; and the 'tempo giusto' type, which does not contain so many changes of metre, has less ornamentation, and avoids changes of tempo. These two styles are found in many European folk music traditions, the parlando-rubato usually being associated with older material. In the Labrador material, most of the songs are in the tempo giusto category but do contain changes of metre. A typical example of the parlando-rubato style is 96 ("Ghostly Fishermen").

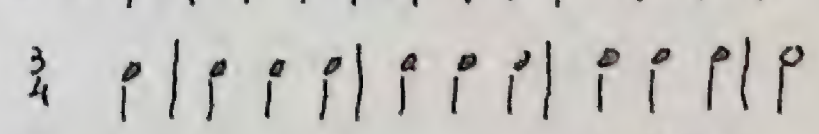
Momentary changes of metre are common in the Labrador songs. A basic metrical pattern, indicated in the metre-signature, prevails in each song (but *see* 9, "Sailor Boy," for an example in which there is a basic change). But almost each song deviates from the established pattern at some point, usually by lengthening notes which have become established in the rhythmic pattern, or by omitting notes or shortening them. Deviations tend to be more frequent in the first half of a song than in the second. They may be considered a mannerism in singing rather than a basic change of metrical structure, which is generally simple; they are usually put into practice throughout all the stanzas of a song.

The metrical patterns fall into three main categories, as indicated in the schemes given below:

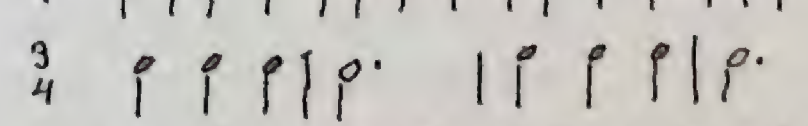
1. Most common variant



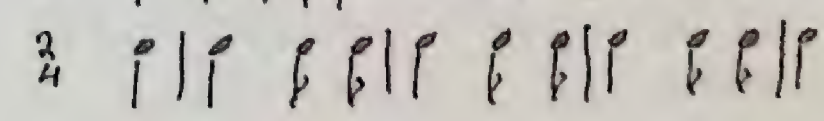
2. Also common



3. Rare



4. Occasional



These are the patterns usually found in British-American folk songs. The preponderance of type 1 is greater here than in some other North American styles, however. Several songs in quintuple metre are present as well; 58 ("Flying Cloud"), 64 ("Dicky Dash"), 38 ("Morrisey").

An attempt was made to study the differences in personal singing style among the various singers in this collection. Essentially, such a study is difficult because one does not have renditions of many of the tunes by several singers. Thus it is difficult to state whether a certain characteristic is a feature of the song itself, passed on with the melody in the oral tradition, or whether it is part of the singer's own style which is superimposed on the melody. The differences among the deliveries are not great, and several of the singers evidently partake of more than one singing style. In the following remarks, only those singers who are represented in the collection by more than three songs are included.

There seem to be no essential differences between older and younger singers. For several decades earlier in this century, there was some reason to believe that the older generation of singers in the Anglo-American tradition, consisting perhaps of people born before 1880, tended to use an ornamented, parlando-rubato style, while younger ones used a tempo-giusto style, developed possibly under the influence of popular city music. There is, however, no evidence of such a distinction between generations in the collection at hand. Nor is it possible to trace specific singing styles to individual families. The Letto family, represented by Peter (age 73), Alex (46), Stuart (37), and Ben (35), does not exhibit an individual style or a preference for one of the two main singing styles mentioned above.

These main styles, in the Labrador collection as well as in most of the European traditions, are the parlando-rubato, characterized by ornamentation, adherence to speech rhythms, and deviations from established tempo; and the tempo giusto, characterized by adherence to tempo and by relatively less ornamentation. The greater numbers of the songs sung by Peter Letto (e.g., "Chippawa Girl") and Henry Belber (e.g., "Jamaica Girl") are in the parlando-rubato style. The other informants sing predominantly in the tempo-giusto manner.

Ornamentation is present in the singing of some of the informants more than in that of others. Two main types of ornament appear: the duplet, two notes tied together per syllable, appearing several times in a song; and the longer, usually four-note tie (, appearing only occasionally. Examples of the first type appear frequently in the singing of several informants, for example, Alex Letto "Flemmings of Torbay," Ned Odell, and Martin Hocko. The second type appears in the singing of Albert Dumaresque (e.g., "Glenshee") and Peter Letto ("Lovely Mary Ann," "Sally Monroe"). The so-called 'Scotch snap,' consisting of an inverted dotted rhythm (, appears in the singing of Ned Odell ("Sheffield Apprentice"), and Henry Belber ("Captain Shepherd").

The overall impression resulting from the study of individual singers' deliveries indicates that individual differences, though present, are not great, and that all the informants represented in this collection share a single folk singing tradition.

A common feature in the rhythmic structure is the inverted dotted rhythm, or 'Scotch snap,' found, for example, in 92 ("Riverhead Line"), 83 ("Captain Shepherd"), and 110 ("Paddy Backwards" B). The number of note values in a melody varies, depending on the amount of melismatic treatment, but three main note values are found in most of the songs; to these are added others which are used only occasionally. The tendency for long notes to appear at the ends of phrases and other units is found here as in most European folk music.

The forms of the Labrador songs correspond to those found in the Anglo-American tradition at large. Most common are forms based on the scheme ABBA; these are found in about one-half of the songs, somewhat more than in other Anglo-American repertories. They are most prominent in what appears to be the newer material. Many songs have forms based on simple progression (ABCD), and a few, the common AABA type. Examples of some of the form types include the following:

ABBA (32, "Soldier and the Lady"; 86, "Bloodstained Soil")
AABA (128, "Young Riley")
$ABC^{a}D$ (31, "Glenshee")
$AB^{2}CD^{c}$ (113, "Dover")
$A^{1}A^{2}B^{1}B^{2}$ (52, "Sad and Lonely Comrade")
$A^{1}BCA^{2}$ (47, "Old Elm Tree")
ABCD (105, "Western Ranger")

Most of the songs have four musical lines; a few have only two, and where refrains are used there are five and six.

The methods and terminology used in this summary of the musical style are given in more detail in Flanders, *Ancient Ballads,* vol. 1, p. 27–37.

THE BALLADS AND SONGS

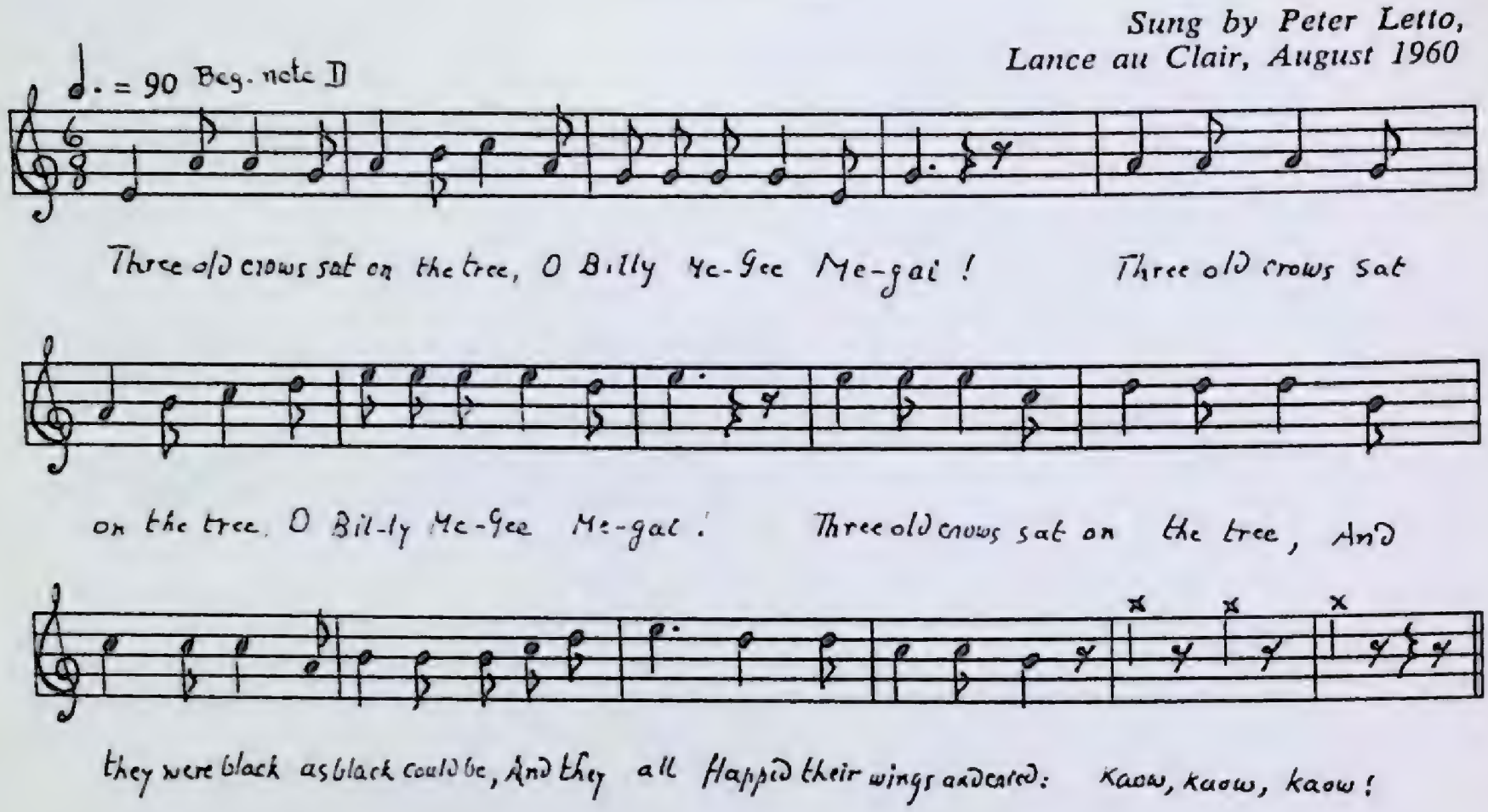
WITH MUSICAL SCORES

1

The Three Ravens [26]

(*Crow Song*)

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, August 1960



1. Three old crows sat on the tree,
   O Billy McGee Megai!
   Three old crows sat on the tree,
   O Billy McGee Megai!
   Three old crows sat on the tree,
   And they were black as black could be,
   And they all flapped their wings and cried:
   Kaow, kaow, kaow!

2. Said one old crow unto his mate,
   O Billy McGee Megai!
   Said one old crow unto his mate,
   O Billy McGee Megai!
   Said one old crow unto his mate,
   "What shall we do for food to eat?"
   And they all flapped their wings and cried:
   Kaow, kaow, kaow!

3. There lies a horse in younder lane,
   O Billy McGee Megai!
   There lies a horse in younder lane,
   O Billy McGee Megai!
   There lies a horse in younder lane,
   There's fat to eat before the lean
   And they all flapped their wings and cried:
   Kaow, kaow, kaow.

4. We'll pick his eyes out one by one,
O Billy McGee Megai!
We'll pick his eyes out one by one,
O Billy McGee Megai!
We'll pick his eyes out one by one,
Meat we'll eat before his bones,
And they all flapped their wings and cried:
Kaow, kaow, kaow.

This song is derived from the fine old ballad "The Three Ravens" by way of music halls and popular song books like Christy's *New Songster and Black Joker.* "The Three Ravens" was first printed by Thomas Ravenscroft in *Melismata*, etc., 1611. To pass from that fine ballad and its equally powerful counterpart "The Twa Corbies" to this, is to experience the whole gamut of ballad variation. Singers in America, evidently embarrassed with a song in which crows talk, started the ballad on its way toward broad comedy and parody; the end result is sheer doggerel like—

Three little crows sat on a limb as black as crows could be;
One little crow said to the other, "Are you as black as my little brother?"

Even more painful are the sentimental versions that developed along the way: Two crows, looking for supper, see a baby lamb, are about to eat it when the lambie is warned by a birdie, that told him "quickly away he must flee."

The version here is typical; it conforms to Coffin's Type A. It certainly originated in the South, probably in Virginia. It has always been popular with Negro singers, who have been its embellishers and transmitters. "Billy McGee McGaw" has not been popular in New England and the Maritimes. Miss Creighton prints a version from Nova Scotia; none are published from Newfoundland, though I have two versions in my collection. Mrs. Flanders has seven from various parts of New England (*Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England,* vol. 1, Philadelphia, 1960).

Mr. Letto's "Megai" for McGee and a substitution of the two syllable "ka-ow" for caw, a sound more like the cry of a gull (not surprising) are unique. The song was learned "fifty years ago from an old man in Forteau, Labrador."

(For full bibliography, *see* Coffin, p. 52, to which should be added Davis, *More Traditional Ballads from Virginia,* p. 84; Doerflinger, *Shantymen,* p. 21.)

TALE

2 Cf. King John and the Bishop [45]

Related by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1961

A feller going to be hung one time and he had to answer three questions. And the first question was: How many stars is in the sky? He said, "Nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine." Well, he knowed as much about the stars in the sky what they did. Nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine.

The second question was: How big is de moon? Well, de moon was a hundred weight. There's four quarters in a hundred weight and there's four quarters in de moon.

Now then, they turned around and said, "Now you got to tell me me thoughts."

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you your thought. You think I'm Mike Mulligan, but I'm not. I'm Jim Finnigan."

Now Mike Mulligan was going to be hung, see, and he was down in low spirits about it. And he talked to his friend, Jim Finnigan, and Jim Finnigan said, "Give me your clothes, and I'll put them on and I'll go answering those questions."

And Jim Finnigan went and said, "You think I'm Mike Mulligan, but I'm not; I'm Jim Finnigan." Well, he got him there, didn't he?

The old ballad "King John and the Bishop" seems not to be known in the Maritimes or Labrador, though the basic story exists in Labrador in tale form. The ballad is built around a quarrel between King John and the Archbishop of Canterbury that resulted in King John posing three riddle questions to the Archbishop who must answer them or lose his head. The riddle questions usually are: (1) "How much am I worth?" (2) "How long will I be travelling the world about?" or "How heavy is the earth?" and (3) "What am I thinking?" The Archbishop ingeniously answers the questions; or more generally a substitute, such as a shepherd, a miller, his dumb brother, disguised as the Archbishop, answers for him. The story on which the ballad is founded is old and widespread (For a full discussion of all versions in Europe and Asia *see* Walter Anderson, *Kaiser und Abt,* Folklore Fellows Communications, No. 42, Helsinki, 1823). The shift of tale into ballad and ballad into tale needs extensive study. In Labrador this version in tale form brings the process full circle.

The questions one and two in Mr. Letto's tale are not usual in the ballad. However, they do exist widely in European versions of the story. "How many stars" is in Grimm's *Kinder- und Hausmärchen,* No. 152; here the boy answers by making numerous dots on a sheet of paper and announcing that if the king counts the dots, he can know how many stars are in the sky. The question as to the weight of the moon occurs frequently with the

answer here given. The third question and trick answer are universal in the ballads and tales. (For a detailed discussion of both ballad and tale *see* Anderson, loc. cit., Coffin, p. 58, Child 1: 403.)

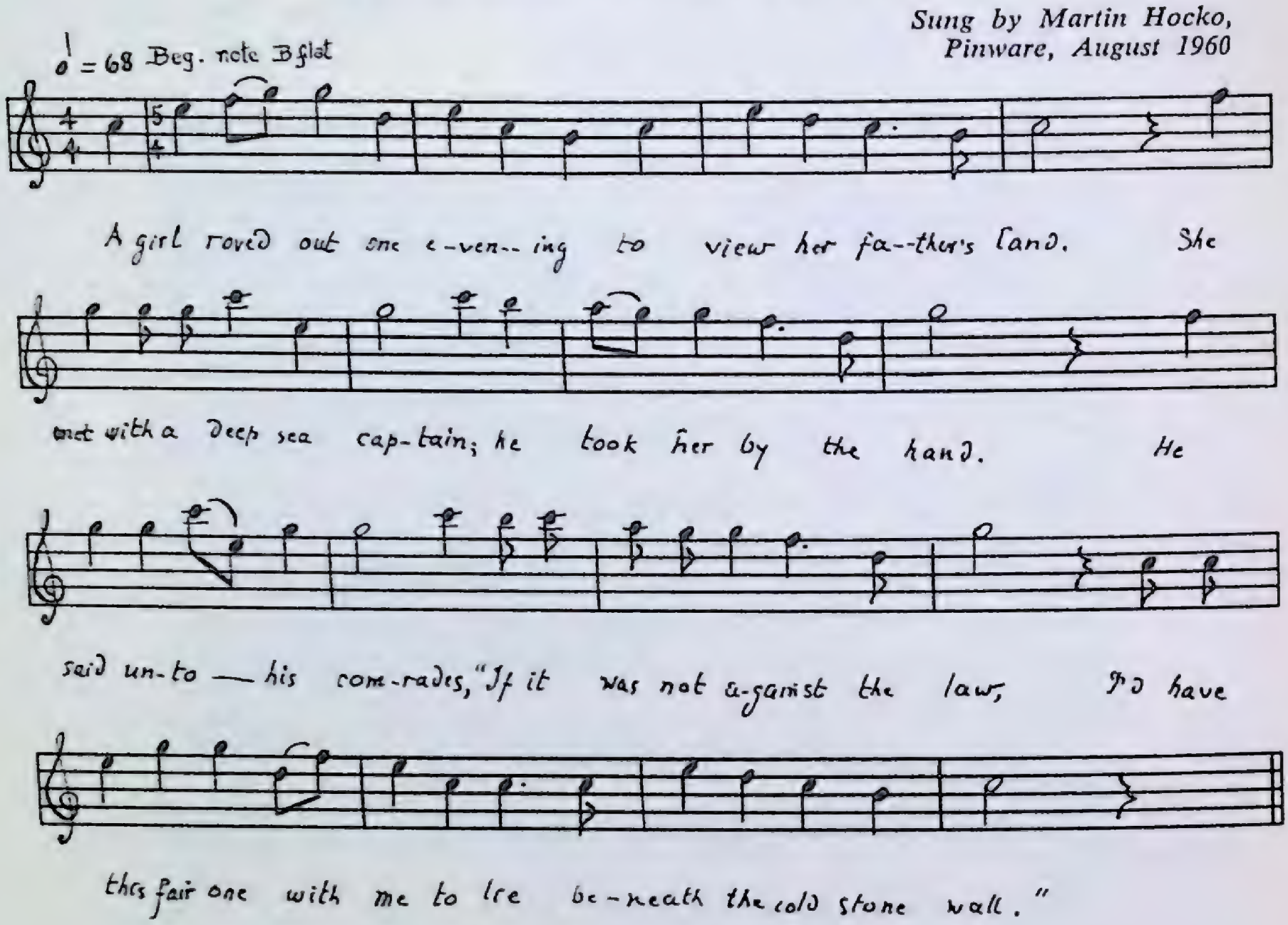
Here follows a close variant of our tale from Missouri via New Jersey and printed in JAF 21: 58, by Phillips Barry.

> *Once there were two Irishmen who looked exactly alike. One was named Pat, the other Jimmy. Pat wished to be a policeman and promised to vote for a certain candidate for mayor if the latter, when elected to office, would appoint Pat to a place on the force. After election Pat went to see the Mayor, who however tried to put him off, on the ground that he was too ignorant to be a policeman. Still he promised Pat the appointment if he could answer the following questions: How large is the moon? How many stars are in the heavens? What am I thinking?*
>
> *These questions Pat was to answer before the end of the following day. In despair, he left the Mayor's office, and on the street met Jimmy, his double. The latter, on learning the reason for Pat's discouragement, offered to go before the Mayor in Pat's place, and answer the questions. Next morning in the Mayor's office:*
>
> JIMMY: *"Good morning, Mr. Mayor. I've come to answer those questions."*
>
> MAYOR: *"All right, Pat. Tell me first, how large is the moon."*
>
> JIMMY: *"Your Honor, it's just four quarters."*
>
> MAYOR: *"Very good. Now tell me, Pat, how many stars are in the heavens."*
>
> JIMMY: *"Eleven million, eleven thousand, eleven hundred and eleven. If you don't believe what I tell you, just go ahead and count them yourself."*
>
> MAYOR: *"Very well, Pat, now tell me what I am thinking."*
>
> JIMMY: *"Why, you're thinking it's Pat, but it's Jimmy."*

3 Captain Wedderburn's Courtship [46]

(The Devil and the Blessed Virgin Mary)

Sung by Martin Hocko,
Pinware, August 1960



1. A girl roved out one evening to view her father's land.
   She met with a deep sea captain; he took her by the hand.
   He said unto his comrades, "If it was not against the law,
   I'd have this fair one with me to lie beneath the cold stone wall."

2. "Hands off, young man, hands off, young man, hands off young man," said she.
   "I'm to view my father's dwelling, where the green grass grows so tall,
   So I won't comply with you to lie beneath the cold stone wall."

3. "I will put to you six questions and you'll fulfill them all:
   'What is deeper than the sea, what's higher than the wall?
   What's a young man's sense in a fair maid's heart, I you on duty call?
   And you'll comply with me to lie beneath the cold stone wall.' "

4. "Now hell is deeper than the sea; the sun is higher than the wall.
   The Devil's sense in a fair maid's heart on you on duty call.
   I won't comply with you to lie beneath the cold stone wall."

5. "Now what is deeper than the sea; what's higher than the wall?
What bird sings best when the lark is at rest in the spring when the dew first fall,
Nor you'll comply with me to lie beneath the old stone wall."

6. "Now hell is deeper than the sea; the sun is higher than the wall;
The thrush sings best when the lark is at rest, in the spring when the dew first fall.
I won't comply with you to lie beneath the old stone wall."

7. "For breakfast you must get for me a fish without a bone,
And for dinner you must get me a cherry without a stone,
And for my supper you must get me a bird without a gall
Nor you'll comply with me to lie beneath the old stone wall."

8. "Now when the fish is first born, I'm sure it has no bone,
And when the cherry is in full bloom, I'm certain it has no stone.
The dove she is a gentle bird; she flies without a gall.
So I won't comply with you to lie beneath the old stone wall."

9. "You must get for me some of that fruit that in September grew;
You must get for me a silk worm cloak that a shuttle never went to;
You must get me a sparrow's horn or yet on duty call
Nor you'll comply with me to lie beneath the old stone wall."

10. "My father keeps some of the fruit that in September grew;
My mother has a silk worm cloak that a shuttle never went thru;
A sparrow's horn is not hard to find; he has one on every claw,
So I won't comply with you to lie beneath the old stone wall."

11. "There's a man outside my father's gate; he is waiting to come in;
I am sure that man was never born, nor yet committed any sin;
His mother's side was cruelly pierced, if you on duty call.
You fly from me, Devil," said she, "right through that old stone wall."

Riddling is ancient. In the ballad, riddles appear as a part of two dramatic ballad plots: one must guess riddles to win a spouse, or, by guessing riddles, one confounds a supernatural being who would abduct or destroy him. When the antagonist is the Devil in disguise, the solving of the riddles unmasks him.

"Riddles Wisely Expounded" (Child 1) and "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship" (Child 46) use these plots. In Child 1, A and B, a girl wins a husband by answering a set of riddles that her young man proposes; in Child 46, all versions, a man wins a wife when he correctly answers the riddles she proposes. Child 1, A*, and 1,C, and probably 1,D, and several American versions (e.g., "Flanders," p. 47) represent the second story type: The Devil in disguise proposes riddles, which a girl solves and so exposes him and escapes.

This version from Labrador is extremely interesting in showing strong affiliation with both Child 1 and 46. I have classified it as "Captain Wedder-

burn's Courtship," because it uses the riddles commonly found in that ballad, because it follows the customary beginning of "Captain Wedderburn," thought here he is called simply a sea captain, and finally because of the refrain line " . . . with me to lie beneath the cold stone wall,"—surely a corruption of the usual line in Captain Wedderburn, "And ye maun lie in my bed, betweest m e and the wa." But our ballad also has significant affiliation with Child 1. First, Child 1,A*, found in a fifteenth century manuscript and consequently the oldest recorded version of the ballad, is titled in the manuscript *Inter Diabolus et Virgo.* The title given to this ballad by Mr. Hocko, one which he assured me the ballad has always been known by locally "over the past fifty years, at least" is "The Devil and the Blessed Virgin Mary." Mr. Hocko explained that the ballad was about the Virgin Mary getting the better of the Devil.

In no version of either Child 1 or 46 is the girl identified as the Virgin Mary; *virgo* in Child 1, A* is, of course, maiden, virgin. The girl is usually the Laird of Bristow's daughter, the Lord of Rosslyn's daughter, the Duke of Merchants' daughter, or a farmer's daughter, or a fair lady, or a maid, in 46; and a lady fair, a daughter, in No. 1.

Our ballad presents the situation common to Child 1 and not that of Captain Wedderburn, for here the protagonist names the Devil outright and commands him to "fly right through the old stone wall"; in the Wedderburn ballads the girl and the captain are married, and "now she lies niest the wall."

In the light of the foregoing, I believe that there was (is?) a story (probably, rather than ballad) in which the Virgin nonplussed the Devil and thus unmasked him by her clever answers to his riddles. From such a story a ballad was made; that ballad was, I believe, the prototype of Child 1,A*, *Inter Diabolus et Virgo,* reminiscent of the earlier but with protagonist generalized, or the process of generalization took place in Child 1,A*. Our ballad may then be a vestigial remnant of the early story in which the Virgin Mary is the protagonist. The confusion with Wedderburn came as a result of the extraordinary popularity of the Wedderburn ballad in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

(*See* discussion and bibliography in Coffin, p. 59, and add Flanders, 1: 299.)

1.4. *beneath the cold stone wall* is confusing; it suggests the grave, but it is probably a corruption of *you'll lie next the wall* (i.e., in the wife's place in bed) when they are married.

2.2. reminiscent of the usual lines in 46: I'm walking in my father's woods, among my father's trees.

3.2. The usual riddles in 46 are: 1. cherry; 2. capon; 3. bird without gall; 4. greener than grass; 5. higher than tree; 6. worse than woman; 7. deeper than sea; 8. bird sing first and last; 9. whereupon dew falls; 10. plum in winter; 11. silk mantle; 12. sparrow horn; 13. priest unborn; 14. rounder than ring; 15. winter fruit; 16. tree buds first. Some of these are common to both 1 and 46; for example, 1, 2, 3, 4, 14; some are only in 46; for example, 11, 12, 13, 15. Note that these latter are all found in our present ballad.

3.3. makes no sense, nor does it seem to be a corruption of any known riddle.

10.1. should be in answer to the usual command, here omitted: You must get me . . . a sparrow-horn, a priest unborn this night to join us two.

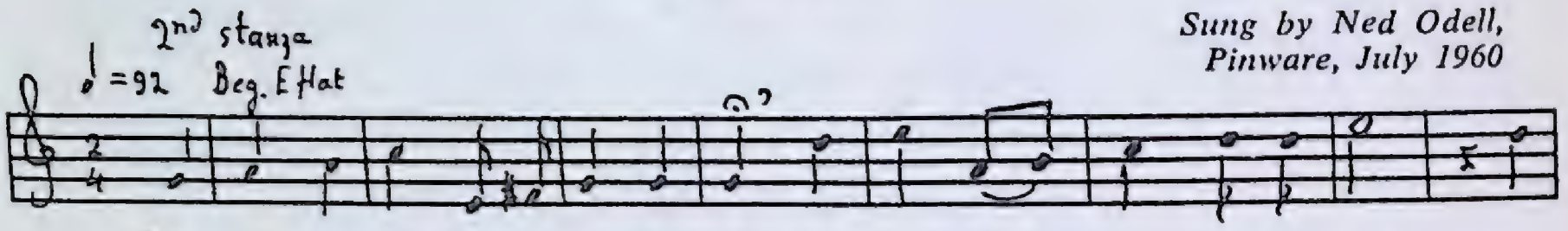
10.4. is the proper ending for Child 1, not Child 46.

4

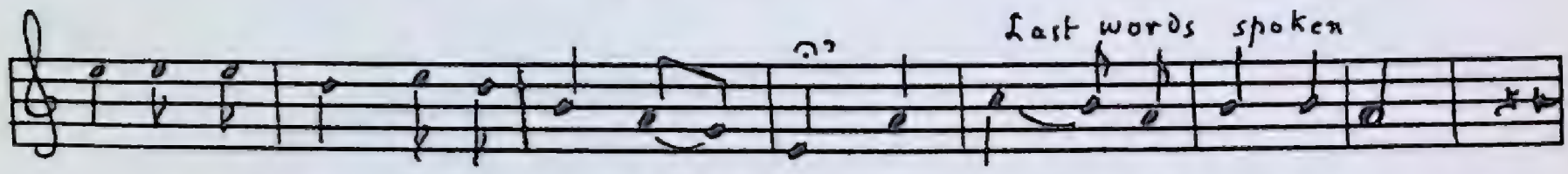
Sweet William's Ghost (77)

(*Lady Margaret*)

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



"Is dat my fa---ther, the king?" she said." Or is it — my brother John, Or



is it sweet William I loyal so — long from Scot—land town has come?"

1. Lady Margaret she set in her parlor one day.
   She heard a dismal sound:

2. "Is dat my father, the king," she said,
   "Or is it my brother John,
   Or is it sweet William I loyal so long
   From Scotland town has come?"

3. "It's not your father, the king," he said,
   "Nor neither your brother John,
   But 'tis sweet William you loyal so long
   From Scotland town has come."

4. "If you're Sweet William I loyal so long
   As I took you to be,
   Where is your saffron and yellow locks
   That ofttimes fell on me?"

5. "The ground has rotten them off," he said,
   "And de worms have eating dem you see.
   When you're so long lying in your grave
   The same will happen thee."

6. She tucked her petticoats, she took them off,
   She tucked them to her knees,
   And over hills on a cold frosty night
   In the dead man's company.

7. They walked and they talked till they came to the
   old churchyard
   Where grass grow grassy green,
   "Here is my home, Lady Margaret," he said,
   "And the place I do lie in."

8. "Are the any room at your feet," she said,
"Are the any room at your head?
Are the any room on either side
That I might lie and plead?"

9. "My father is at my head," he said,
"And my mother is at my feet,
And I have two hell-hounds by my side
For my poor soul to keep.

10. "One of them is for my drunkenness," he said,
"And the other is for my pride,
And the other is the loving of a pretty fair maid,
And staying out late at night."

11. She took a pen out of her bosom
And she wrote it on his breast:
"Here is my hope and thought," she said.
"God grant your soul to rest."

This is a very rare ballad; in recent times only five fairly full versions have been recovered from America and one from Ireland. Of the five, three are from Newfoundland. The Irish version is printed by Peter Kennedy in JFSDS 8: 16 (For discussion and bibliography *see* Coffin, p. 81, to which add Davis, *More Traditional Ballads,* p. 152).

The basic situation is the return of the dead lover to reclaim his troth-plight; usually the lady gives it to him, demands a kiss, which he refuses because his kiss would be deadly; she then accompanies him to the grave, asking to be allowed to join him, only to be told that there is no room. Child prints several versions, the earliest early eighteenth century.

1.3. is very close to the other Newfoundland versions (*see* text in Greenleaf and Mansfield). Other Newfoundland versions as well as this tend to drop the troth-plight motivation.

4. is unique; it is nearer to Child D in which the lady asks where his bonny arms are; he tells her that they have been eaten by worms. Usually at this point he asks for the return of the troth-plight.

4.1. *Loyal:* have been loyal to.

6. Ballad cliché; ballad ladies usually kilt their skirts when they go on a journey on foot.

9.3. Child C has the hell hounds.

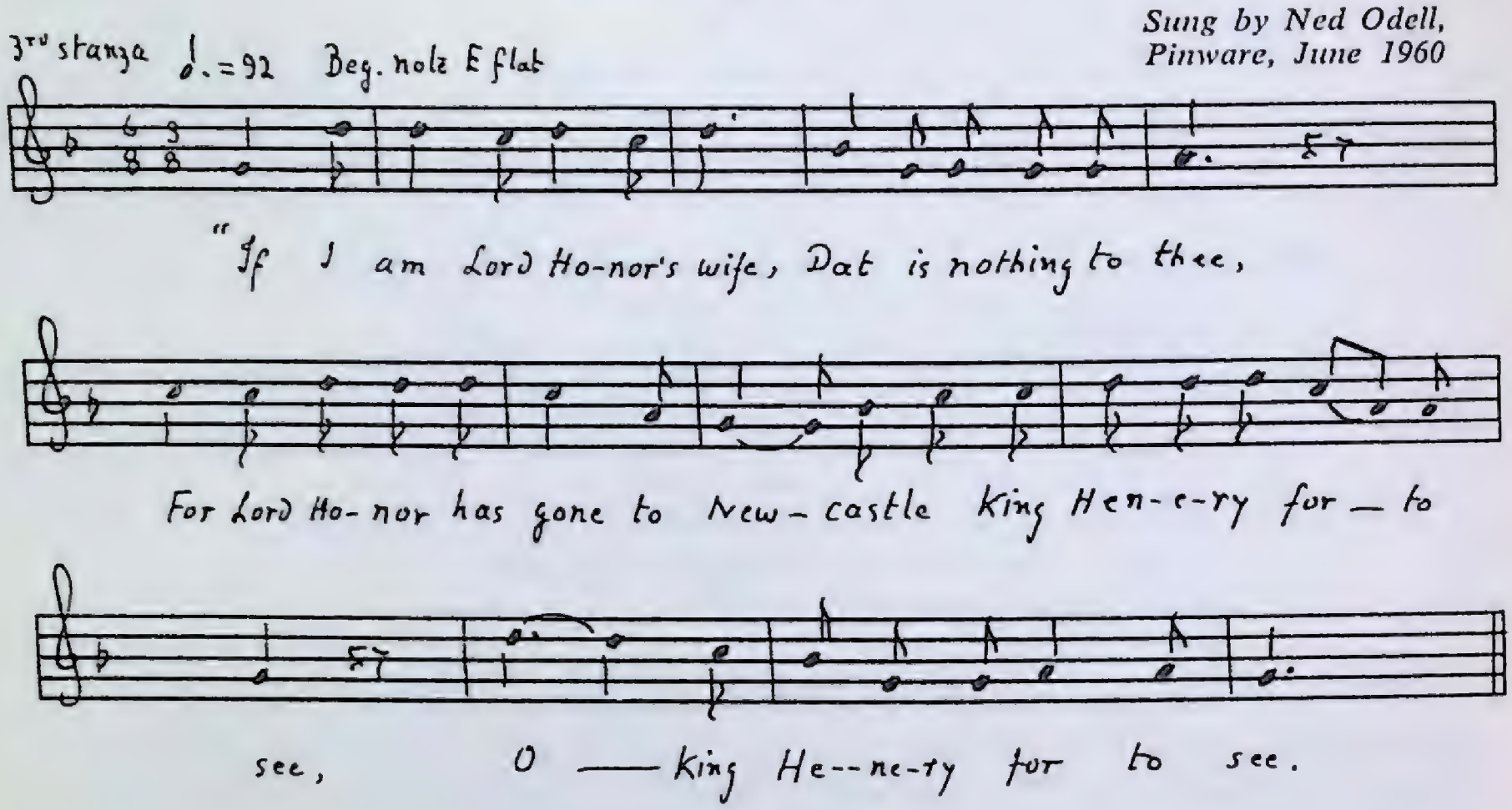
11. Odd and grotesque, probably a reminiscence of the lady's giving back his troth-plight. Cf. the Irish version:

She lift up her bonny white hand
And stroke him on the breast,
Saying, "There's your faith and troth, dear Willy,
I hope your soul's at rest."

5 Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard [81]

(Matty Groves)

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, June 1960



1. "Young Matty Groves this very night
   In bed with me must lie,
   O in bed with me must lie."

2. "I can not, I dare not,
   I can not, for my life,
   For a ring is on your finger;
   You are Lord Honor's wife."

3. "If I am Lord Honor's wife,
   Dat is nothing to thee,
   For Lord Honor has gone to Newcastle
   King Hen-e-ry for to see,
   O King Hen-e-ry for to see.

4. "Come huggle me, come cuddle me,
   Come keep me from de cold,
   O come keep me from de cold."

5. The little page was standing by;
   He took to his heels and run,
   And when he got to the river side,
   He fell on his breast and swum,
   Oh he fell on his breast and swum.

6. And when he got to the other side,
He took to his heels and run,
Until he came to the castle.
He knocked at the door,
"What news, what news, my little foot page,
What news you bring to me?"

7. "Bad news, bad news, my master," he said,
"And the worst news for thee."
"Are they any of my castle's torn down?
Are they any of my towers won?
And is my fair lady taken in bed
With a daughter or a son,
O with a daughter or a son?"

8. "There's none of your castle's torn down;
There's none of your tower's won.
Young Matty Groves this very night
Is in bed with your fair lady,
O in bed with your fair lady."

9. "Is that the truth you tell to me,
The very best suit in bonny Scotland,
This night I'll buy for thee,
O this night I'll buy for thee."

10. "Is that the lie you tell to me,
This very night I'll rig a gallows,
And hung you'll surely be,
O and hung you'll surely be."

11. He called him all his merry men;
He placed them in a row;
He ordered not a word to be spoke,
Or yet his horn to blow,
O or yet his horn to blow.

12. There was a man among the crowd,
He give the horn a blow,
O he made the welkin ring.
"I thought I heard Lord Honor's horn,
I thought I heard him say.
A man in bed with another man's wife,
It's time to be jogging away,
O it's time to be jogging away."

13. "Come huggle me, come cuddle me,
Come keep me from the cold,
Just like your father's shepherd boy,
When he's putting his sheep to fold."

14. He huggled her, he cuddled her;
They both fell fast asleep,
And when they awoke in the morning,
Lord Honor stood at their feet,
O Lord Honor stood at their feet.

15. "How do you like my bed?" he said,
"And how do you like my sheets?
And how do you like the fair ladie
That lies in your arms asleep,
O that lies in your arms asleep?"

16. "O I do like your bed," he said,
"And I do like your sheets,
But better I like this fair ladie
Lies in my arms asleep,
O lies in my arms asleep."

17. "Arise, arise, young Groves," he said,
"And some of your clothes put on,
For it will never be said after I am dead
That I killed a naked man,
That I killed a naked man."

18. "I can not, I dare not, I can not for my life,
For you have two swords by your side
And I have ne'er a knife,
O and I got ne'er a knife."

19. "O if I have two swords by my side
That's nothing to thee,
For I will give thee the very best one,
And I will take the other,
And I will give thee the very first stroke
And I will take the other
And I'm sure Lord Honor couldn't do no
more
If it was his own born brother."

20. Young Groves he made the very first stroke;
He wounded Lord Honor most deeply too.
Lord Honor he made the very next stroke,
Young Groves he was no more,
O young Groves he was no more.

21. He took this fair one on his knee,
O he diddled her on his knee,
"Your choice, your choice, fair lady
Betwixt young Groves and me?"

22. "O I do like his lips," she said.
"And I do like his chin,
But better I likes him in the bed
Than any your chiefs or kings,
O or any your chiefs or kings."

23. The bells do ring; the birds do sing
They joins their noble sound;
Lord Honor killed his wife today,
And he's going to be hung tomorrow.

This has been a very popular ballad in America, ranging from Nova Scotia (and now Labrador) to Florida and west to the Mississippi (*see* Coffin, p. 84, for bibliography and discussion, to which add Davis, *More Traditional Ballads,* p. 170).

This text follows Coffin, Type B, and Child C, except for omitted details like the initial meeting and proposal at the church, the name of the Lord, here 'Honor' rather than the usual Barnard, Arnold, Banner, Daniel, and so on.

This version is much better heard than read. The singer compensates for lack of rhyme, for uneven metre, and so builds the song as an unbroken continuity. Perhaps, it would be better to transcribe it without stanzaic breaks to try for the effect of the epic lay, really achieved by the singing. The repeated lines hardly punctuate stanzas; rather do they divide the ballad into story units or scenes. This ballad bears study as a mutation, for it suggests a possible method by which new narrative patterns or forms develop.

1.1. Lord Honor's wife asks Matty Groves to spend the night with her. Usually the conversation takes place in church.

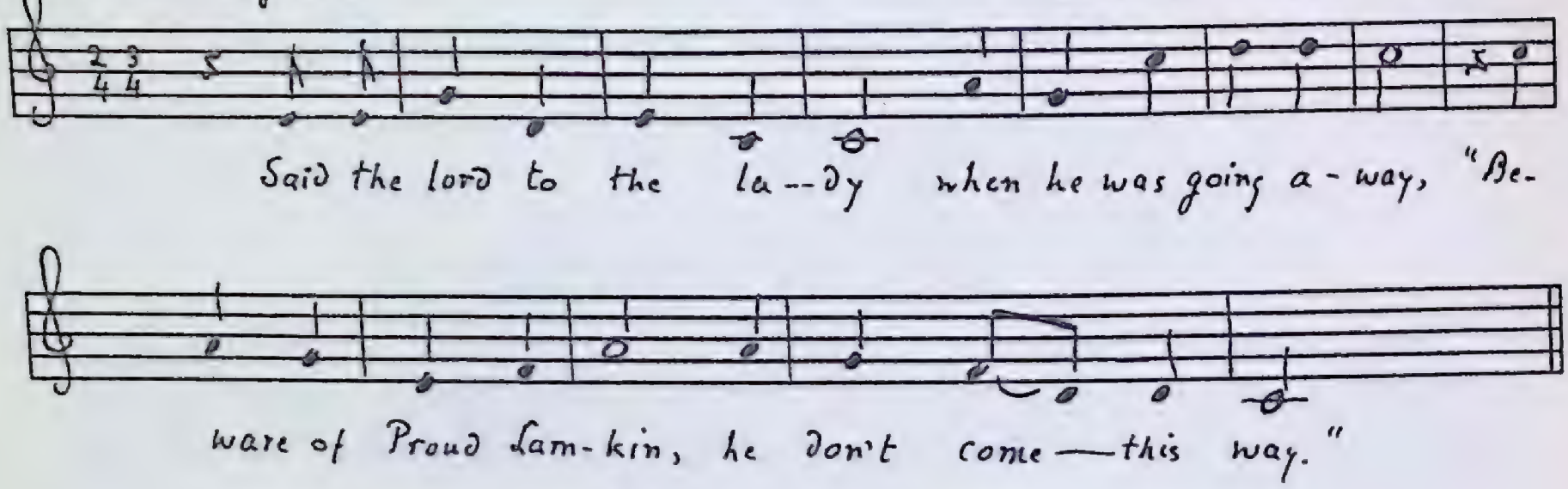
12. Matty speaks, or perhaps better, he thinks this. *say:* speak.

12.6–8. Matty is thinking.

21. Note the intense dramatic irony in the husband diddling the lady on his knee after the "huggle me and cuddle me" of stanzas 4 and 13.

Lamkin [93]

Sung by Leo O'Brien,
Lance au Loup, June 1960



1. Said the lord to the lady when he was going away,
   "Beware of Proud Lamkin, he don't come this way."

2. "What do I care for Proud Lamkin, or any of his name
   When my doors they are bolted and my windows are in."

3. He had not been gone long, for a quarter of an hour.
   When Proud Lamkin came knocking at the hall door.

4. "O, where is your master," cried Proud Lamkin again.
   "He is gone to New England," said the false nurse to him.

5. "O, where is your missus," cried Proud Lamkin again.
   "She's up in her bedroom," said the false nurse to him.

6. "O, how can we get at her on a cold frosty night,
   When's no fire a burning and no candle to give light?"

7. As she was coming downstairs not thinking any harm,
   When Proud Lamkin he seized her close into his arms.

8. "I have got you, I have got you, I have got you at last."
   "O, spare my life," she said; "O spare it to me,
   And I'll give you so much money as you'll carry away."

9. "If you'll give me so much money as there's stones in the street,
   It will not keep my broadsword from your bosom so deep."

10. "O spare me my life," she said, "for one half an hour
    And I'll give you my daughter Betsy, although she's my flower."

11. "O where's your daughter Betsy, pray call her to me;
    She will hold the silver basin while your life's blood runs free."

12. "Stay up, daughter Betsy, in your palace so high;
    Watch close for your father when he's riding by."

13. "O father, dearest father, lay no blame on me,
    For 'twas that proud Lamkin that slayed your ladie."

14. There is blood in kitchen; there's blood in the hall;
There's blood in the cradle, the worst blood of all.

15. Proud Lamkin was hung to a gallows so high,
And the false nurse was burned in the fire close by.

"Lamkin" is one of the most interesting and at the same time most baffling of the old ballads. According to the basic story Lamkin builds a castle for a nobleman, but is not paid. When the lord is absent, Lamkin goes to the castle and, usually with the help of a false nurse or servant, murders the lord's baby and so lures the lord's wife to the nursery where he murders her, even though she offers him money and her daughter Betsy. Lamkin and his accomplices are hanged or burned.

The ballad in abbreviated form is found here and there in America, though not in the Maritimes. Miss Karpeles collected it in Newfoundland, and I have several versions from there, one of which I am printing here for comparison with the Labrador text. The Labrador text is Coffin Type A with omissions, the most important of which is the suppression of the episode of the killing of the baby (But see the notes below for evidence that it was once a part of this ballad.). (For discussion and bibliography *see* Coffin, p. 94, to which add Brown, p. 140; Dean-Smith, p. 83; Davis, *More Ballads,* p. 214.) Two important long studies of the ballad have been made, one by Anne Gilchrist and one by Barry (*See* Coffin and Dean-Smith for references).

6. The episode of the baby should precede this. They stab the baby so that its cries will lure the mother down. After singing this ballad, Mr. O'Brien remembered and sang two more stanzas, one of which belongs here after an omitted stanza giving information about the baby's murder. The mother calls down:

   "I pray you may quiet him by cream, milk, or pap
   And perhaps you may quiet him by the ease of your lap."

   After this they should tell her to come down to quiet the baby, and *her* response should be stanza 6. And Lamkin's reply to that is the other omitted stanza:

   "Sure, you have jewels," he said, "as bright as the sun,
   So I pray you may come to him by the light of one."

   Compare this stanza with the appropriate one in the Newfoundland version below.

10.2. *she's my flower:* usually 'branch of all flowers.' Barry contended that this is a translation of an Irish song cliché and that its presence suggests an Irish intermediary for these texts which contain it.

* * *

The following text of "Lamkin" I collected near Port aux Basques, October 1950. The singer is Mrs. Peter Mushrow (45) who had it from family tradition.

"Pray tell the Lady, now I'm going away
Beware of proud Lamkin, for he's coming this way."

"What do I care for Lamkin or any of his men,
For my doors they are bolted and my windows pressed in?"

They had not been sleeping for about an hour or more,
When proud Lamkin he come and he knocked on the door.

"Oh, where is your mistress, your mistress," he cried;
"She's up in her chamber," cried the hard hearted maid.

"O Mistress, dear mistress, how can you sleep fast
When your son, young Johnston, is bleeding his last?"

"How can I come down stairs," she cried, "on this cold winter's night
With no fire in to warm me, or no candle to light?"

"There are two woolen sheets," she cried, "as white as the snow,
And I pray you come down by the light of those two."

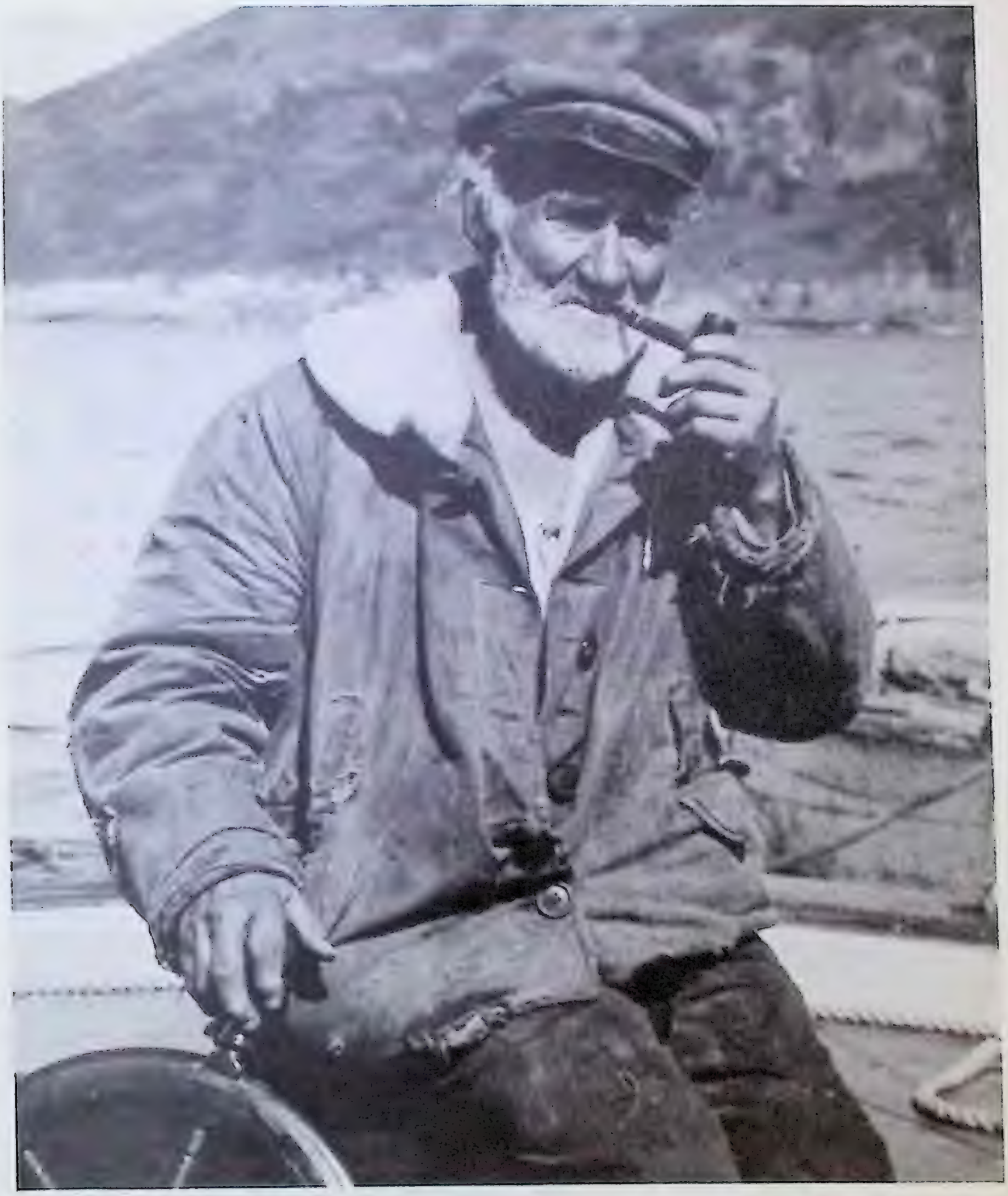
As she was coming down the stairs, not thinking any harm,
Proud Lamkin he caught her and he held her in his arms.

"Come spare me my life," she cried, "until twelve o'clock,
I will give you my daughter Betsy, although she is my pride."

"Where is your daughter Betsy? Go bring her to me;
She may hold the silver basin, till your heart's blood runs free."

There was blood in the kitchen; there was blood in the hall;
The blood in the cradle was the worst blood of all.

Proud Lamkin he then was taken out; he couldn't bear to die;
And the false hearted servant was burned in the fire near by.



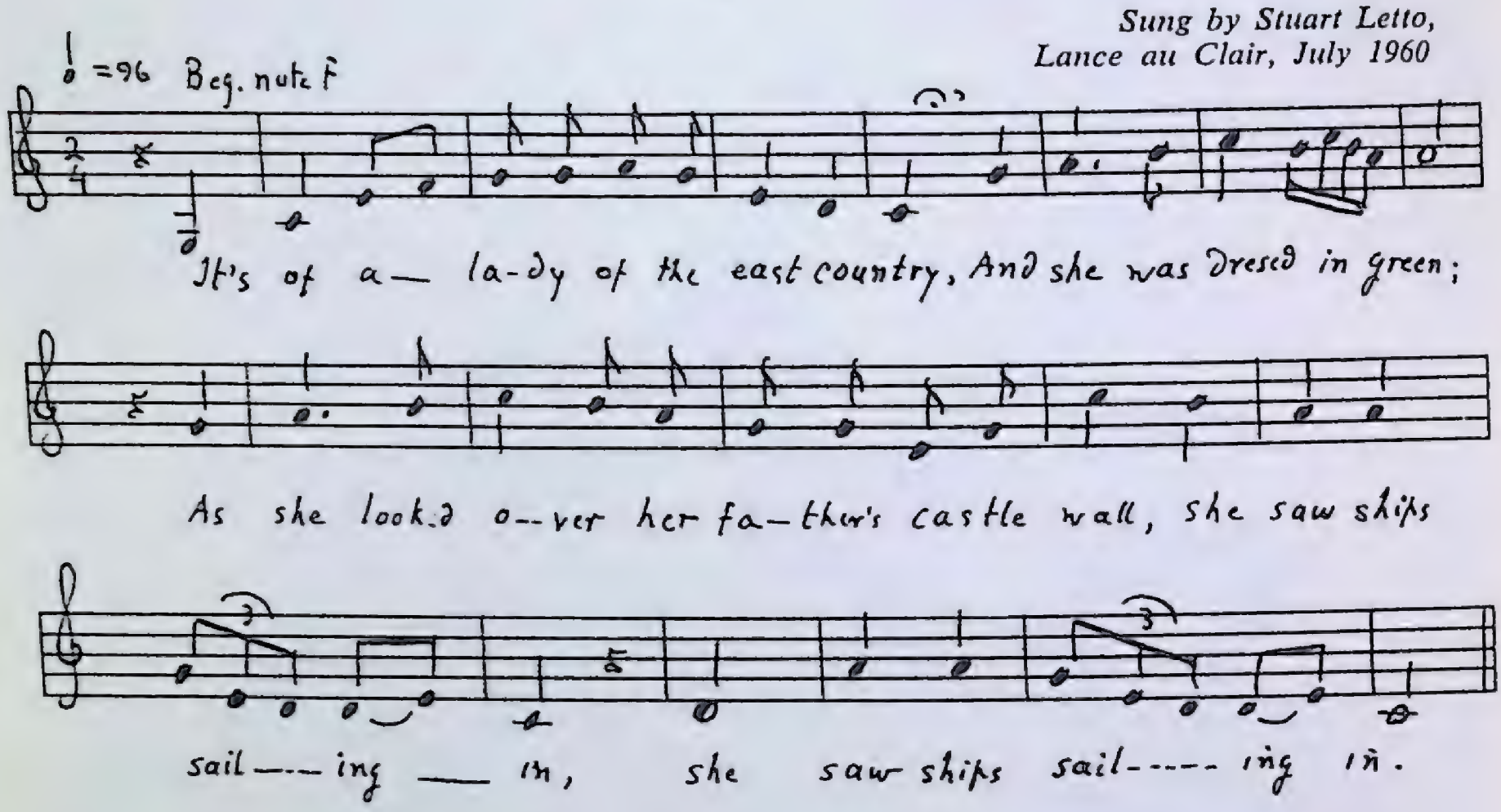
A teller of tales

7 Willie O Winsbury [100]

(Young Barbour)

A

Sung by Stuart Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. It's of a lady of the east country,
   And she was dressed in green;
   As she looked over her father's castle wall,
   She saw ships sailing in,
   She saw ships sailing in.

2. "O daughter, O daughter," the father did say,
   "What makes you look so thin and worn;
   Have you any kind of sickness,
   Or are you in love with some young man,
   Are in love with some young man?"

3. "O father, O father," the daughter did say,
   "There's something that is ailing me,
   I haven't any kind of sickness," she said,
   "But in love with some young man,
   But in love with some young man."

4. "Is he any lord or duke," he said,
   "Or man of high degree,
   Or is he one of my seven sea boys,
   That plows the raging sea,
   That plows the raging sea."

5. "He is no lord, duke or gentleman,
Or man of high degree,
But he is one of your seven sea boys,
That plows the raging sea,
That plows the raging sea."

6. "O daughter, O daughter," the father did say,
"If this be true you tell to me,
Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock,
All hanged he'll surely be,
All hanged he'll surely be."

7. "O father, O father," the daughter did say,
"If this be true you tell to me,
For if you hang my own true love,
You'll get no good of me,
You'll get no good of me."

8. Then he called down his seven sea boys,
By one, by two, by three;
Young Barbour used to be always first,
But the last came down was he,
But the last came down was he.

9. Young Barbour, he came tripping down,
And he was dressed in silk,
With his two rosy cheeks as the roses red,
And his teeth as white as milk,
And his teeth as white as milk.

10. "O daughter, O daughter," the father did say,
"No wonder you look so pale and thin,
For if I was a woman instead of a man,
I would die for the love of him,
I would die for the love of him."

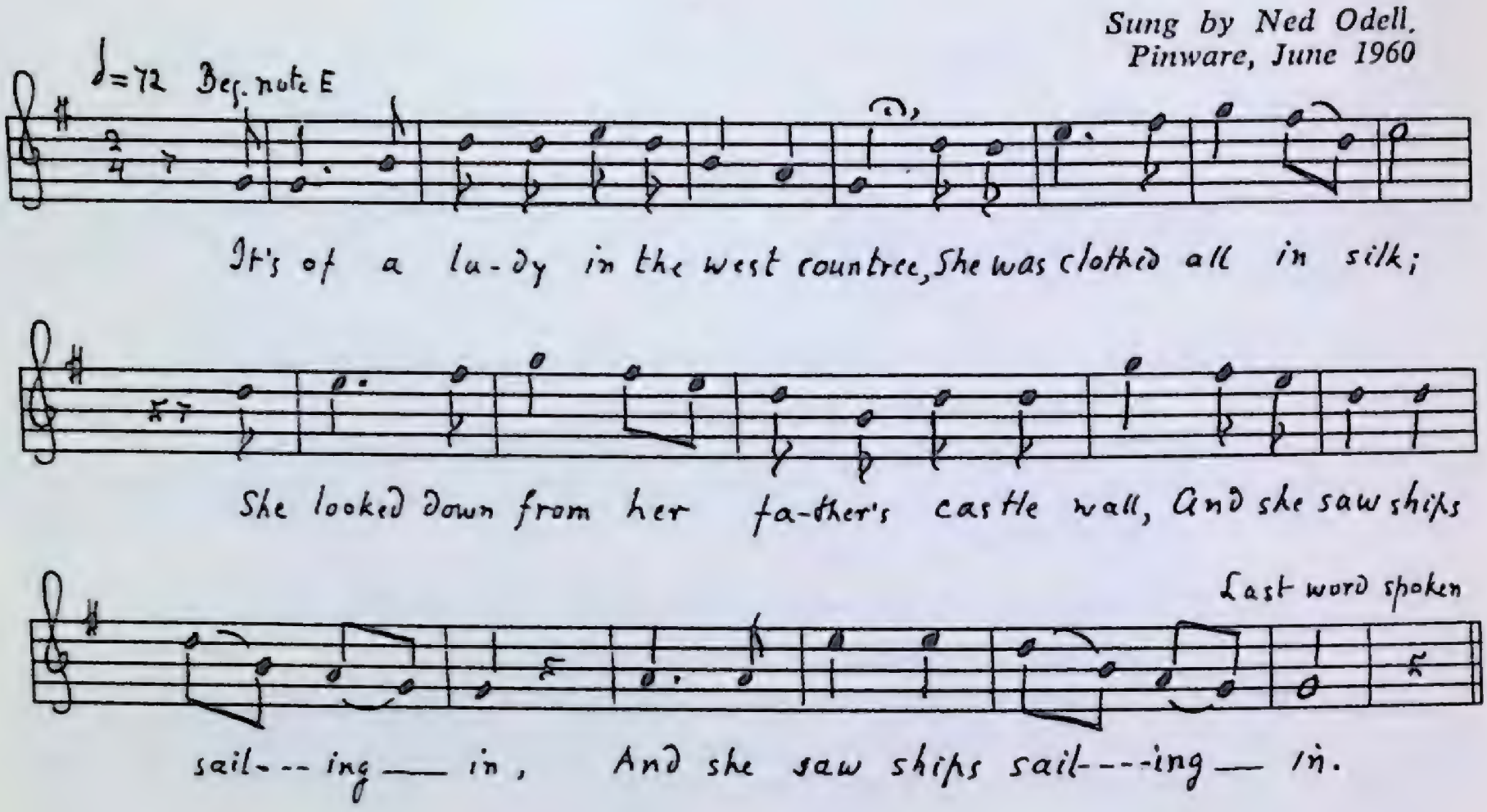
11. "Will you marry my daughter?" he said,
"And take her by the hand;
Will you come in and dine with me,
And be heir to all my land,
And be heir to all my land?"

12. "Yes, I will marry your daughter," he said,
"And take her by the hand;
I will come in and dine with you,
But a fig for all your land,
A fig for all your land."

13. "Where you can give her one guinea a day,
I can give her thirty-three,
Although they call me Young Barbour,
That plows the raging sea,
That plows the raging sea."

B

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, June 1960



1. It's of a lady in the west countree,
   She was clothed all in silk;
   She looked down from her father's castle wall,
   And she saw ships sailing in,
   And she saw ships sailing in.

2. "Daughter, O daughter," the father did say,
   "What makes you look so pale and wan?
   You looks like you got some kind of sickness," he said,
   "Or in love with some young man,
   Or in love with some young man."

3. "O father, O father," the daughter did say,
   "No wonder for me to look pale and wan,
   My true love been so long at sea,
   My true love been so long at sea."

4. "O daughter, O daughter," the father did say,
   "Is that the truth you are telling me?
   Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock,
   A-hung your love will be,
   A-hung your love will be."

5. "O father, O father," the daughter did say,
   "Is that the truth you are telling me?
   For if you hangs my own true love,
   You will get no good of me,
   You will get no good of me."

6. He called down his seven sea boys,
By one, by two, and three,
Young Barbour he used to be always the first,
But the last came down was he,
But the last came down was he.

7. Young Barbour he came a tripping down;
He was clothed all in silk,
With his two cherry cheeks like the roses red,
And his teeth as white as milk,
And his teeth as white as milk.

8. "Will you marry my daughter?" he said,
"Will you take her by the hand?
Will you stay here and live and dine with me
And be heir for all my land,
And be heir for all my land?"

9. "I will marry your daughter," he said,
"I will take her by the hand,
And I'll stay here and live and dine with you,
But a fig for all your land,
But a fig for all your land."

10. "While you can give her a guinea a day,
I can give her thirty-three,
Although they calls me the young Barbour,
That ploughs on the raging sea,
That ploughs on the raging sea."

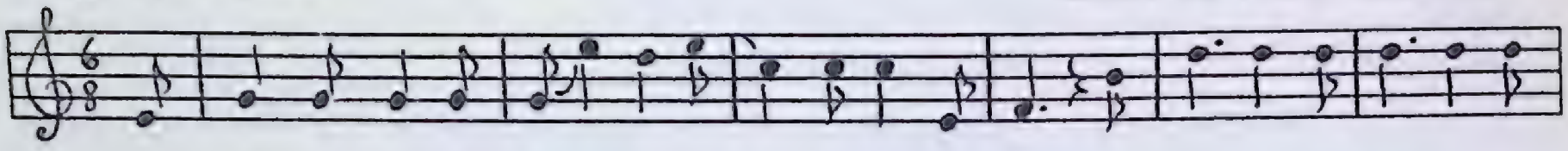
11. "O daughter, O daughter," the father did say,
"No wonder for you to look pale and wan,
For if I was a woman instead of a man,
I would die for the love of him,
I would die for the love of him."

This fine ballad is very rare except in Newfoundland and New England; three versions are in Flanders, vol. 111, p. 57. All name the hero Johnny Barbour. Greenleaf and Mansfield have printed three versions from Newfoundland, and I have two more and the two here printed, from Labrador. These Labrador versions are characteristic of all Newfoundland versions in naming the suitor 'Young Barbour.' All omit the episode in which the father asks the daughter why she is so pale. When she tells him that she has been grieving over his long absence, he suspects that she is deceiving him and tells her to cast off her "brown silk gown and spread it on younder stone/ And I will tell you by and by whether thou are maid or none/" She complies and he discovers that she is pregnant. From this point on, the Newfoundland–Labrador texts follow the older ballads closely (For further references *see* Coffin's notes to Flanders 111:57).

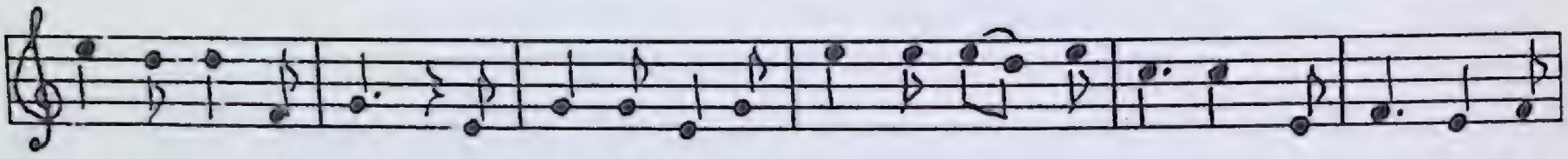
8.3. Only Child D and E give the name as Barbour (Barbary in D).

"The Golden Vanity" [286]

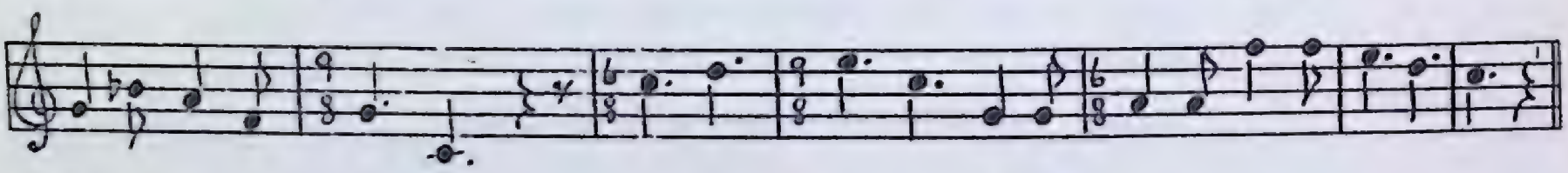
Sung by Ben Letto,
Lance au Clair, June 1960



It's of a gallant ship in the No-rth Am-er-i-kay. She goes by the name of The



Golden Va-ni-ty; She's liable to be ta-ken by some Turkish gall-ee for to



sink her in the low-lands, lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, for to sink her in the lowlands low.

1. It's of a gallant ship in the North Amerikay.
   She goes by the name of *The Golden Vanity;*
   She's liable to be taken by some Turkish gallee
   For to sink her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
   For to sink her in the lowlands low.

2. First came on board was a little cabin boy,
   Saying, "Captain, what will you give me, if the ship I will destroy?"
   "Gold will I give you and my daughter for your bride,
   If you'll sink her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
   If you'll sink her in the lowlands low."

3. The boy bared his breast and overboard he jumped,
   The boy bared his breast and he swam away to sea;
   He swam till he came to the Turkish castalee,
   For to sink her in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
   For to sink her in the lowlands low.

4. The boy bored some holes and some of them bore twice;
   Some were playing cards and some more were shaking dice.
   The dice began to jingle and the water it poured in;
   Now she's sinking in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
   Now she's sinking in the lowlands low.

5. The boy turned around and he swam back again;
   He swam till he came to *The Golden Vanity,*
   Saying, "Captain, pick me up, for I'm drifting with the tide,
   And I'm sinking in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
   And I'm sinking in the lowlands low."

6. "Pick you up, pick you up, that I'll never do,
Sink you, drown you, I'll do it with a will;
Gold I won't give you, nor my daughter for your bride,
But sink you in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
But sink you in the lowlands low."

7. The boy turned around and swam the other side,
Saying, "Shipmates, pick me up." O most pitiful he cried.
The shipmates picked him up and 'twas there on deck he died;
They sewed him in his hammock, and it was long and wide,
They sewed him in his hammock; they throwed him in the tide.
And he sank in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
And he sank in the lowlands low.

8. A voice was heard from heaven, as the air was calm and still,
Saying, "Captain, dearest captain, I have got you at my will,
Gold you wouldn't give me, nor your daughter for my bride,
But I'm sinking you in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
But I'm sinking you in the lowlands low."

9. The captain stood amazed and he didn't know what to say,
The captain stood amazed till the mainmast it gave way,
She levelled with the water and she sunk beneath the tide.
Now she's sinking in the lowlands, lowlands, lowlands,
Now she's sunk in the lowlands low.

This ballad is widely found, especially in America, where distinctive texts have developed. Doubtless its popularity is largely due to the beautiful haunting refrain (frequently copied and frequently worked into other songs) and to its very dramatic story.

Coffin (p. 154) lists five story types in America—further evidence of the wide range. This version from Labrador is unique; it fits none of the standard types. After the boy dies, his voice comes from heaven threatening the captain, and then (stanza 9) he causes the ship with captain and crew to sink. Belden=Coffin, Type C is partially the same, but there the boy's ghost simply haunts the captain.

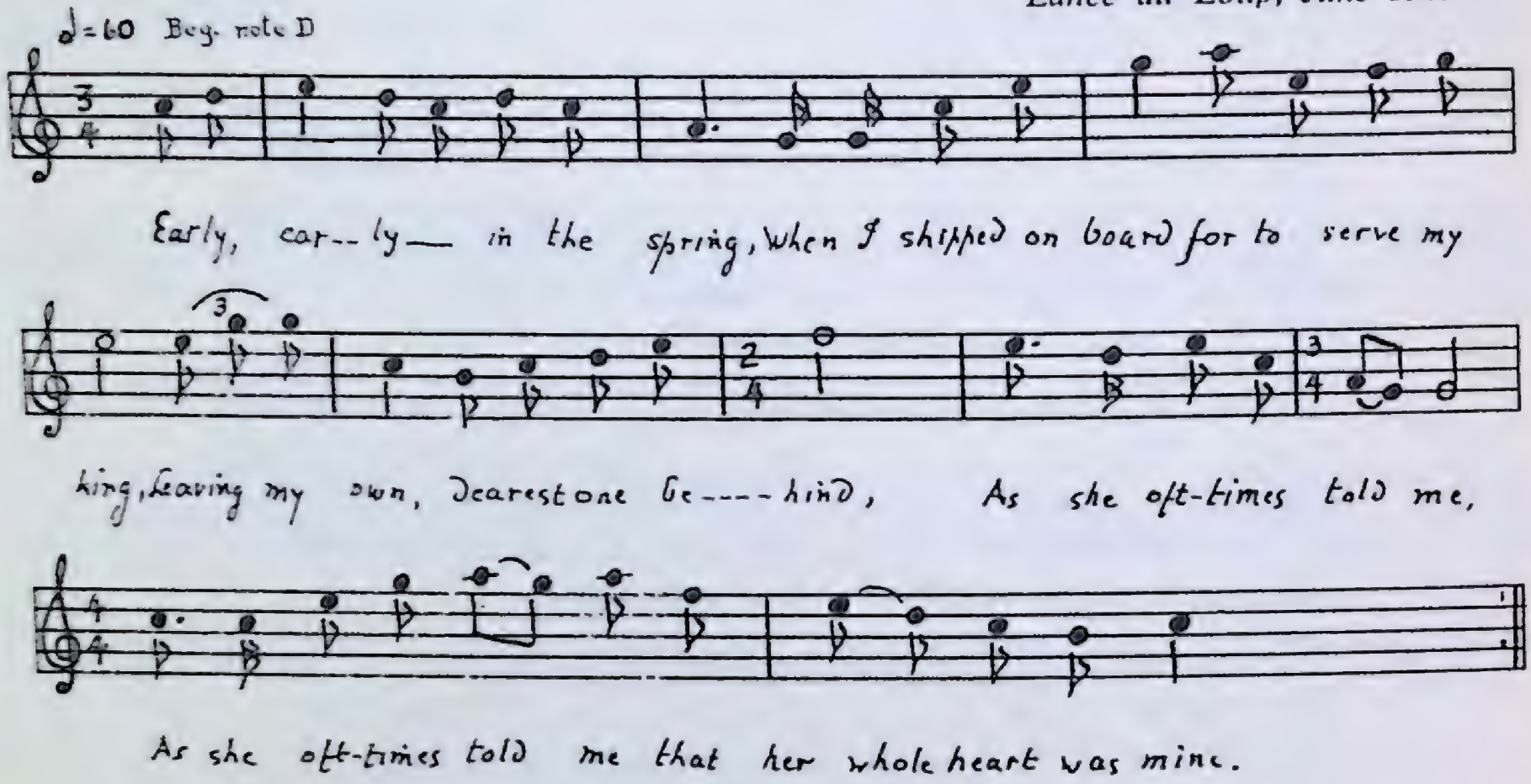
(For bibliography and discussion *see* Coffin, p. 153; and add Davis, *More Ballads*, p. 339; Brown, p. 191.)

1.3. *gallee*: gallaly, galley.

The Sailor Boy

(*Sweet Willie*)

Sung by William Riley,
Lance au Loup, June 1960



1. Early, early in the spring,
   When I shipped on board for to serve my king,
   Leaving my own, dearest one behind,
   As she oft-times told me, as she oft-times told
   me that her whole heart was mine.

2. O father, father, come build a boat
   That o'er the ocean I may go float,
   And every king's ship that I pass by
   I will inquire, I will inquire, for my young
   sailor boy.

3. She was not long sailing o'er the deep
   Before a king's ship she chanced to meet:
   "O captain, captain come tell me true,
   If my sweet Willie, if my sweet Willie, sails
   among your crew?"

4. "O no, fair lady, he is not here;
   He's lost and drowned, great is my fear,
   For the other night as the wind blew hard,
   We lost young Willie, we lost young Willie,
   from our main topsail yard."

5. She wrung her hands, she tore her hair
   Just like a lady in deep despair;
   Her little boat against the rocks did run:
   "How can I live now, how can I live now, my
   young sailor he's gone?"

6. She sat down for to write a song;
   She wrote it broad and she wrote it long;
   At every line she would shed a tear,
   And in every verse cried, and in every verse
   cried, fare you well, my dear.

7. A short time after this fair one died,
   'Twas on a pillow a letter lied,
   And on her headstone a turtle dove
   That all the world might, that all the world
   might know she died in love.

This is a popular broadside in England and in America (*See* the extensive bibliography in Laws II, p. 146; Belden, p. 186; Kidson's note to the song in JFSS, 2: 294). The Maritimes are represented by two versions in Creighton and one in Karpeles. Very often this song ends with stanzas from "The Butcher Boy":

When her dear father came home that night
He called for his heart's delight,
He went upstairs, the door he broke;
He found her hanging by a rope.

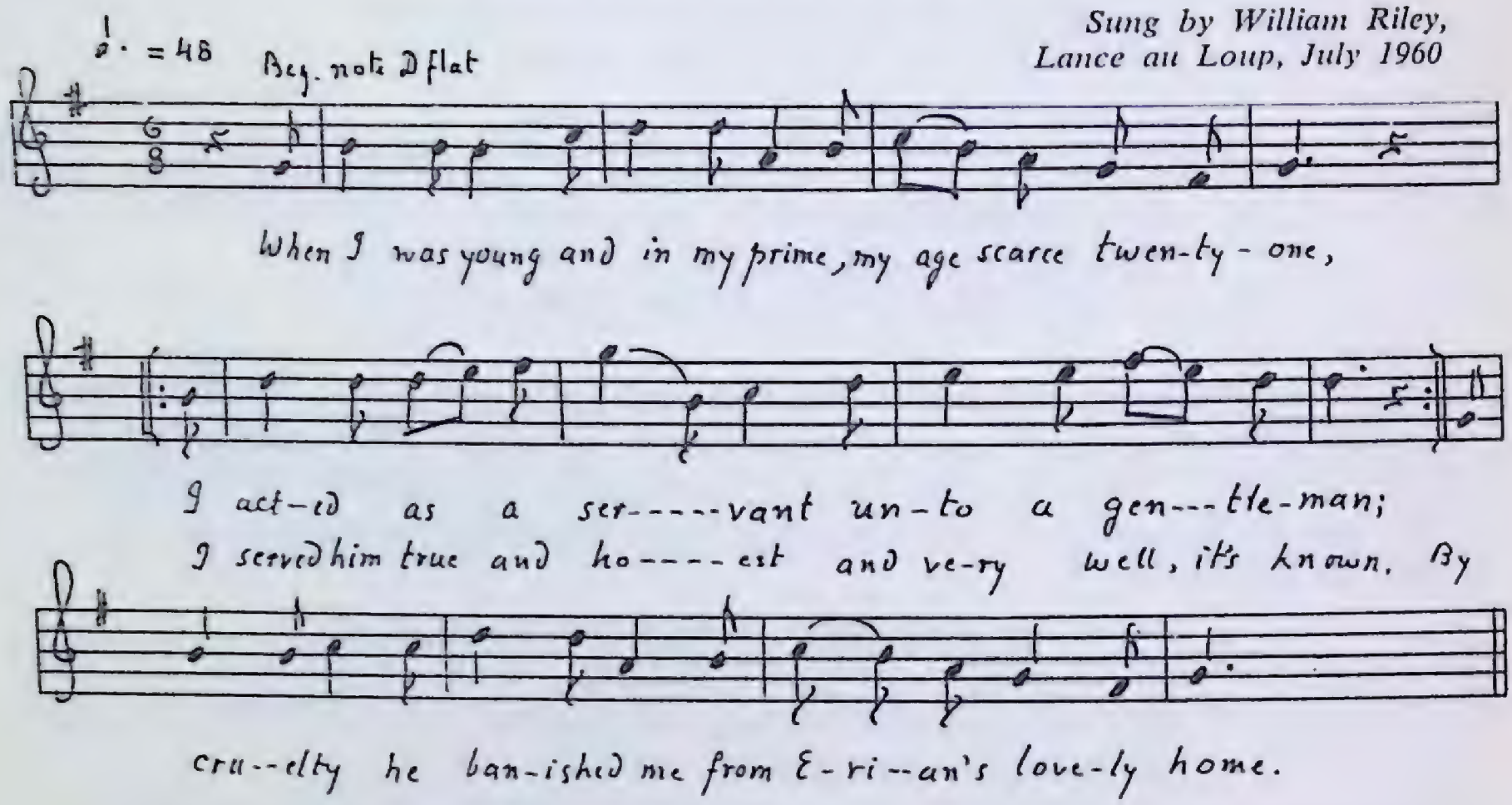
One version (JFSS 1: 99) appropriately ends with the girl throwing herself into the sea:

She threw her body into the deep
In William's arms to lay fast asleep.

Erin's Lovely Home

(Seven Links on My Chain)

Sung by William Riley,
Lance au Loup, July 1960



1. When I was young and in my prime, my age scarce twenty-one,
   I acted as a servant unto a gentleman;
   I served him true and honest and very well, it's known.
   By cruelty he banished me from Erian's lovely home.

2. And what he has banished me for I mean to let you hear;
   I only loved his daughter and she loved me so dear,
   For she had a large fortune, for riches I have noon (none)
   And this is why he banished me from Erian's lovely home.

3. A-walking in her father's garden in the lovely month of June,
   Picking those pretty flowers all in their youthful bloom,
   She said, "My dearest Willie, if along with me you'll roam,
   We'll bid adieu to all our friends in Erian's lovely home."

4. I gave consent that very night along with her to go
   To leave her father's dwelling to prove her overthrow,
   We both set out by the moonlight as the moon shone bright
   and clear
   Thinking that we would get safe away and no one would
   not hear.

5. Just as we reached Belfast just by the break of day,
   My love she then got ready her passage for to pay;
   Five thousand pounds she then count down, saying, "This will
   be your own.
   And do not mourn for those you left in Erian's home."

6. 'Twas my sad misfortune I'm going to let you hear
   And in a few hours after her father did appear.
   He marched me home again the country I oft-times roamed
   From there I was transported from Erian's lovely home.

7. There are seven links upon my chain and every link a year,
   There are seven links upon the chain and every link a year,
   Before I could return again to ar-ums of my dear.

This is widely known in England and Scotland but is rare in America. Randolph has a version from Missouri, and Mackenzie one from Nova Scotia (For the bibliography of songsters and broadsides containing this song, *see* references in Mackenzie, p. 117; Laws II, p. 183; O Lochlainn, p. 202 and 228). The present text is close to one I collected in Newfoundland (Avalon) in 1950.

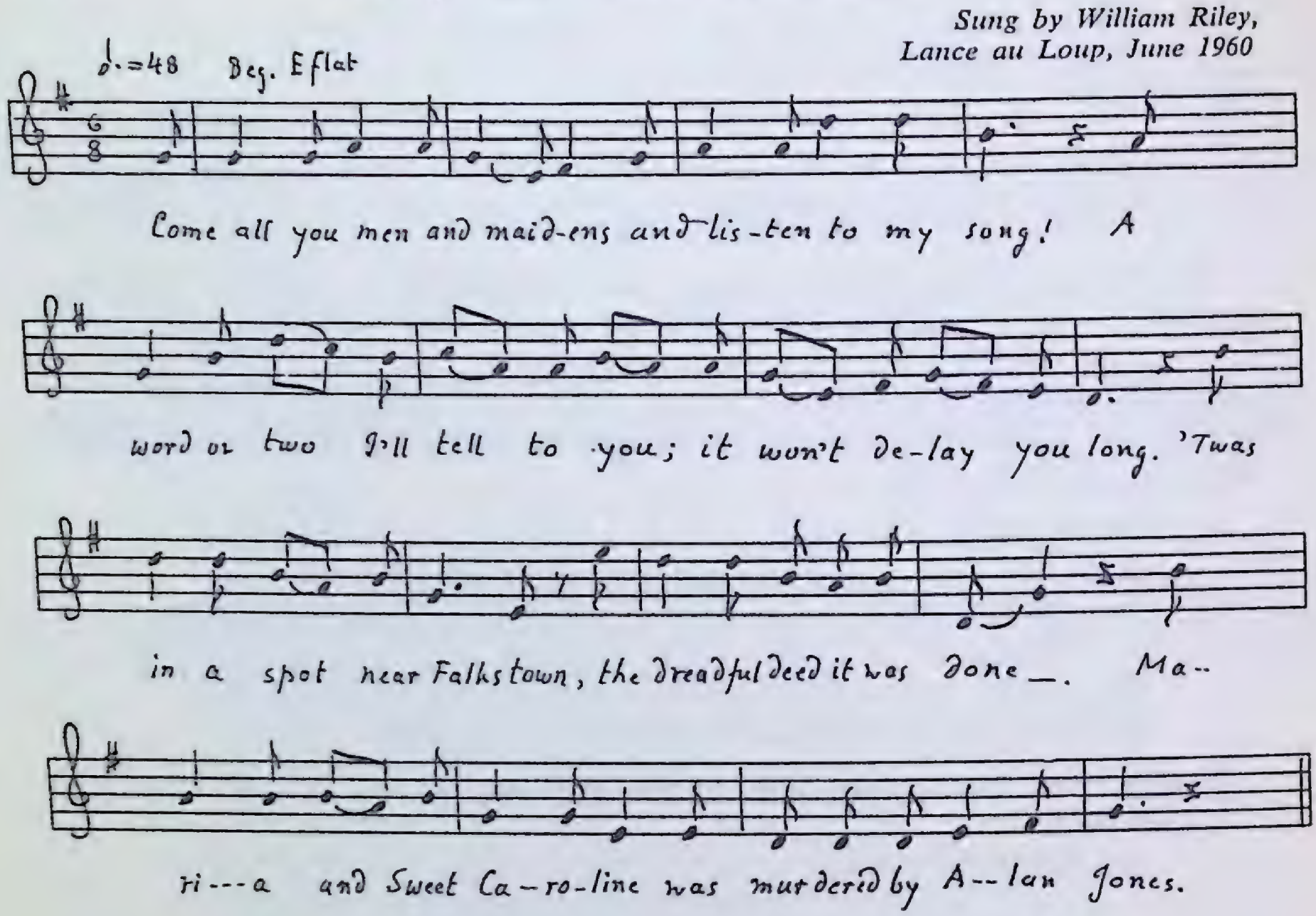
7. This stanza should read:

   When I received my sentence it grieved my heart full sore;
   The parting from my own true love it grieved me ten times more.
   There are seven links upon my chain, every link a year
   Before I can return again to the arms of my dear.

Usually the final stanza tells of the lady announcing that she will be true and wait.

11 Mary and Sweet Caroline

Sung by William Riley,
Lance au Loup, June 1960



1. Come all you men and maidens and listen to my song!
   A word or two I'll tell to you; it won't delay you long.
   'Twas in a spot near Falkstown, the dreadful deed it was done.
   Maria and Sweet Caroline was murdered by Alan Jones.

2. He come into the parents' home about ten o'clock at night.
   'Twas little did young Caroline think he owed her any spite.
   He says, "My darling Caroline, will you take a walk with me?"
   And she agreed to his company all for to go next day.

3. Says the mother to the daughter, "You better stay at home,
   For it's not safe for you to walk with that young man alone;
   You better take your sister, Maria, along with you
   And then I'll have no objection, dear daughter, you may go."

4. 'Twas early the next morning, just by the break of day
   Maria and Sweet Caroline far over the hills did stray.
   Before they reached near Falkstown the villyan drew his knife,
   Maria and Sweet Caroline, he took away their life.

5. Down on the ground those sisters lay, all in their bloom of youth.
   Have mercy, O I mean distress; their eyes were dim with tears.
   He plunged the knife into their breast, their lovely skin so deep;
   He robbed them of their own sweet life and left them there to sleep.

6. He stripped their clothes off their back and on them it was found,
He kissed their tender pale cold lips as they lay on the ground.
He said, "My darling Caroline, your blood my hands do stain,
On eart' we'll never meet no more, but in Heaven we'll meet again."

7. When the news have reached their parents, they cried, "What shall we do?
Maria she is murdered and lovely Caroline too."
They wrung dere hands, dey tore dere hair in sorrow and surprise;
The tears did flow like raindrops down from dere raging eyes.

8. The villyan he was taken his own life for to try;
He was first then sent to London and there condemned to die;
He bid farewell to all kind friends: "This world I'll bid adieu
For murdering Sweet Maria and Lovely Caroline too."

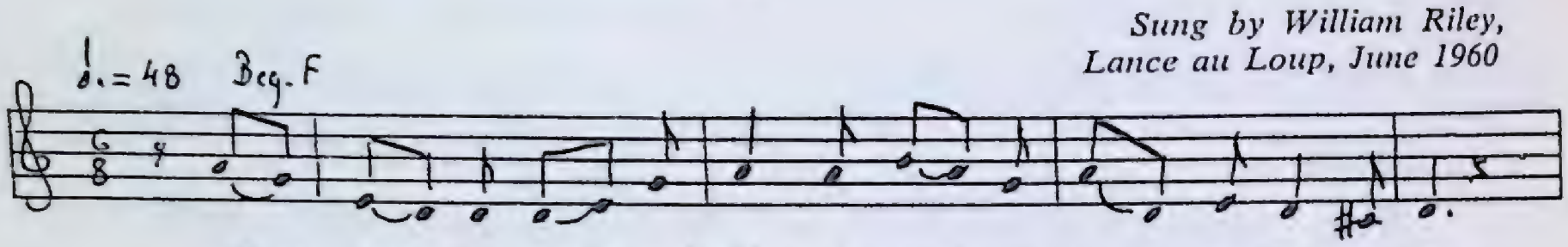
This is a variant of "The Folkstone Tragedy," a murder ballad based on the killing of Maria and Caroline Back by a man named Redanies. At least three broadsides record the affair. *The Kentish Garland,* 2: 590, contains the details. A text with music was collected in Sussex in 1906 and printed in JFSS, 5: 138. I have discovered only one other text in America; it is from Newfoundland, Greenleaf, p. 125. The Labrador and Newfoundland versions name the murderer as Alan Jones; the Sussex version calls him Sesilin John and Switzerland John.

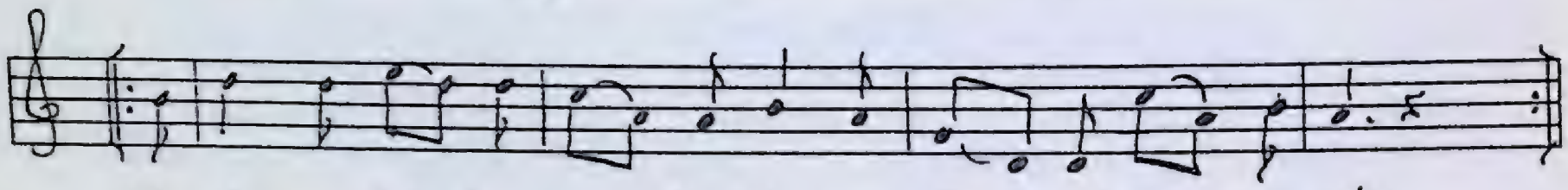
6.1. it ? Other texts do not help: "He tore the clothes from off her back and unto her did say."

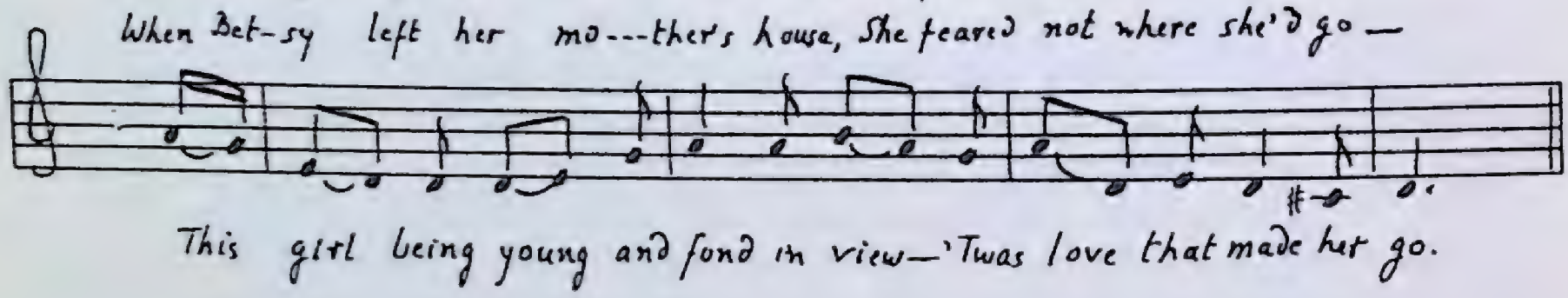
The Old Oak Tree

A

Sung by William Riley,
Lance au Loup, June 1960







1. Dark was the night, cold blows the wind,
   The first came down was rain,
   When Betsy left her mother's house,
   She feared not rain nor cold.
   When Betsy left her mother's house,
   She feared not where she'd go—
   This girl being young and fond in view—
   'Twas love that made her go.

2. 'Twas ten o'clock the very night
   Down by the old oak tree,
   Which grieved her parents more and more
   To see the way she'd be.
   Her mother rose, put on her clothes
   Crying in anxious [*sic*] wild
   This counteree I'll travel through
   Until I find my child.

3. Oh, eight long days she hunted
   Down by the greenwood side
   Up hills down dales she hunted
   But Betsy she could not find
   And on her way, returning home
   This gracious [*sic*] woman tried
   At length by chance she broke her heart
   She then lay down and died.

4. 'Twas of Squire Nataniel, the owner of the land,
At length by chance he came this way
A hunting with his hounds
Up hills, down dales he hunted, a gallant company;
At length by chance he spied a fox
Down by the old oak tree,
These hounds commenced to sniff and snort
And then to root the clay.
'Twas more than gentry men could do
To keep those hounds away.

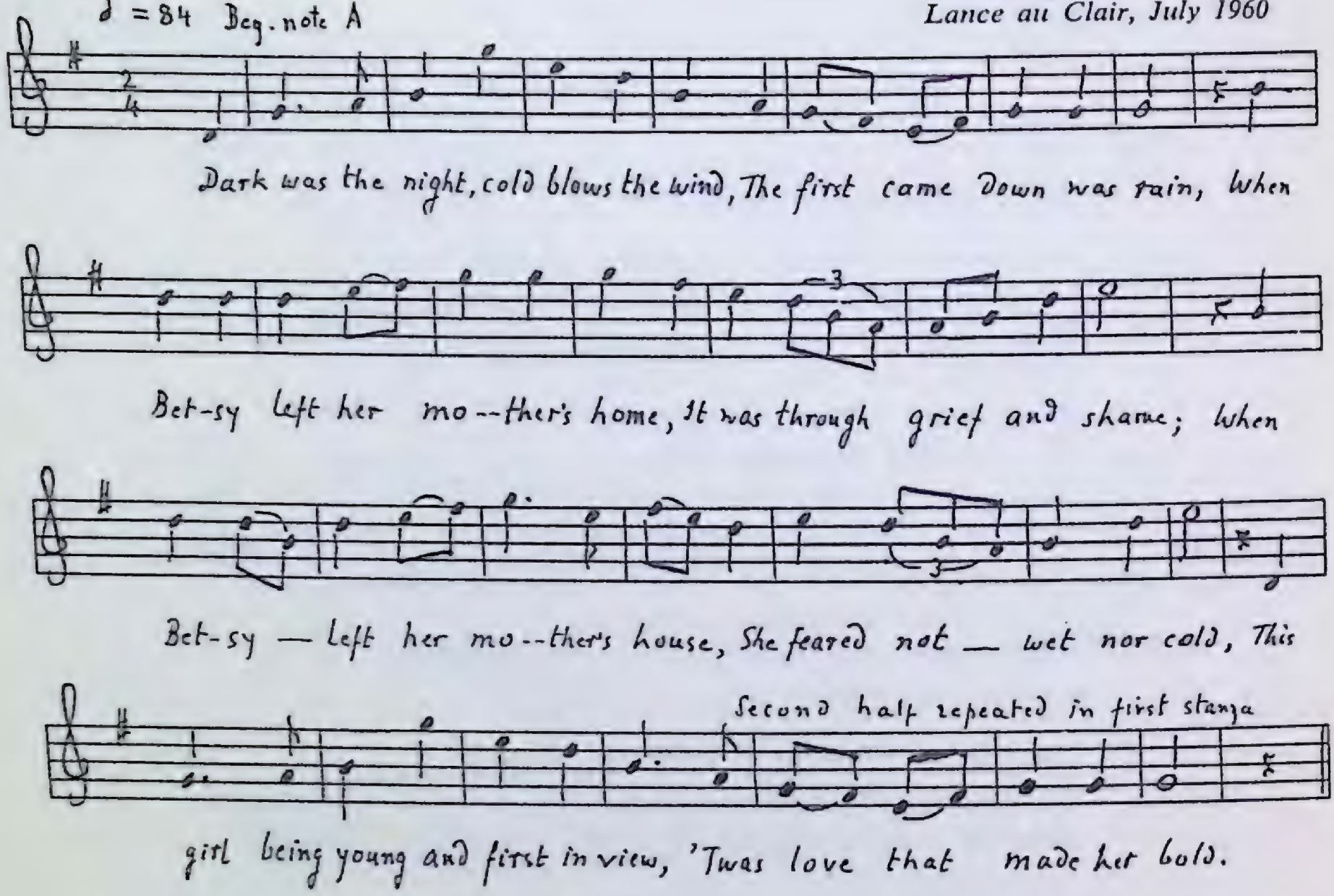
5. The gentry men soon gathered around
They called for picks and spades
They dug the ground and dere they found
The missing murdered maid.
Just as the grave was opened
It showed a dreadful sight
To see the worm eating out her eyes,
Which once were blooming bright;
Her milk-white breast was cut and scarred
With heavy wounds and blows,
And every scar brought forth fresh blood
Came trinkling through her clothes.

6. And on her bosom a knife was found,
Through sorrow, grief and shame,
And on the handle of the knife was Squire Nataniel's name.
"I done the deed," Nataniel cried.
"My soul hangs forth for hell
And with my staff I knocked her down;
I dare not tell the rest;
And ever since I done the deed,
She's plain before my eyes;
I think I see her bleeding wounds,
And hear her dying cries."

7. Gazing on that corps all through his grief and shame,
He drew a pistol from his belt
And fired it through his brain.
Right where he fell they buried him—
No Christian mound for he—
No clergy found to bless the ground
Beneath the old oak tree.

B

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. Dark was the night, cold blows the wind,
   The first came down was rain,
   When Betsy left her mother's home,
   It was through grief and shame;
   When Betsy left her mother's house,
   She feared not wet nor cold,
   This girl being young and first in view,
   'Twas love that made her bold.
2. Her mother rose put on her clothes,
   Crying in accents wild,
   "This country I'll travel through
   Until I find my child."
   For eight long days she travelled,
   Along by greenwood side,
   Until her search being all in vain
   Her Betsy could not find.
3. And then returning home again,
   This fateful woman cried.
   By chance by grief she broke her heart
   She then lay down and died.

4. It's of Squire Nathaniel the owner of this ground,
By chance one day he came this way
A hunting with his hounds,
Up hills, down dales, he hunted, a gallant company,
Until by chance he spied a fox
Down by the old oak tree.
The hounds commenced to tear the ground,
To smell and sniff the clay;
'Twas more than whips and canes could do
To keep those hounds away.

5. The gentlemen all gathered round
They called for spikes and spades;
They dug the ground and there they found
The missing murdered maid.
Now when the grave was opened,
It showed a dismal sight,
To see the worms eating up her eyes
That once was blooming bright.

6. Her milk-white bosom all cut and scarred
With heavy wounds and blows,
And every wound brought forth fresh blood,
Came trickling through her clothes,
And on her bosom a knife was found,
All to his grief and shame,
And in the handle a name was written,
The Squire Nathaniel's name.

7. "I done the deed," Nathaniel cried,
"My soul henceforth for hell,
Now hide that cold corpse from my eyes,
And then the truth I'll tell,
The knife I carved my dinner with,
I plunged it in her breast,
Just hide the cold corpse from my eyes
And then the truth I'll tell.

8. " 'Twas ten o'clock that very night
Down by the old oak tree,
When she grew weary and I grew tired,
Without any verite,
The Devil he whispered in my ear
Saying, 'Kill her and you'll go free.'
The knife I took my dinner with
I plunged it in her breast
And with my staff I knocked her down.
I need not tell the rest.

9. "And ever since I done the deed
She's plain before my eyes
I seem to see her bleeding wounds,
And hear her dying cries."

10. Gazing on that cold, cold corpse
Through sorrow, grief and shame,
Drawing a pistol from his belt,
He fired it in his brain.
Right where he fell they buried him,
No Christian prayed for him,
No clergy found to bless the ground
That he was buried in.

This originated as an Irish broadside, and soon it became very popular without, it would seem, getting into the books. Except for a possible echo in "The Poor Murdered Woman Laid on the Cold Ground," this song has not been found in England. In America it is found in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Vermont, Maine, Michigan via the Northeast, and now, Labrador (*See* Laws II, p. 270, for bibliography).

A.1.7. fond in view: so Nfld.; *fair to win,* Vt.; *fair to view,* Mich.

Between stanzas 1 and 2 all texts except Nfld. state that Betsy did not come home that night.

A2.6. anxious: accents.

3.1. eight long days. so Nfld.; others three weeks; Mich. six.

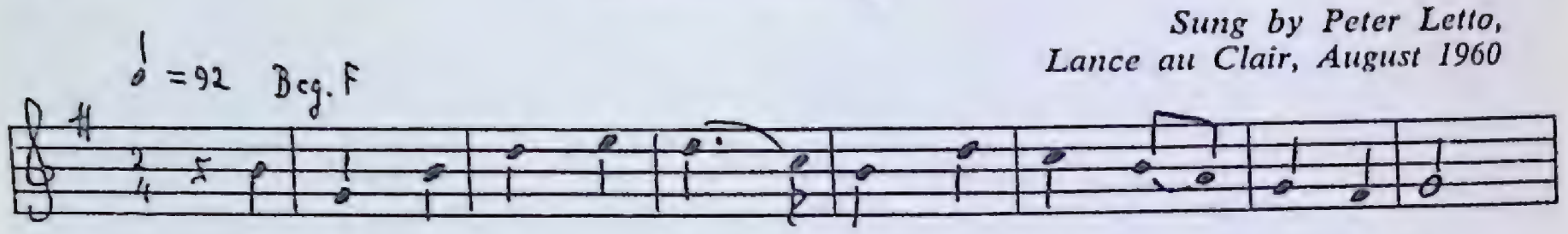
4.1. Nat(h)aniel. so Nfld.; Squire Cowans, N.S.; Squire McCullough, Mich. Squire McCallam, Vt.

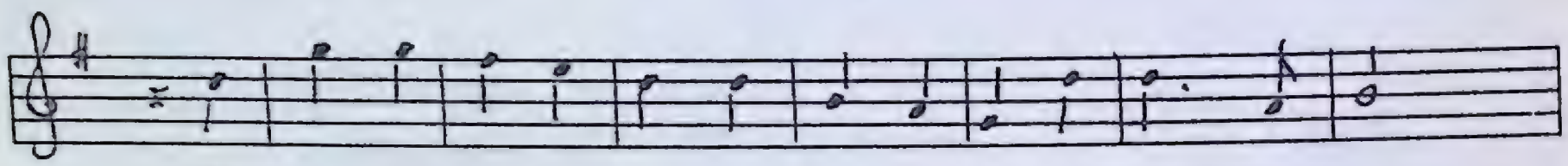
5. Combines Nfld. stanzas 5 and 6.

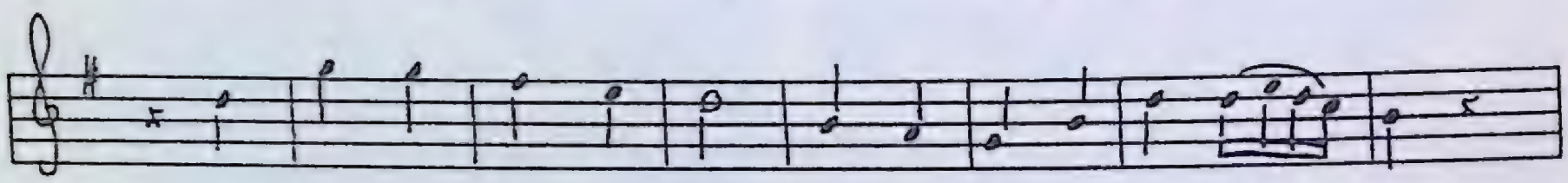
Peter Letto, singer, and his wife

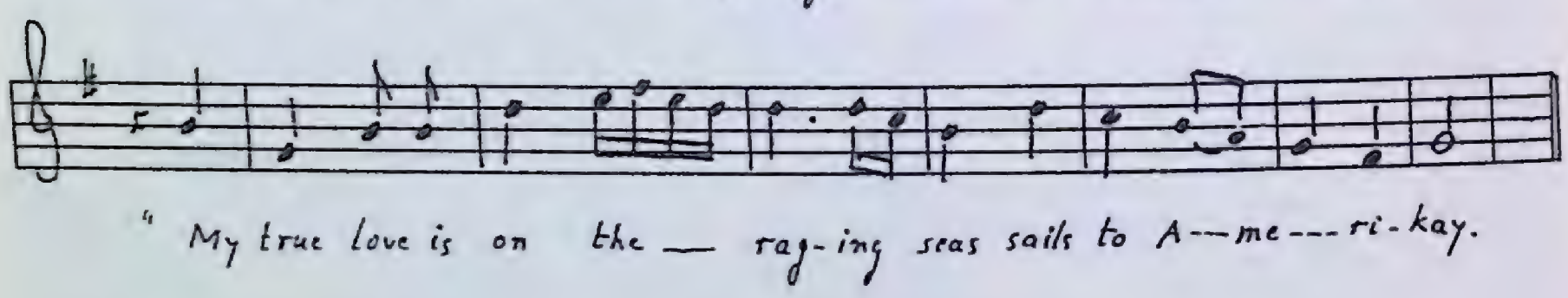
John Riley

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, August 1960









1. As I roved out one evening down by the river-side,
   'Twas there I spied a comely maid, the tears fell from her eyes,
   As she sat there a-weeping, those words I heard her say:
   "My true love is on the raging seas sails to Amerikay.

2. "My true love is a fisherman; his age is scarce sixteen,
   And is as fine a young man as ever yet was seen.
   My daddie he has riches great; young Riley he being poor,
   And because I loved the fisherman, he could not me endure.

3. "John Riley is my true love's name; he lives near the town of Ray;
   My mama took me in her arms and this to me did say:
   'If you are fond of Riley, his company now you shun,
   For this very night to take his life your dad has charged a gun.'

4. "O mama, dearest mama, where can I send my love;
   My heart lies in his bosom as constant as a dove."
   "O daughter, I'm not severe; here is one thousand pounds,
   Send Riley to Amerikay to purchase there some ground."

5. Soon as she got the money to Riley she did run,
   Saying, "This very night to take your life my dad has charged a gun;
   Here is one thousand pounds in gold my mama sent to you,
   Now sail off to Amerikay and I will follow you."

6. Three weeks after she was walking down the quay,
John Riley he came back again and stole his love away,
The ship was wrecked, all hands were lost, the father saw full sore,
To see Riley in his true love's arms, drowned and drove ashore.

7. And in her bosom a note was found and it was wrote with blood,
Saying, "How cruel was my dada, who thought to shoot my love,
That this may be a warning to fair maidens gay:
Don't never let the man you love sail to Amerikay."

It is difficult to keep all the Riley songs clearly separated. This, Greenleaf calls "Riley to America"; Mackenzie, "Riley's Farewell"; others, "O'Riley, the Fisherman." It was a very popular song in Ireland, England, and America (*See* list of broadside and songster versions in Laws II, p. 184, and Mackenzie, p. 126).

All the texts show the inconsistency of the girl (Ellen in most versions) telling her story at the beginning of the ballad and dead at the end. The Labrador version omits the usual broken token motif (present in Nfld. and N.S.):

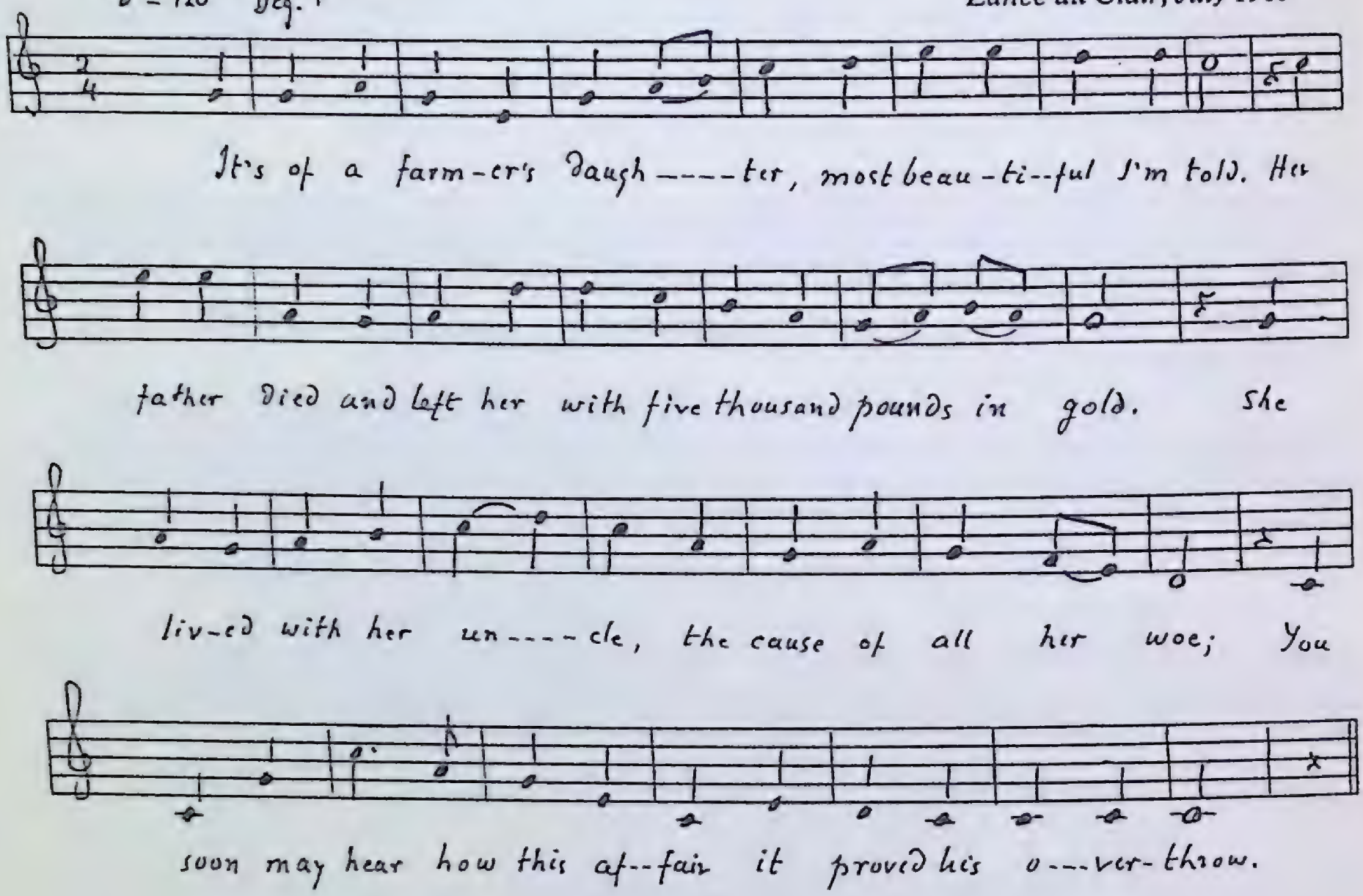
And when he put his foot on board these very words did say,
"Here's a token of true love, I break it now in two;
Here's half my heart and half my ring till I return to you."

3.1. Ray: Ray, N.S.; Bray, JFSS, 1: 256; and O'Connor, p. 49.

The Banks of Sweet Dundee

(Undaunted Mary)

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. It's of a farmer's daughter, most beautiful I'm told.
   Her father died and left her with five thousand pounds in gold.

2. She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe;
   You soon may hear how this affair it proved his overthrow.

3. Her uncle had a plowboy, who Mary loved too well;
   Down her uncle's garden the talks of love do tell.

4. There was a wealthy squire who ofttimes came her to see,
   But still she loved the plowboy on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

5. Her uncle rose one morning and went to her straightway,
   Tapping at her bedroom door, these words to her did say:

6. "Arise, arise, you fair one, a lady you shall be,
   For the Squire is waiting for you on the Banks of Sweet Dundee."

7. "A fig for all your squires, your lords and dukes likewise,
   For Willie he appears to me like diamonds in my eyes."

8. "Begone, begone, you cruel one, a lady you'll not be,
   For I mean to banish Willie from the Banks of Sweet Dundee."

9. The press gang came for Willie when he was all alone;
He dearly fought for liberty but there was six to one.

10. The blood did flow in torrents. "Pray, kill me now," said he,
"For I mean to fight for Mary on the Banks of Sweet Dundee."

11. As Mary was a walking, lamenting for her love,
She met this wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove.

12. He threw his arms around her "Begone, young man," said she,
"For you have banished the only one I love from the Banks
of Sweet Dundee."

13. He clasped his arms around her, thinking to throw her down,
Two pistols and a sword she saw beneath his morning gown.

14. The pistols she took from him; the sword he used full free.
Mary fired and shot the squire on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

15. Her uncle overheard the noise and hastened to the ground,
"Since you have shot the squire, I'll give to you your death wound."

16. "Stand off, stand off," said Mary, "for daunted I'll not be."
The trigger drew and her uncle slew on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

17. The doctor then was sent for, a man of noble skill,
And likewise a lawyer for to write and sign his will.

18. He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully,
And he closed his eyes, no more to rise on the Banks of Sweet
Dundee.

This ballad has been popular in England, Scotland, and America since the middle of the eighteenth century. It has appeared frequently in the songsters and on broadsides; it still circulates widely in oral tradition (For bibliography, *see* Kittredge, JAF 25: 355; Laws II, p. 192; Belden, p. 137). No texts have been reported from Newfoundland, but two from Nova Scotia (Mackenzie, and Creighton and Senior) exist. The present version is closer to the Scots as printed by Ord, p. 406, though it is two stanzas shorter. After stanza 8 Ord reads:

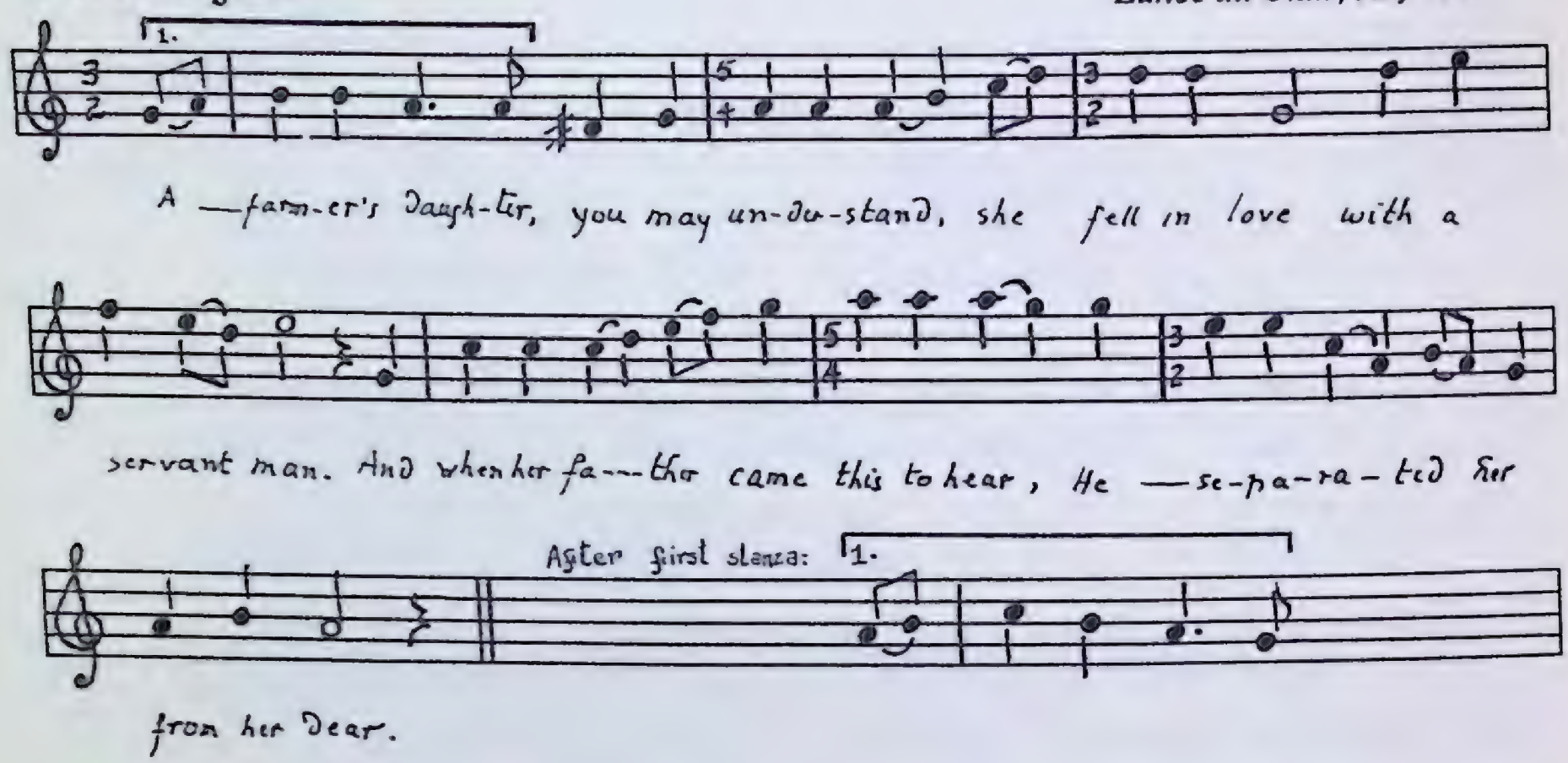
Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer's day,
"Young William is in favor," her uncle he did say;
"Indeed it's my intention to tie him to a tree,
Or else to bribe the press gang on the banks of sweet Dundee."

And Ord has a final stanza, omitted here:

Young William he was sent for and quickly did return,
As soon as he came back again young Mary ceased to mourn;
The day it was appointed, they joined their hands so free,
And now they live in splendor on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Beam of Oak

Sung by Stuart Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. A farmer's daughter, you may understand,
   She fell in love with a servant man.
   And when her father came this to hear,
   He separated her from her dear.

2. We haven't been scarce three days at sea,
   When they fell into a bloody fray.
   It was this young man's lot to fall;
   He lost his life by a cannon ball.

3. Scarce three days after, this young man was seen;
   His deathly ghost to her father came,
   With his deadly wounds by his bedside stood,
   With his arms and shoulders all covered with blood.

4. So when this lady came this to hear,
   How she had lost her own true dear,
   That very night to the beam of oak
   She hung herself with her own red rope.

5. Her father he came home late that night,
   Inquiring for his own heart's delight,
   He went upstairs and the door he broke;
   He found her hanging to the beam of oak.

6. The servants, they all gathered round,
   All for to cut this fair maiden down,
   And in her bosom there was concealed
   A written note of true loves revealed.

7. It was wrote with blood by a woman's hand.
She wrote these words, as you may understand.
Saying, "Father, father, the worst of men,
'Twas you that brought me to this untimely end.

8. "You sent my Willie away from me,
Which caused my ruin and his destiny."
Her father he did speechless remain,
And the tears ran down over his cheeks like rain.

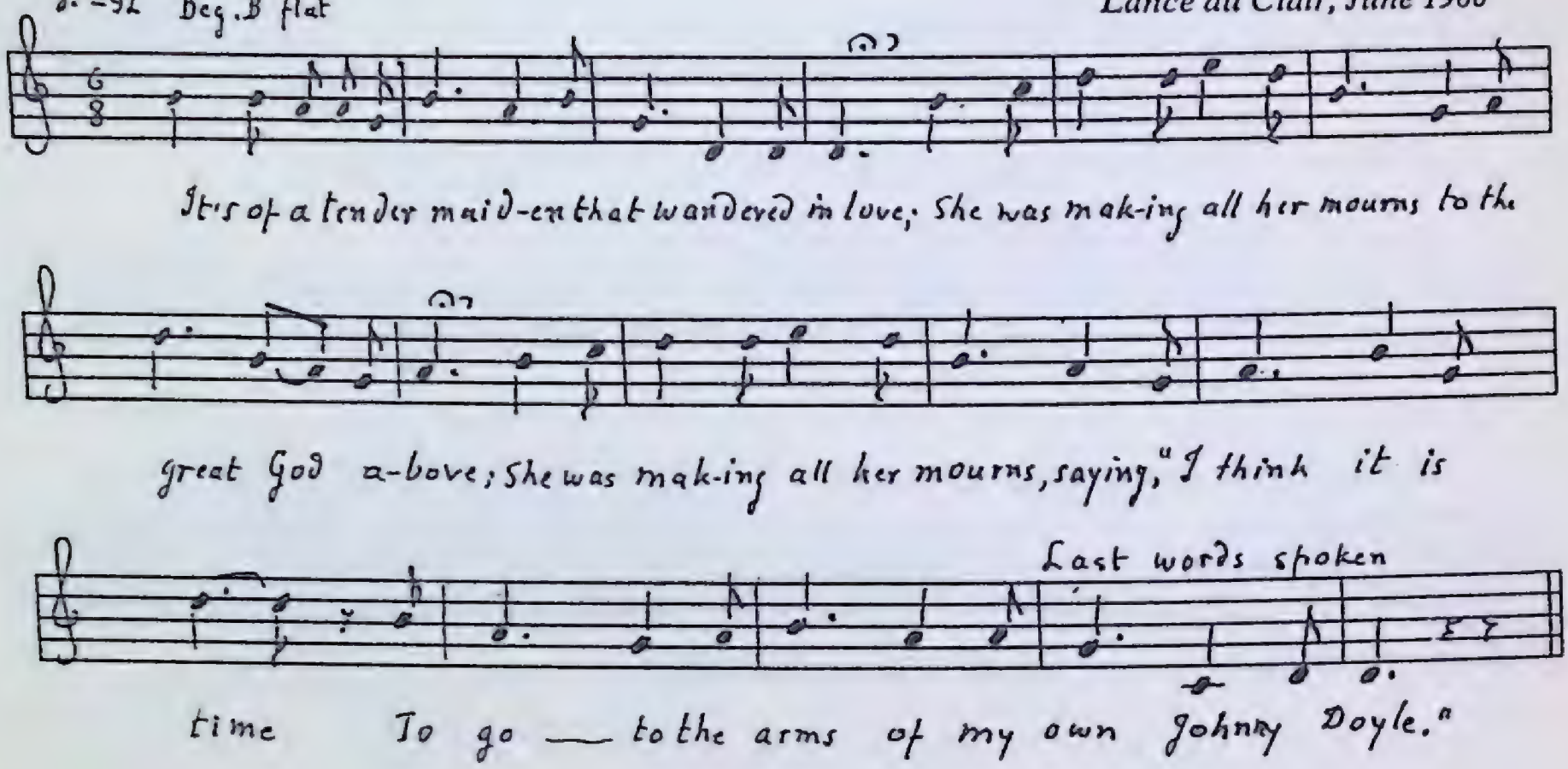
9. Her father, so we are told, went mad;
Her mother being almost as bad.
May this sad tale now a warning be
Of this sad, doleful sad tragedy.

This belongs to a group of broadsides which develop wide variants of the same basic story. The best known are "The Butcher Boy," "A Brisk Young Sailor" (Farmer), "The Disguised Sailor," "The Cruel Father," "The Squire's Daughter" (*See* Laws II, p. 260). The appearance of the ghost of the dead sailor in this version seems to be unique.

Johnny Doyle

(*It's of a Tender Maiden*)

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, June 1960



1. It's of a tender maiden that wandered in love;
   She was making all her mourns to the great God above;
   She was making all her mourns, saying, "I think it is time
   To go to the arms of my own Johnny Doyle."

2. Late a Sunday evening her plan she had made out;
   Early Monday morning they had to be carried out.
   Her friends they were listening to what she did say,
   And straight unto my mama they gave me away.

3. She locked me in my chamber, so lofty and so high,
   No one to come near me to pity my sad cry.
   They sent for William Goldman to come and marry me,
   A man whom I hated and I did not want to see.

4. 'Twas early then next morning, 'twas to my sad surprise,
   Horses they were ready and carriages too likewise;
   Some they rode on horseback; some more they rode on high,
   Leaving my heart behind me with my own Johnny Doyle.

5. We rode off together till we came to Clothing Town [*sic*]
   The gates they all flew open; the clergy he was found,
   Holding out my right hand with my heart full of toil,
   I far soon have married my own Johnny Doyle.

6. She got up in the carriage; with her brother she rode home.
   "O mama, dearest mama, take me to my bedroom.
   I married William Goldman; he calls me his wife.
   I hope this very night will put an end to my life."

7. "Hold your tongue, dear daughter, hold your tongue dear child,
Hold your tongue, dear daughter; we'll send for Johnny Doyle."
"To send for Johnny Doyle, mama, I guess it is too late,
For the distances are so far and my pains they are so great."

8. 'Twas early next morning this fair one was found dead
With Johnny Doyle's silk handkerchief all tied around her head.
The very last word that ever she spoke was, "Johnny Doyle,
farewell,
There's more lies between us than any tongue can tell."

9. That day at Mary's funeral it was a glorious sight,
Four and twenty fair maids and they were dressed in white.
We carried her to St. Mary's church and laid her in the soil,
And there lies the true-love of young Johnny Doyle.

This once very popular song in Ireland and England travelled early to America and though undergoing some changes became very popular here. Texts range from Labrador to Florida and west to the Mississippi (*See* bibliography in Laws II, p. 180; Mackenzie, p. 106; JEFS, 5: 142). The ballad is another of the many turning on the theme of family opposition to lovers. This time, as revealed by the early texts, especially the Irish, the problem is not as usual a difference in station between the young people but a difference in religion. Note the following stanzas not found in the later versions:

There's one thing between us now, I frankly confess,
That I go to meeting, and my true-love goes to mass,
But for to go to mass with him I'd count it no great toil
And the world's round I would wander with my Seaghan og
Dubhghaill.

and

. . . my funeral, it's there you'll see a sight
Four and twenty Orange girls shall be dressed in white;
They shall carry me over Ober hills, etc.

3.3. William Goldman. Others call him Somers, Squire Gardner, some nobleman, Spencer, Moore. 'Goldman' is unique.

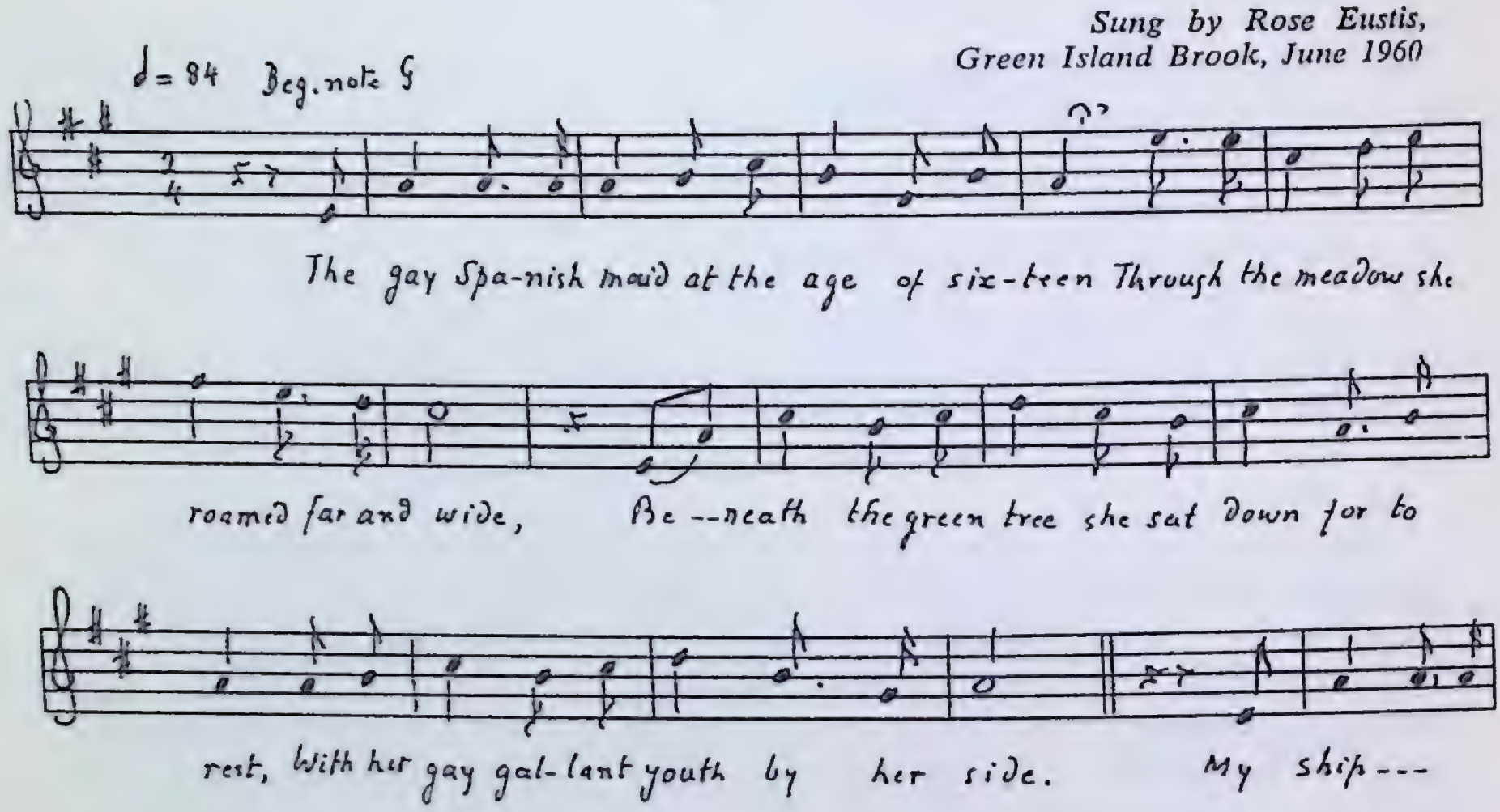
5.1. Clothing Town: Belfast in the Irish; others not named.

5.4. This is usually followed by a stanza telling of her ear-rings falling off and her stay laces "breaking into four and twenty pieces." This is a common ballad motif (*See* notes by Broadwood, JEFS, 5: 145).

17 Gay Spanish Maid

A

Sung by Rose Eustis,
Green Island Brook, June 1960



1. The gay Spanish maid at the age of sixteen
   Through the meadow she roamed far and wide,
   Beneath the green tree she sat down for to rest,
   With her gay gallant youth by her side.

2. "My ship sails at midnight, my darling," said he,
   "And with you I may never more roam;
   Won't you meet me tonight, when your parents are at
   rest,
   Won't you meet me tonight on the shore?"

3. That night when her parents retired to rest
   Hurry she went out the hall door,
   With her hat in her hand, she ran down the bonny strand,
   And sat on a rock by the shore.

4. The moon which had risen shone over the deep,
   The water and sky seemed to meet;
   But the only sad sound was the murmuring waves,
   As they broke on the rock at her feet.

5. Her white hands she pressed to her wild beating heart
   When I told her the years I might stay.
   "God bless you, my dear and your parents at home,
   When from you I am far, far away."

6. A lily white hand she pressed to her breast
And her sorrows that no one could tell;
And I kissed her again as she stood on the beach,
And I bade her affection farewell.

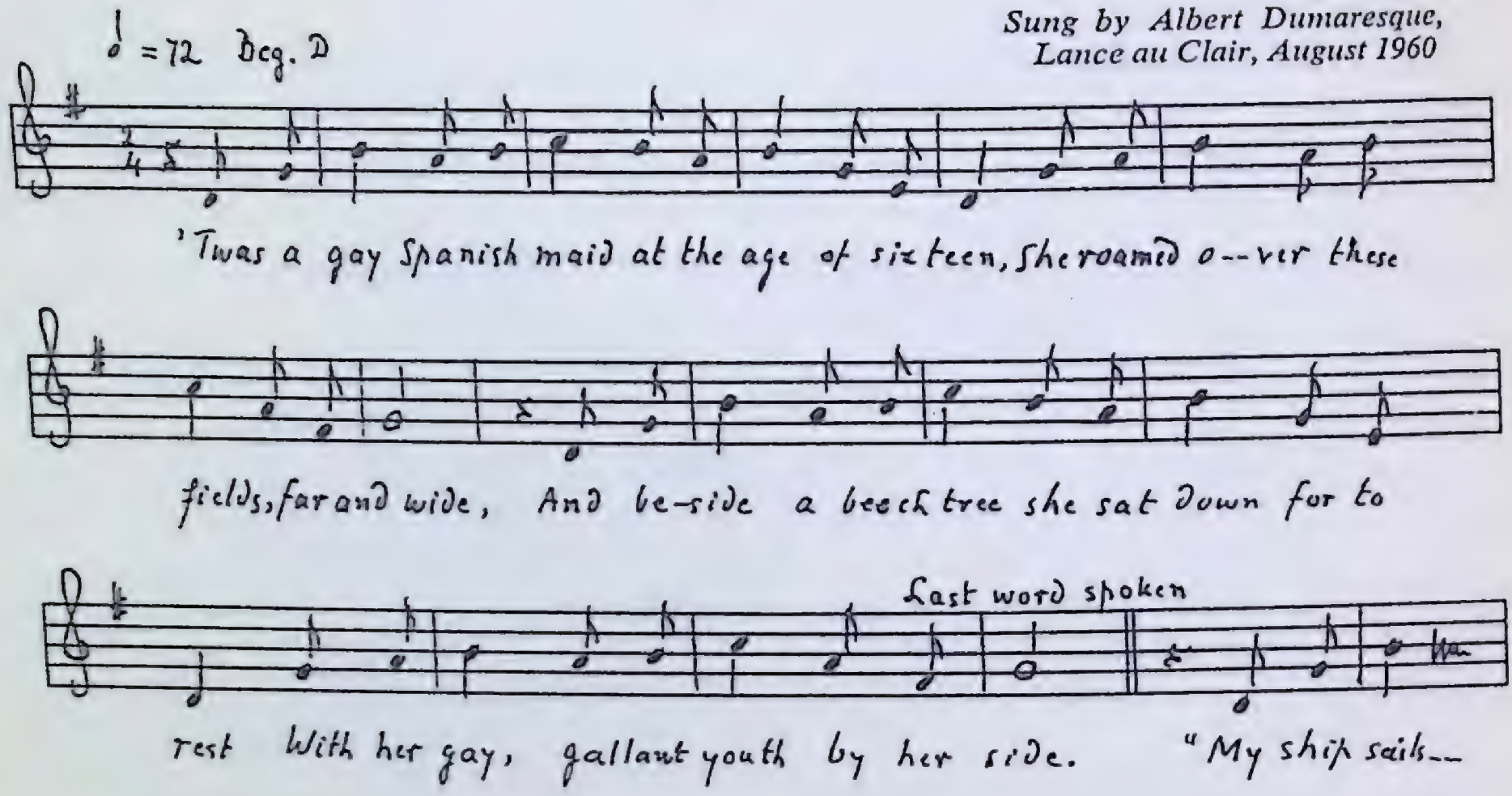
7. That night on the billows we were tossed to and fro;
Every man his own life tried to save.
I jumped on a plank; I escaped from the wreck
While the rest made a watery grave.

8. All that day found me tossing in the wild heaving sea,
And evening found me praying in despair,
When I thought of the girl I had left on the beach,
And a thousand times wished I was there.

9. Attention we'll give to the maid on the shore,
When she thought of her boy in the storm.
She had died like a rose that got nipped by the frost,
And she leave me in sorrow to mourn.

B

Sung by Albert Dumaresque,
Lance au Clair, August 1960



1. 'Twas a gay Spanish maid at the age of sixteen,
   She roamed over these fields, far and wide,
   And beside a beech tree she sat down for to rest
   With her gay, gallant youth by her side.

2. "My ship sails tomorrow, my darling," said he,
   "And together we'll roam, love, no more,
   But when your fond parents retires to rest,
   I will meet you tonight, love, on shore."

3. That night when her parents retired to rest,
   Lady Helen went out the hall door
   With her hat in her hand she went down the
   broad strand,
   And she met with her love on the shore.

4. Her lily white hand she then pressed to her breast,
   When he told her how long he would stay,
   "God bless you, my dear, and your parents at home,
   When from you I am far, far away."

5. That night on the seas there arose a great storm,
   And the wind through the riggin' did moan;
   All night on the waves we were tossed to and fro,
   And the vessel was lost in the storm.

6. I tried to cheer up our sad hearted crew,
   But in vain every man tried to cheer.
   I jumped on a plank, got saved from the wreck,
   While the rest found a watery grave.

7. So now I've returned to that maid on the shore,
   Who thought of her love in the storm,
   But she died like a rose that was nipped by the frost,
   And she left me in sorrow to mourn.

This is a charming song even if it is a bit on the sentimental side. So far as I can discover no European versions of this song exist or ever did. Laws assigns it tentatively to a British broadside origin, evidently on internal evidence. In one version the girl is called Lady Helen, if that means anything. I am inclined to believe that the ballad is American. It is widely dispersed in America, being found from Labrador to West Virginia and west to Missouri.

3 B. Lady Helen. Others call her Onette (N.S.), Helena (Mass.), Gay Spanish Mary (Mo.), Susan (Mich.), Anne (N.S.), etc.

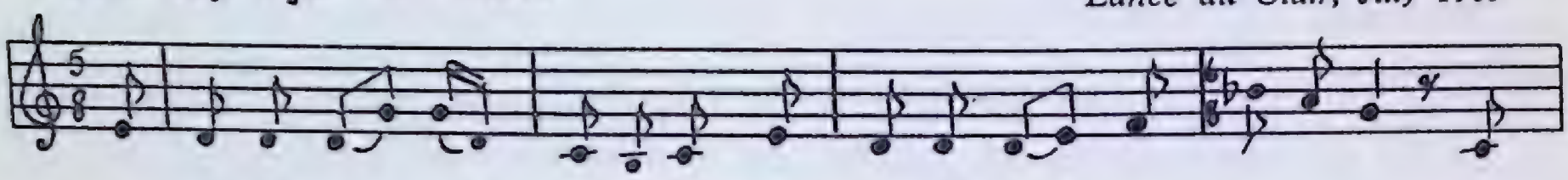
8 A. Some versions do not make it clear that he made it safely to shore only to find that the girl had died.

The Sailor's Tragedy

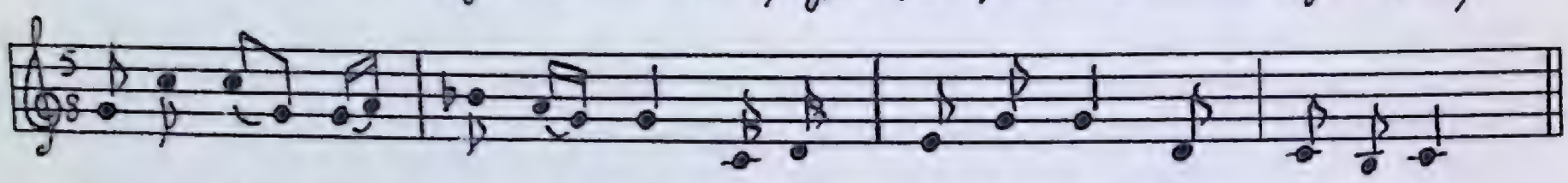
(*The Murdered Girl*)

♪=112 Beg. E-flat 3rd stanza

Sung by Alex Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



The o-ther one being left alone, Saying, "O you false, de --- lu-ding one, By



me you done a wick--ed thing, And a pu-blic shame to you I'll bring.

1. (It's of a sailor of whom I write,
   And to the seas he took great delight)
   Two females he did beguile
   At last got one of them with child.

2. He promised to be true to both;
   He bound himself all in an oath.
   Till Mary then if he had lied, [*sic*]
   And Mary then he made his wife.

3. The other one being left alone,
   Saying, "O you false, deluding one,
   By me you done a wicked thing,
   And a public shame to you I'll bring."

4. She hung herself up to a tree
   Two men a-hunting her did see;
   Her flesh by birds was beastly tore,
   It grieves the young man's heart full sore.

5. They went straightway and cut her down,
   And in her bosom a note was found;
   The note was written out in large:
   "Bury me not, I do you charge.

6. "Here on the ground do let me lie
   And every one that do pass me by,
   Perhaps may by me a warning take
   To see their folly when it's too late.

7. "As for his faults I will be just,
   But here on earth shall have no rest."
   And as she said it plagued him so
   Till at last to sea he was forced to go.

8. As he was on his mainmast high
A little boat he chanced to spy;
He thought all on the wicked thing
Which made him tremble every limb.

9. Down to the deck where he did go,
And brought the Captain to his foe,
"There is a spirit coming and
I pray you stand in my defense."

10. It was in Santiel this young man died,
It's in Santiel his body lies.
"Captain," said she, "you don't say so,
He's dwelling down in your ship below.

11. "And if you stand in his defense,
A mighty storm I will bring hence
'Twill cause you and your men to weep
And leave you sleeping down in the deep."

12. Straightway the Captain went below,
And brought this young man to his foe.
She fixed her eyes on him so grim,
Which made him tremble every limb.

13. "I was a maid and once," said she,
"When first by you I was betrayed;
I am a spirit come for thou;
You baulked me once, but I'll have you
now."

14. Now to preserve both ship and men
'Twas in the boat she forced him then.
The boat sank down in a flame of fire.
It caused the sailors to admire.

Called also "The Murdered Girl," "The Sailor and the Ghost," "The Dreadful Ghost," this ballad never got very far from the English broadsides and songsters; there is evidence that it was sung in the music halls (*See* Kittredge, JAF, 26: 177). Only five texts other than the present one survive in tradition: one from Dorset; three from Nova Scotia; one from New Jersey from MS. (*See* Laws II, p. 265, and Mackenzie, p. 243, for bibliography). The present text is the fullest and cleanest of all; it is closest to Creighton and Senior B, though that is incomplete.

2.3. Generally reads: To marry them both it would cause strife. The proper name Mary is unique. Was it developed from the verb 'marry' in the other versions?

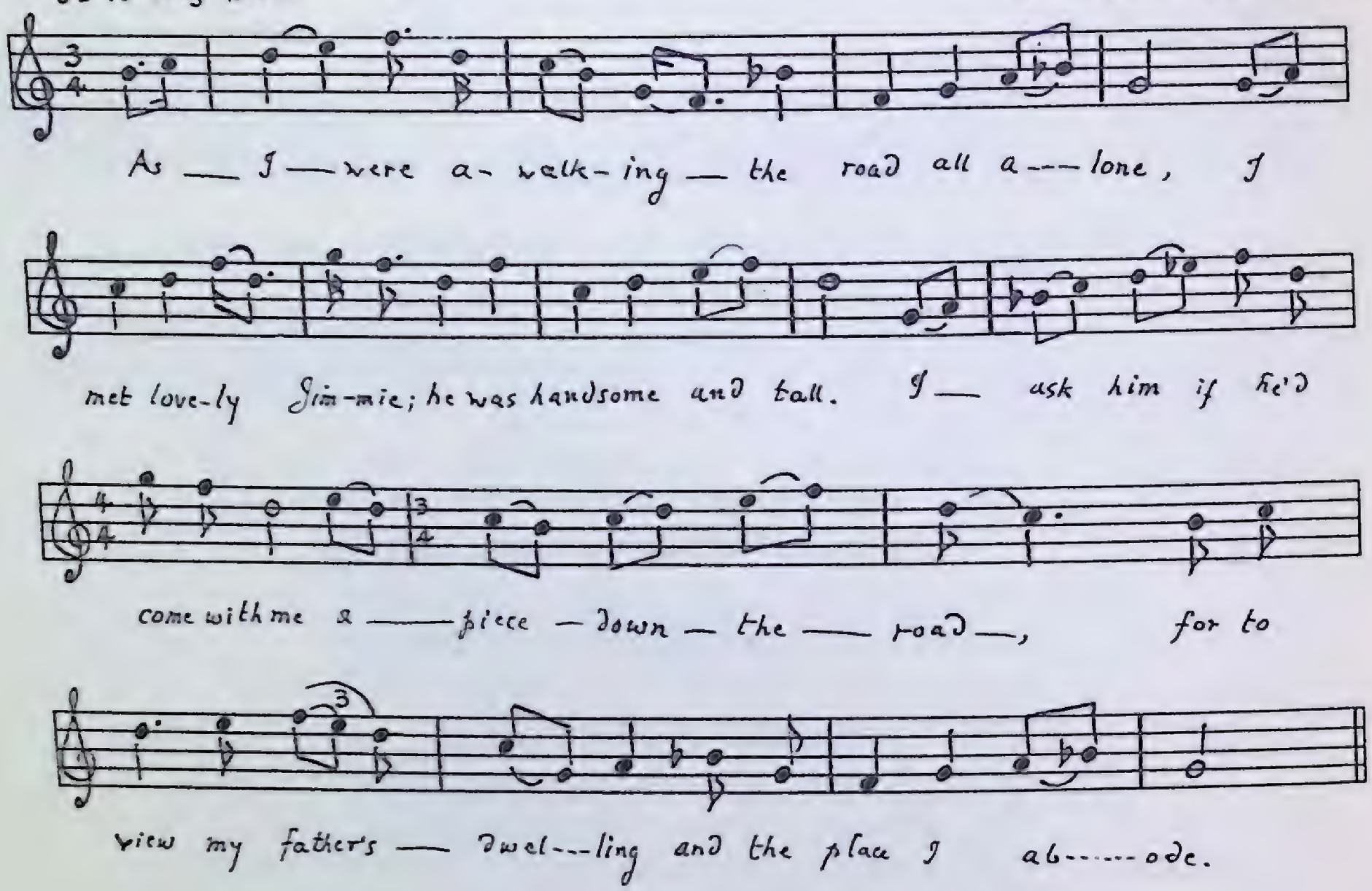
10.2. Santiel: N.S. Creighton B, Santalion; Creighton A, St. Taliens; others, no place mentioned.

11.1. the Jonah motif common in balladry.

19

Lovely Jimmie (Willie)

Sung by Henry White,
Sandy Cove, June 1960



1. As I were a walking the road all alone,
   I met lovely Jimmie; he was handsome and tall.
   I ask him if he'd come with me a piece down the road,
   For to view my father's dwelling and the place I abode.

2. "There's a tree in my father's garden, lovely Jimmie," said she,
   "Where lords, dukes, and nobles they come to court me,
   While my parents lies a slumbering in their long silent rest,
   Meet me there, lovely Jimmie, you're the boy I love best."

3. Her father being in ambush, hearing what we did say,
   He followed us afterward that intention to do,
   And it was with his sharp weapon he pierced my love through.

4. "O father, cruel father, since you've got your will,
   And the blood of my innocent, lovely Jimmie did spill."
   She laid herself down on the ground where he lied,
   May the heaven shine around you; here's your darling bride.

5. "Go and dig him a grave, dig it long, wide and deep,
   And cover it over with roses so sweet,
   While I will go away to some strange counterie
   Where I don't know no one, either no one knows me."

6. So green grow the rushes from the tops of the wall,
For love is a queer thing, comes over us all,
For love lies as weightily, as a stone on my breast,
And the grave it is the next place I'm in hopes to find rest.

I would guess that an Irish broadside is behind this song. A version was collected from tradition by O Lochlainn and printed in *Irish Street Ballads,* p. 110. In America, texts from Maine, Missouri, Vermont, and Michigan have been printed; this is the first from the Maritimes.

1.2. Jimmy: Jimmy, Me. and Vt.; Willie, Ireland, Mich., Mo.

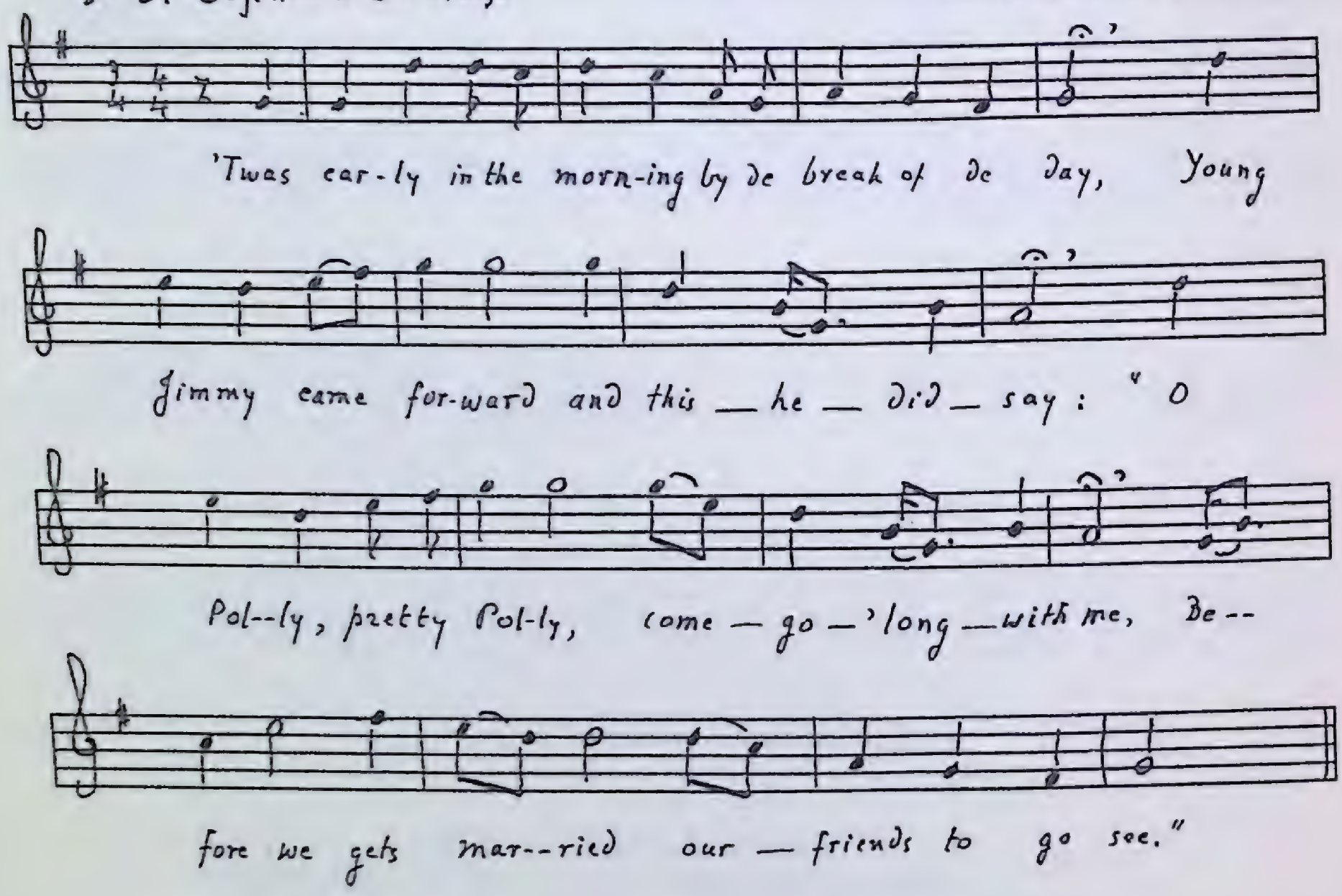
6. This stanza is ballad commonplace; it is not in the Irish (Cf. Chappell, p. 136).

Pretty Polly

(*The Cruel Ship's Carpenter*)

A

Sung by Leo O'Brien,
Lance au Loup, June 1960



1. In Dustinger's city [*sic*], in Dustinger's town
   There dwelt a dear damsel, I vow and declare;
   There came a young fellow for to make her his dear,
   And he by his trade was a ship's carpenter.

2. 'Twas early in the morning by de break of de day,
   Young Jimmy came forward and this he did say:
   "O Polly, pretty Polly, come go 'long with me,
   Before we gets married our friends to go see."

3. He led her tru brambles through bushes so high;
   At last Pretty Polly began for to cry,
   Saying, "Jimmy, dearest Jimmy, you have led me astray.
   A purpose my innocent life to betray."

4. "O yes, pretty Polly, that's just what I mean,
   For this long night I've been digging your grave;
   Your grave it lies open; there's a spade standing by;
   It's into that graveyard your fair body must lie."

5. There's no time to cry, there is no time to stand.
He instantly drew out a knife in his hand;
He cut her, he stabbed her till the blood from her flowed,
And into that grave her fair body he throwed.

6. He covered her over with the green leaves and stones,
Not thinking this murder would ever be known.
He entered on board for to sail the world round,
Not thinking this murder would ever be found.

7. 'Twas early next morning by the break of the day,
Our captain came forward and this he did say:
"There's a murder on board, boys, and it's lately been done;
Our ship she's in mourning and she can't sail along."

8. Up speaks one young fellow, saying, "Indeed it's not me."
Up speaks a bold sailor and the same he did say.
Up jumps young Jimmy did rant and did swear:
"Indeed it's not me, sir, I vow and declare."

9. As he was returning from his captain with speed,
He met his love Polly which made his heart bleed;
She ripped him and she stripped him till she tore him in three,
Because he had murdered her baby and she.

10. "No danger, no danger of de ghost," she did say,
"May de Heavens protect you, may you all well agree,
And send your ship safe to her own countree."

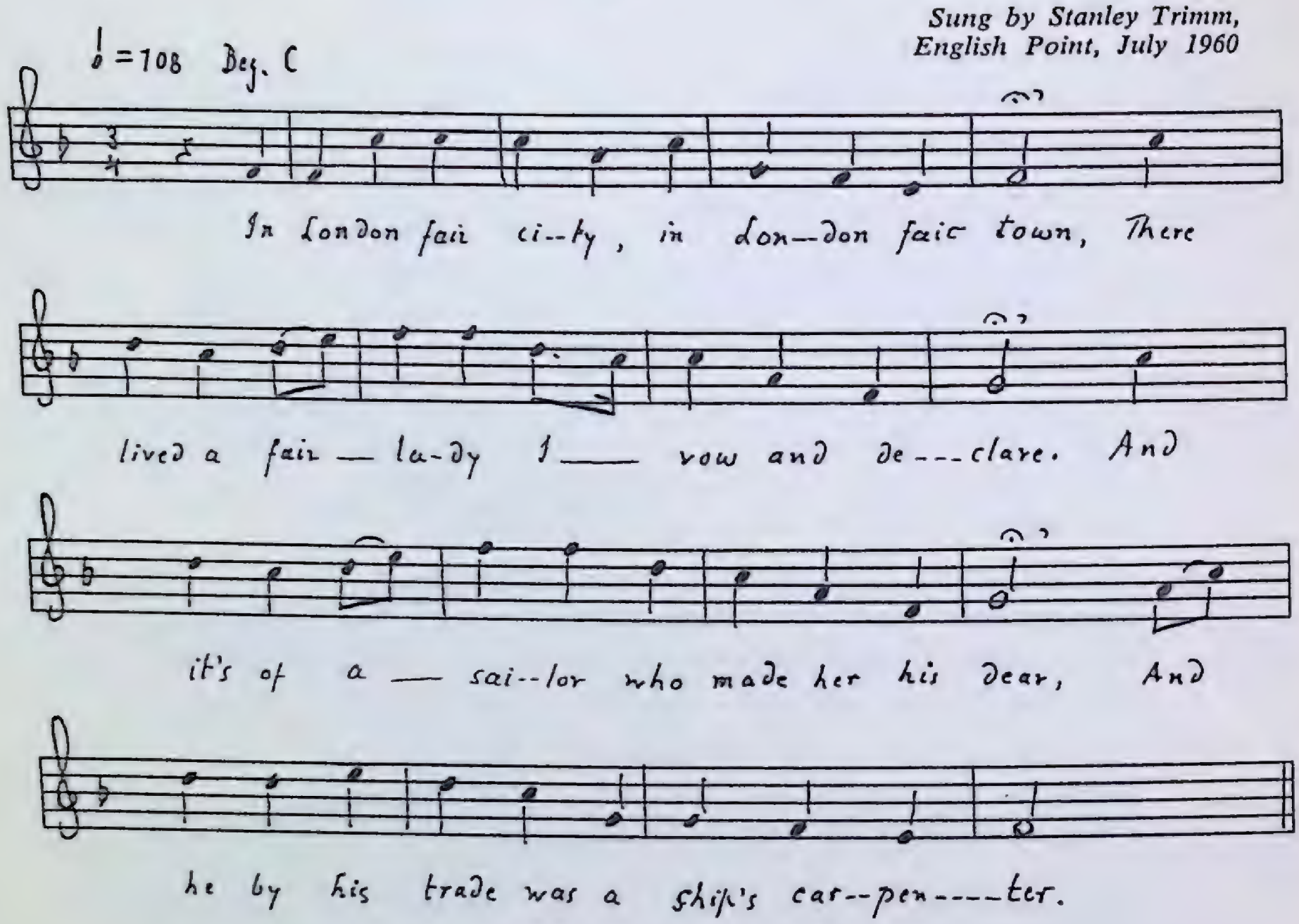
A number of ballads bear this title. All are variants of the English broadsides "The Gosport Tragedy," "The Perjured Ship's Carpenter" (*See Roxburghe Ballads,* 8: 143, 174). "The Cruel Ship Carpenter," "Polly's Love," "Young Sally Monroe," "Charles Dickson" are later variations. Still later is the Group descended from or allied with "The Berkshire Tragedy," "The Wexford Girl," "The Oxford Girl," "The Lexington Girl," "The Cruel Miller," "The Wittan Miller," "The Waco Girl." The end product, "Pretty Polly," is often little more than a short jingle, like the text in Randolph, the fourth and last stanza of which is: "The blood it did flow and the blood it did flow (repeated three times and then) He threw her in the grave and back home he did go."

The full version from Labrador with the supernatural episode is rare in America.

(*See* Laws II, p. 104–123 for a study of "The Berkshire Tragedy" and its progeny; for "The Gosport Tragedy" and its descendants, *see* the extensive bibliographies in Laws II, p. 269; Brown Collection, p. 234; Mackenzie, p. 96; Kittredge, discussion and texts, JAF 20: 261; Randolph, 2: 153; Brewster, *Ballads and Songs of Indiana,* p. 298; Sharp and Marson, *Folk Songs of Somerset,* 4:8.)

B

Sung by Stanley Trimm,
English Point, July 1960



1. In London fair city, in London fair town,
   There lived a fair lady I vow and declare.
   And it's of a sailor who made her his dear,
   And he by his trade was a ship's carpenter.

2. He said, "Pretty Polly, will you come along with me?"
   He said, "Pretty Polly, will you come along with me
   Before we get married our friends go to see?"

3. They rambled through bushes and green leaves so high,
   Till at last Pretty Polly began for to cry.
   Saying, "Jimmy, Lovely Jimmy, you have led me astray
   A purpose my innocent life to betray."

4. "O yes, Pretty Polly, that's just what I mean,
   For all this long night I've been digging your grave.
   That grave it lay open and the spade standing by
   And into the grave your fair body must lie."

5. It's no time for sitting; it's no time to stand.
   He instantly drew a knife into his hand.
   He cut her; he stabbed her till her heart blood did flow,
   And into the grave her fair body he threw.

6. He covered her over with green leaves and stones,
Not thinking the murder would ever be known.
He stepped on board His Majesty's ship to sail the wide world around,
Not thinking the murder would ever be known.

7. 'Twas early next morning by the break of the day
Our captain came forward; these words he did say:
"There's a murderer on board, boys, and it lately been done;
Our ship stands in mournin' and she won't sail along."

8. Out speaks one young man, "Indeed it's not me."
Then out speaks another and the same words said he.
Then out steps young Jimmy, for to rant and to swear,
"Indeed, it's not me, sir, I devow and declare."

9. As he was departing from his captain in speed
'Twas there he met Polly; it made his heart bleed.
She cut him, she stabbed him, she cut him in three,
Because he had murdered her baby and she.

10. "No danger, no danger," the ghost did reply,
"May the heavens protect you and you all may agree
And send your ship safe to her own country."

This is a rare version of the "Pretty Polly" variant of "The Cruel Ship's Carpenter." One other northern text has been printed and that from Nova Scotia. This ballad is related to the better known "The Gosport Tragedy," the main difference being that in "Pretty Polly" the ghost of the murdered girl tears Willie to pieces; whereas in the other she appears to another of the ship's crew who tells the captain, who in turn ferrets out the murderer. Then Willie goes mad and dies. Especially interesting here is the reduction of the story to almost bare dialogue (*See* Laws II, p. 269, for bibliography and discussion, and also, Brown Collection, p. 234; Mackenzie, p. 96; Kittredge, JAF, 22: 261).

A1.1. Dustingers: often Gosport or London.

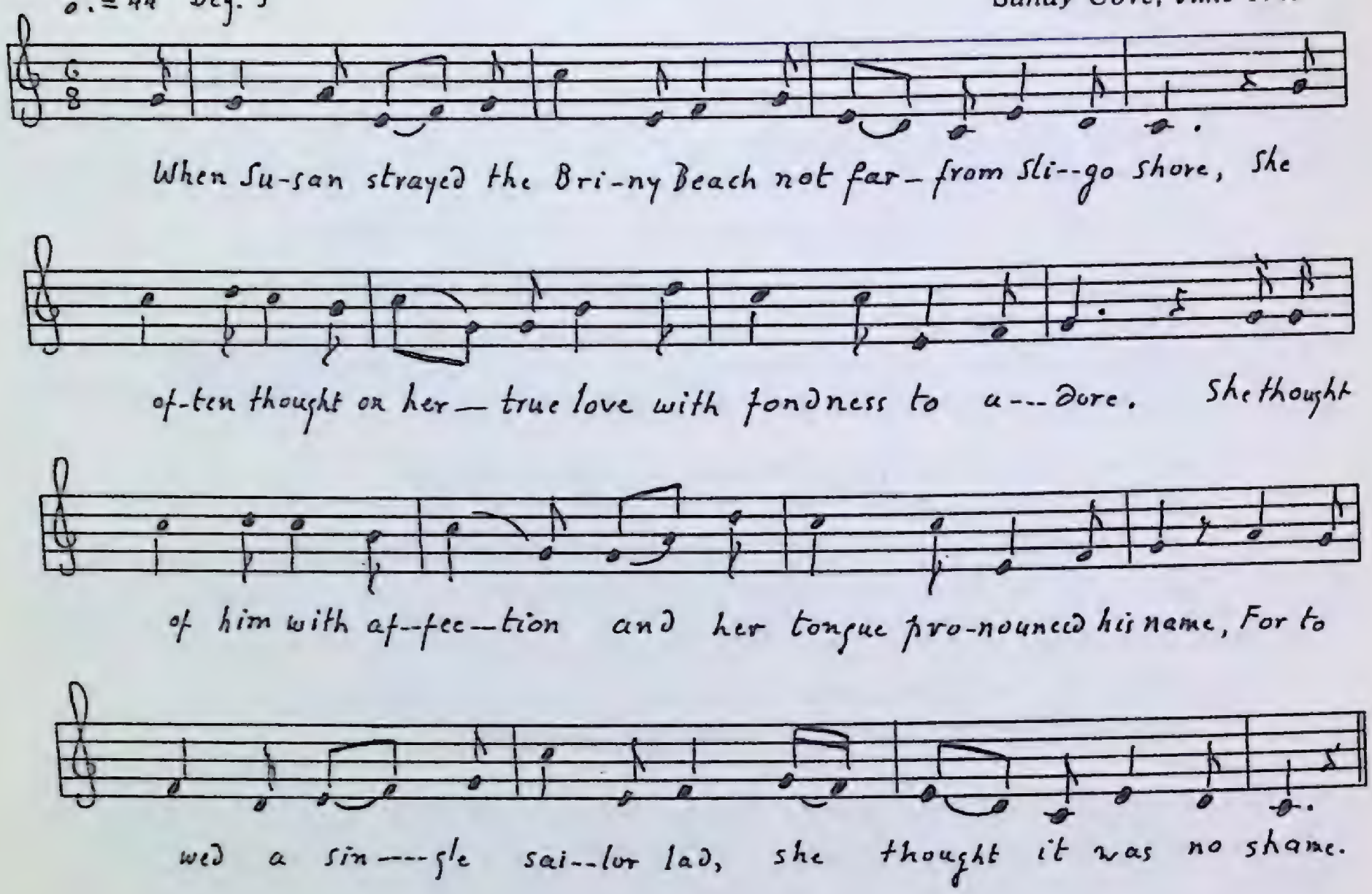
AB4.3. These details are not in "The Gosport Tragedy."

AB5.3. In later American versions he sometimes shoots her with a revolver.

AB10. The ship can now proceed, since she is rid of her Jonah.

21 Susan Strayed the Briny Beach

Sung by Henry White,
Sandy Cove, June 1960



1. When Susan strayed the Briny Beach not far from Sligo Shore,
   She often thought on her true love with fondness to adore.
   She thought of him with affection and her tongue pronounced his name,
   For to wed a single sailor lad, she thought it was no shame.

2. Her father being of a wealthy man and of a high degree,
   And she being kind and hearted, most beautiful to see.
   For many's the lords and noble men for her shed many's a tear
   She rejected them all, for her fond heart was true to Willy dear.

3. "I will not change my mind," said she, "I'll go for Willie, dear.
   He's guarded by one single plank from a deep eternity.
   For once he learns he'll never part; no more from me he'll roam
   All dangers past he'll stay with me all in my happy home."

4. Three days after a storm arose; a tempest swell rolled high
   When Susan strayed by Briny Beach and the tears stood in her eye.
   Thinking of her young sailor, that he might be outcast,
   Tossed on some wicked wave or else entirely lost.

5. She turned herself for to go home, one loving look she gave;
   She thought she saw something black a floating with the wave.
   With more than strength she bore the lifeless body high;
   She took him up and laid him down where it was dry.

6. She gazed on his dead body which was all bruised and torn,
   Till something told her troubled mind the face she'd saw before.
   As she turned for to go home, one loving look she gave,
   And on his finger she espy a dazzling diamond ring.

7. With one quick glance right well she knew that ring that Willie wore
   What she placed on his finger last parting on the shore.
   The gold watch she clasped to his lips to catch one sign of breath;
   His lovely neck had been unstripped; his eyes were closed in death.

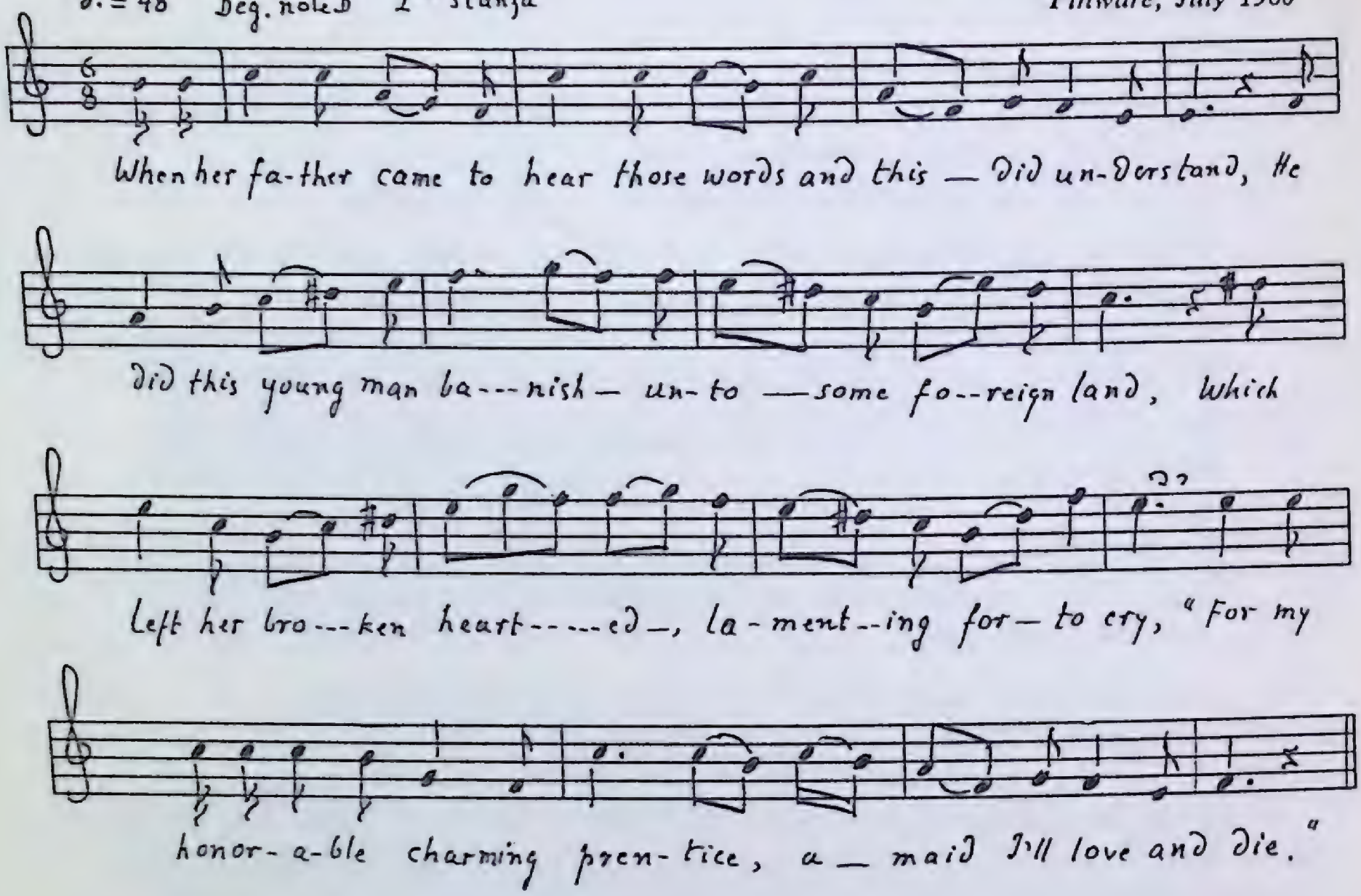
8. His lovely neck had been unstripped; 'twas once like maiden fair,
   And stripes of seaweed they were all tangled up in his dark brown hair.
   Come all young men and maidens, come view a solemn sight;
   There were twelve young sailors dressed in blue and twelve fair maids in white.

9. Just like some early flower cut down in youthful bloom
   Fond hearts have caused each other to sleep both in one tomb.

This appears only in America, and only in Newfoundland. The present text, though two lines shorter, is very close to the Newfoundland version. Several ballads develop the same situation: "Scarborough Banks" (Ord, p. 332), "In London Fair City" (JFSS, 3: 258), "The Drowned Lover" (Sharp and Marson, *Folk Songs of Somerset,* 2:12). Note from Greenleaf.

The Apprentice Boy

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. 'Twas down in Cupid's garden for pleasure as I walked;
   'Twas there I spied two lovyers so fondly did talk;
   It's of a gay young lady and her young prentice boy;
   In private they was courting, sure he was all her joy.

2. When her father came to hear those words and this did understand,
   He did this young man banish unto some foreign land,
   Which left her broken-hearted, lamenting for to cry,
   "For my honorable charming prentice, a maid I'll love and die."

3. The young man to a merchant a prentice dere was bound,
   And by his careful conduct good fortune dere he found,
   And by his careful conduct which promoted him to fame,
   And by his careful conduct a butler he became.

4. A ticket in the lottery his money dere paid down;
   'Twas dere he drawed de value of full five hundred pounds,
   With riches and good clothing and gay clothing he had indeed,
   And he arrived to old England so he so long with speed.

5. He offered fond embraces, but she flew from his arms,
   "No lord, nor duke, nor squire will ever enjoy my charms,
   For cursed gold and cursed silver and all riches I'll throw aside,
   For my young charming prentice, a maid I'll love and die."

6. I said, "My honorable lady, sure I had you in my arms
   Sure here is the ring that you gave to me when I enjoyed your charms.
   You vowed if ever you'd marry, my love you would enjoy;
   Your father did me banish, sure I am your prentice boy."

7. Soon as she heard him say those words, she fell into his arms;
   With kisses and embraces he soon enjoyed her charms.
   'Twas out through Cupid's Garden a road to church dey found,
   And did young happy couple in Hemen (Hyman) then were bound.

This song is in broadsides and songsters on both sides of the Atlantic. In America, texts come from as widely separated places as Nova Scotia, North Carolina, Indiana (*See* for full bibliography, Mackenzie, p. 88; Laws II, p. 186). The present text is close to the Nova Scotia (Mackenzie, 88; Creighton, 92) and to the Sussex version (JFSS, 2: 195). The Mackenzie version does have an additional stanza after stanza 1 of the present text:

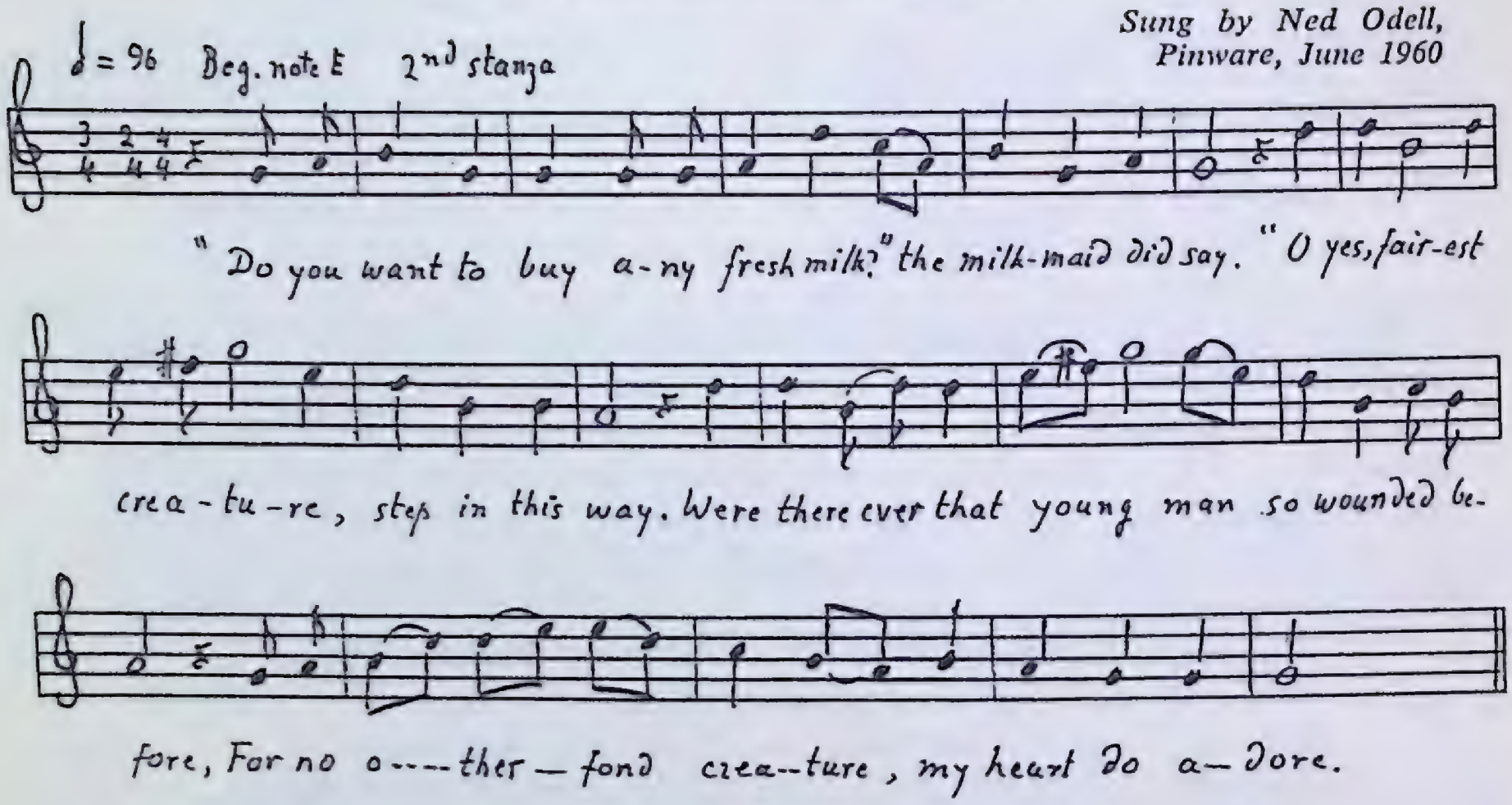
"He said, "Dear honored lady, I am your prentice boy,
However can I think a fair lady to enjoy?"
His cheeks as red as roses, his humor kind and free.
She said, "Dear youth, if e'er I wed, I'll surely marry thee."

4.2. Invariably more variation occurs among different versions of the same ballad over money than any other detail. Here he wins 500 pounds; in the Sussex version, it is 20,000; in Nova Scotia and Virginia, 30,000; in Missouri, 2,000.

Blackberry Fold

(The Squire and the Milkmaid)

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, June 1960



1. Hugh was a plowboy and Dennis his brother,
   As they were discoursing with one another,
   As they were singing their mournful song,
   When a bouncing young milkmaid came tripping along.

2. "Do you want to buy any fresh milk?" the milkmaid did say.
   "O yes, fairest creature, step in this way.
   Were there ever that young man so wounded before,
   For no other fond creature, my heart do adore."

3. Now a huggling and struggling pretty Betsy got clear,
   'Twas with his own broadsword she wound him so dear;
   Soon as she done this, 'twas 'murder,' she cried,
   And home to her master like lightning she flied.

4. A-telling the story with a tear in her eyes,
   "I have murdered the squire, the squire," she cried;
   "For out on that open field he played very bold,
   And I left him a bleeding down Blackberry Fold."

5. A horse was got ready and the squire brought home,
   And likewise a doctor to tie up his wound,
   Saying, "Where is that milkmaid, that young beauty rare,
   That wounded me sore when my heart was ensnared?"

6. Pretty Betsy was sent for and a trembling she came,
   Ashamed of her life to be guilty of the same.
   Saying, "Don't let this murder lie close to your heart,
   For the wound that you gave me was all my own fault."

7. Early next Monday morning to the church they both went;
They kindly got married, bid adieu to all woe,
And to all other fear, girls, I'll now bid adieu.

The various versions of this stem from a broadside printed by Such. Texts from tradition are printed in JFSS, 6:35; 8:269. The ballad has not, I think, been heretofore collected in America.

The English texts begin more plausibly:

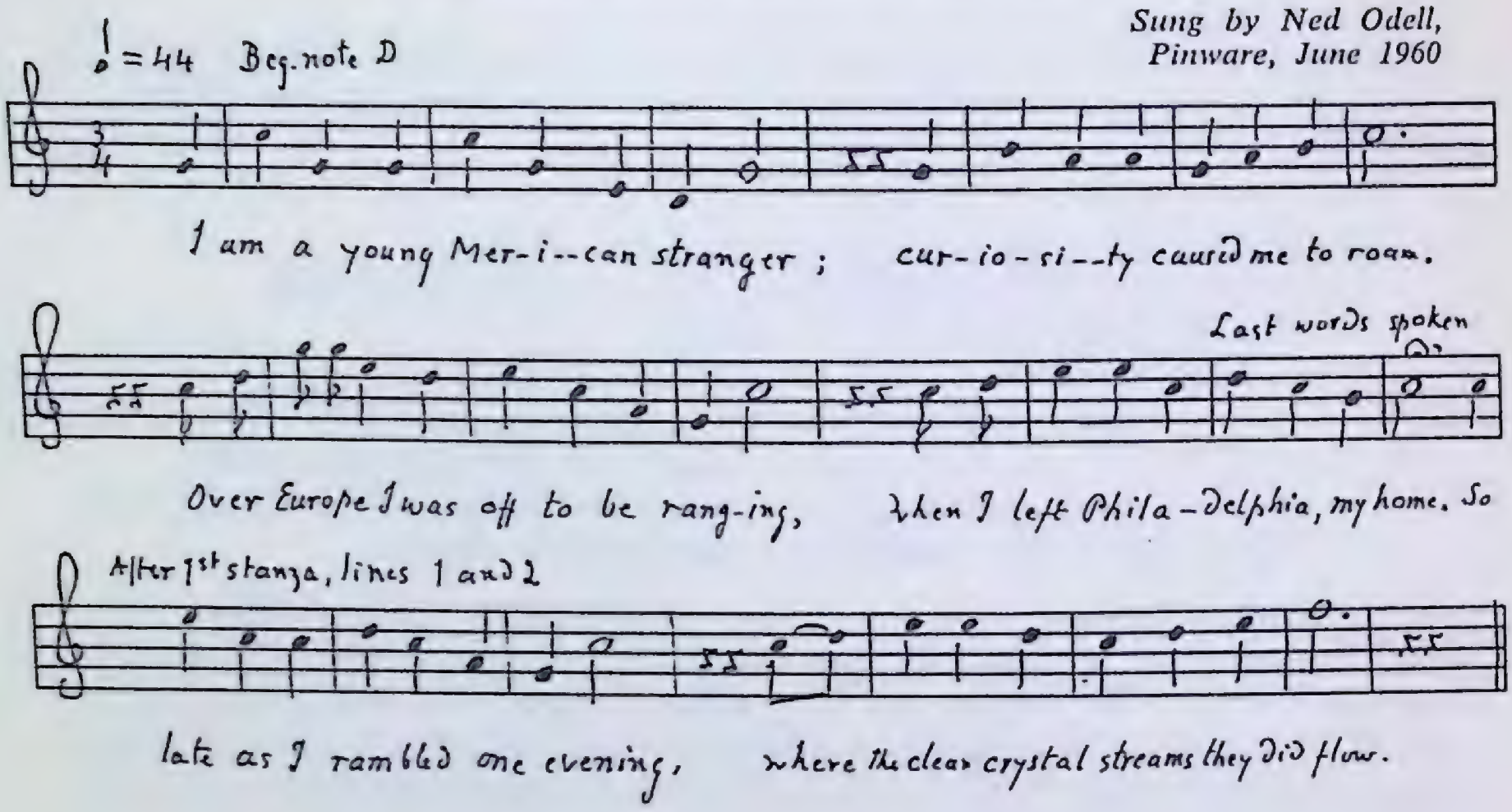
'Tis of a young squire in Bristol did dwell,
There were ladies of honour that loved him right well,
But 'twas all in vain, I do declare
For he fell in love with a milkmaid so fair.
As the squire and his sister were sitting in the hall,
"Oh, hark," said the squire, "don't you hear the maid call?"
And as they were singing a sweet lovely song
Pretty Betsy the milkmaid came tripping along.

Then follows stanza 2 of the Labrador version, after which comes a different stanza in which she tells him that being a poor milkmaid she is not worthy of him. He breaks his ring, gives her half, and then they walk in the blackberry fold (a fold is a border, a row, boundary). Here he would have "his will of her." Then follows Labrador stanza 3, English 7, and from here the stanzas coincide to the end.

American Stranger

(The Green Mossy Banks of the Lea)

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, June 1960



1. I am a young Merican stranger; curiosity caused me to roam,
   Over Europe I was off to be ranging, when I left Philadelphia, my home.
   I quickly sailed over to England, where the form of great beauty did shine,
   'Twas there I beheld a fair damsel and I wished in my heart she was mine.

2. So late as I rambled one evening, where the clear crystal streams they did flow.
   'Twas down by the banks of the river, where the clear crystal streams they did flow.
   'Twas there I beheld this young damsel, and I wished in my heart she was mine;
   I gently addressed this young damsel, "Your gardjun I'll be if you choose."

3. "Kind sir, I don't want no a gardjun; young man you're a stranger to me.
   Look yonder, my father's a coming on the green mossy banks of the Dee."
   I waited till up steps her father, and I cheered up my courage once more,
   "Kind sir, this is your daughter, the beautiful girl I adore.

4. "Ten thousand a year is my fortune, and a lady your daughter may be;
She might ride in her coach and six horses on the green mossy
banks of the Dee."
They welcomed me home to their cottage, short after in wedlock
was joined.
And now the young Merican stranger all comfort and pastime can find.

5. And now the American stranger all comfort and pastime can see,
With adorable gentle Matildar on the green mossy banks of the Dee.

This ballad is rare in America. Two texts from Nova Scotia and one from Michigan have been reported. It was a popular English and Irish broadside (*See* extensive bibliography in Mackenzie, p. 135; Laws II, p. 233) and was frequently reprinted in the popular song books like Delaney's *Irish Song Book*. The Labrador version is shorter, 18 lines vs. the usual 24, though it sacrifices none of the story, nor is the shortening due to dropped lines.

3.2. Dee. All other texts have 'Lea' except the Michigan.

25

The Lady LeRoy

(*The Lady Uri*)

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, June 1960

1. Bright Feems (Phoebus) and roses shines over the sea,
Where the small birds do whistle all nature's in glee,
I behold a fair couple on old Ireland's shore
Stood viewing the waters where the loud billows roar.

2. Said Willie to Sally, "You're the girl I adore,
To go leave old Ireland would grieve my heart sore.
Your father is enraged and angry with me
And if I tarry here ashore a-ruined I'll be."

3. She dressed herself up in a suit of men's clothes,
Straightway to her father in disguise she now goes,
Where she hired a vessel paid down her (his?) demand,
And 'twas little did he think 'twas from his own daughter's hand.

4. She got the ship ready without much delay,
To leave old Ireland she got under weigh,
Where she heist up her topsails, bright colours let fly,
And 'twas over the sea sailing went the *Lady Uri.*

5. When her father came this to understand,
He swore he'd be avenged on this worthy young man,
"And my daughter, Sally, will never be his bride,
And it's for her disobedience I will have her sweet life."

6. He got a ship ready without more delay,
For to go and pursue him he got under weigh,
Where he heist up his topsails, black colours let fly
And he swore by his maker, he would conquer or die.

7. They had not been sailing scarce a week or ten days,
When the wind from the westward, it blew a smart breeze;
He saw a ship sailing and that with much joy;
He hailed and he found it was the *Lady Uri.*

8. 'Twas broadsword and grape that all on them they poured,
More louder than thunder the cannons did roar,
And Sally's own true love, he made this reply,
"For the sake of you, Sally, I will conquer or die."

9. They ran in the harbour of St. John's fair town,
Where the ship dropped her anchor and mentioned her name,
Made adieu to lovely Sally and the *Lady Uri,*
Wishing them all sorts of pleasure and bouncing with joy.

I have no knowledge of an English or Irish broadside of this, though no doubt one existed. All versions that have been collected are from America; the one printed in JFSS, 8: 218, is from Ontario. The wide variation among the texts suggests that transmission has been oral rather than by the printed page. Only the Newfoundland and Labrador texts call the ship the "Lady Uri"; in all the others, she is "Lady LeRoy."

1.3. Ireland's shore: Ireland in all but Mo.; England.

2. Sally: Sally, Mich.; Anne: Nfld.; Polly: Iowa, Pa., Mo., Ont.

3.3. her: *his* or *the*, except Nfld.: paid down like a man.

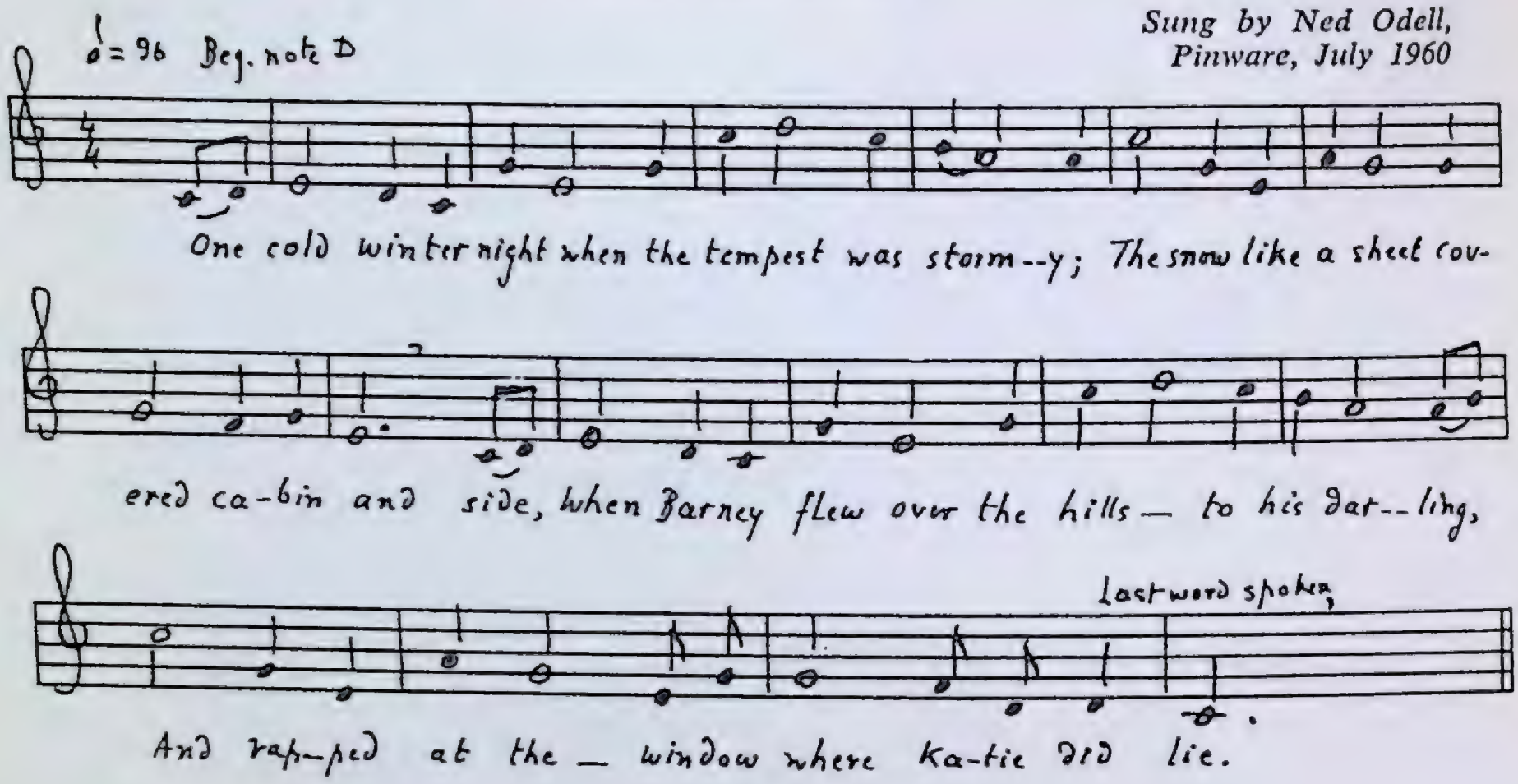
4 and 6. The verbal parallelism here is lacking in other versions.

9.1. St. John's: Spain, Mo., Dublin, Nfld., Boston, others.

26 Barney Flew Over the Hills to His Darling

(*Barney and Katie*)

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. One cold winter night when the tempest was stormy;
   The snow like a sheet covered cabin and side,
   When Barney flew over the hills to his darling,
   And rapped at the window where Katie did lie.

2. "Adieu all," said he, "Are you asleep or awaking;
   It's a bitter cold night and my coat it is thin;
   The storm it's a brewing, the frost it's a making,
   And Kathleen Mavarney won't you let me in?"

3. "Barney," said Kate as she spoke through the window,
   "How can you be taking us out of our bed
   To come at this time it . . . shame to
   The wind it has got into your head.

4. "If your heart it was true of my fame you'd be tender,
   Consider the time when there's nobody in,
   What have a poor girl but her name to defend her,
   No Barney, my Barney, I won't let you in."

5. "I believe," said he, "sure your eyes is a fountain,
   'Twould weep for the love I might lie at your door,
   And your name is so white as the snow on the mountain,
   And Barney will die to preserve it as pure."

6. "I'll go to my home where the winter can't face me,
   I'll whistle . . . I'll not be within
   And the words of my Katy will comfort and cheer me,
   No Barney, my Barney, I won't let you in."

This 'night visit' song is rare. Mrs. Mary O. Eddy, *Ballads and Songs from Ohio,* 1939 and 1964, p. 309, printed a text from Ireland, and a somewhat pseudo-Irish version is in Fianders and Olney, *Ballads Migrant,* p. 222, from Connecticut. It is in Alfred Moffat, *Minstrelsy of Ireland,* p. 292. The present text is exceptional in that the girl refuses to let him in, and he goes away rejoicing in her virtue.

3.3. Eddy's text reads:

To come at this hour 'tis a sin and a shame too
'Tis whiskey, not love, has got into your head.

5. I believe: o cushla.

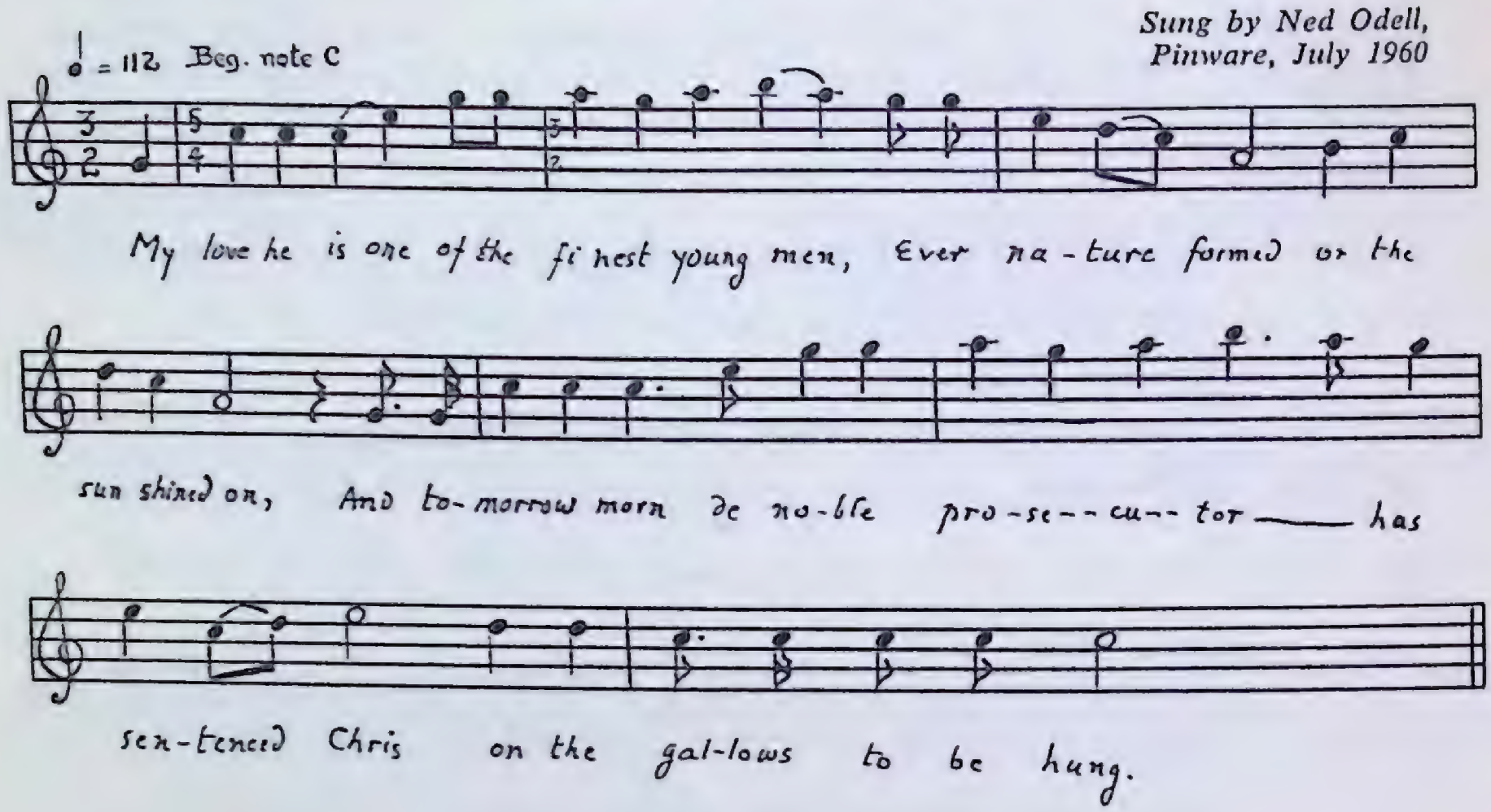
6.2. I'll whistle: Eddy, I'll whistle them off for I'm happy within.

6.3. Katy: Barney.

27

Sweet Ann O'Neill

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. My love he is one of the finest young men,
   Ever nature formed or the sun shined on,
   And tomorrow morn de noble prosecutor
   Has sentenced Chris on the gallows to be hung.

2. As he rode through the streets of Derry,
   He rode so bold and undaunted seemed
   He looked more like . . .
   Than any young man was condemned to die.

3. "Oh, hang him up," said the bloody sheriff,
   His bloody clerk was standing by,
   "Hold on, hold on, you bold prosecutor,
   I'll let you know he's not fit to die."

4. "You must hold on for half an hour
   Until confession with me is done
   And after dat, you bold prosecutor,
   He can go of the setting sun."

5. As he went up de first step on de gallows,
   His beloved sister he chanced to see;
   "Step up, step up, my beloved sister,
   I have a word to exchange with thee."

6. Taking a gold ring from off his finger,
   He wrapped it up in silk so fine,
   "Take this, take this, my beloved sister,
   And keep your brother close in your mind."

7. As he went up de next step on de gallows,
His beloved brother he chanced to see,
"Step up, step up, my beloved brother;
I have a word to exchange with thee."

8. "Where is my jewel, where is my darling;
She don't come here for to visit me,
Do she think it's a shame or scandal
That I must die on the gallows tree?"

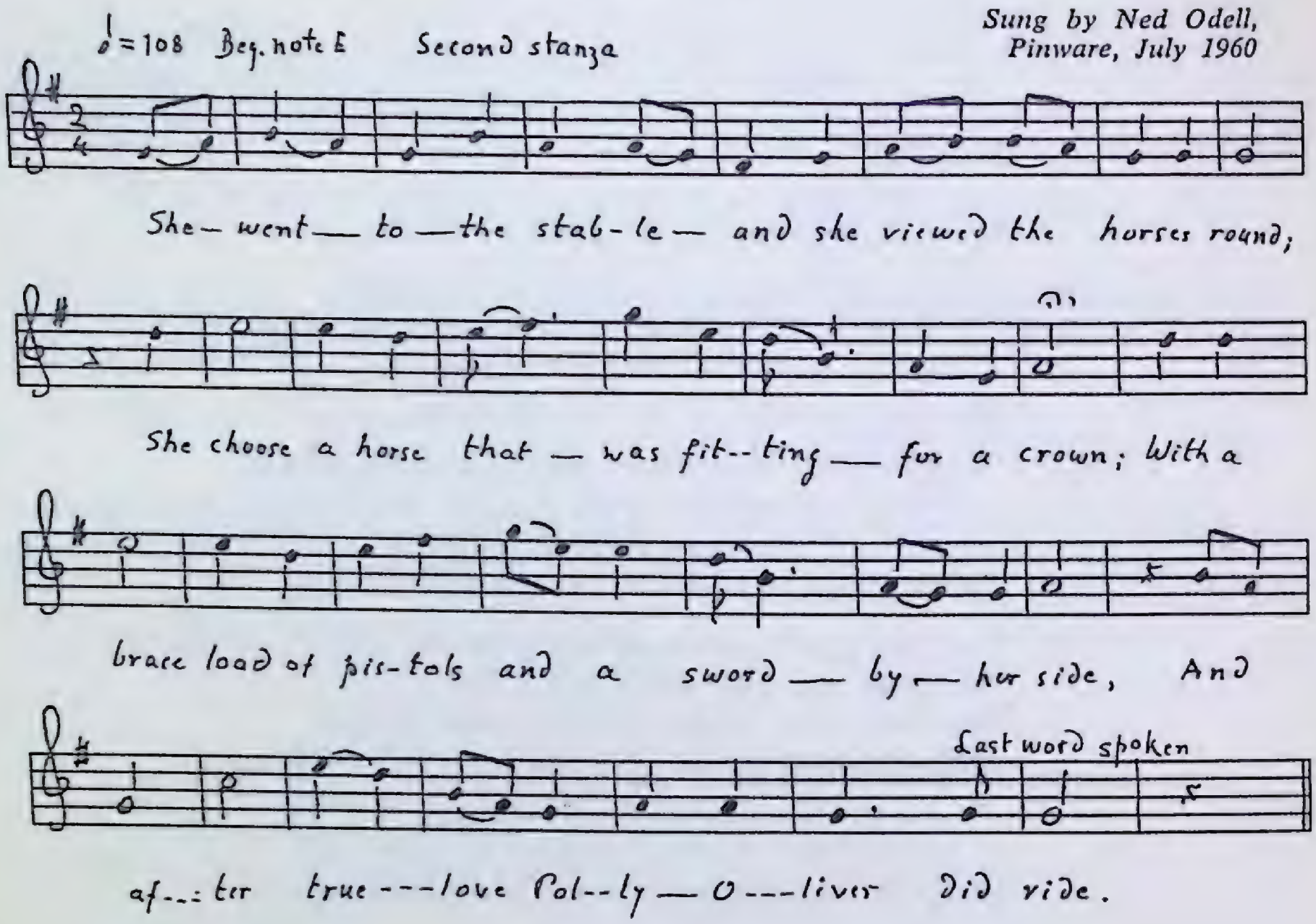
9. As he went up de last step on de gallows,
His beloved sweetheart he chanced to see,
As she came riding on her weary gelding,
She rode as fast, O as fast could be.

10. "Come down, come down from dat weary gallows.
I have your freedom from George, our king.
In spite of all those bold prosecutors,
I'll have you crowned in the blooming spring."

11. Now lads and lasses, fill up your glasses,
Fill them up and don't never fail;
You lads and lasses toss up your glasses,
And drink a health to brave Ann O'Neill.

Polly Oliver

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. Once in old Ireland Polly Oliver did dwell,
   She was courted by a captain, you all might know him well;
   Her father and her mother, her mind they did not know;
   She dressed like a soldier and away she did go.

2. She went to the stable and she viewed the horses round;
   She choose a horse that was fitting for a crown;
   With a brace load of pistols and a sword by her side,
   And after true-love Polly Oliver did ride.

3. She rode till she came to the end of the town;
   She tied up her horse by the side of the Crown;
   The first one she met was a jolly sailor boy,
   And the next one she met was her own true love.

4. Saying, "Here is a letter that your true love sent by me."
   And her [she] said, "It's a long day, since he [she] last saw you;
   And into the letter was a guinea to be found,
   For you and your shipmates to drink Polly's health all round."

5. "Polly's health shall be drinked by one and by two;
   Polly's health shall be drinked by our noble ship's crew."
   In reading of this letter most bitterly did cry,
   Not thinking Polly Oliver was standing close by.

6. The soldier got drowsy; he hung down his head;
He called for a candle to light himself to bed,
Saying, "I have a sofa, where I lie at my ease;
You may sleep long with me, young man, if you please."

7. "To sleep with the captain, it is a dangerous thing;
I'm only a poor soldier, go fighting for my king."
"Go fighting for your king; you're no man I'm sure,
For you are Polly Oliver, the girl who I adore."

8. 'Twas early next morning Polly Oliver arose;
She dressed herself up in her own native clothes;
A-coming down the stairs she appeared like a dove,
Saying, "Here comes Polly Oliver, the captain's true love."

9. Now dey are married; she can lie at her ease,
Go out when she like, come in when she please.
She leaves her old parents to weep and to mourn.
They are thousands awaiting Polly Oliver's return.

This well-known broadside ballad (printed repeatedly) is found from the Maritimes to the southern United States, west to the Mississippi, and here and there in England. It dates from the early eighteenth century (*See,* for discussion and bibliography, Laws II, p. 210; Belden, p. 183; Ebsworth, *Roxburghe Ballads,* 7: 739). The best texts in America are the northern. The present text is closer to the Nova Scotia text of Creighton and Senior than to the Newfoundland text of Greenleaf. There are many verbal differences among all versions.

2.3. brace, usually brace of bright or brass pistols.

4.3. Often the guinea is under the seal.

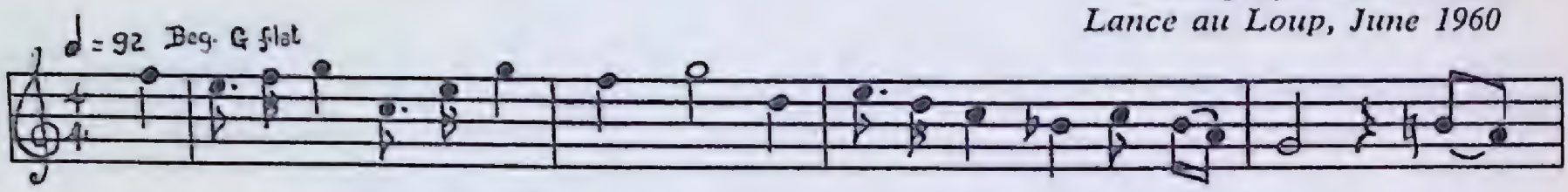
8. Greenleaf inserts a stanza:

O the captain he smiled and he laughed at the fun
And greatly recommended her for what she had done.
"If I didn't please you last year, love, the fault it was not mine;
I'm in hopes to please you better, so now is the time."

9.4. The usual reading: And they would give thousands for Polly's return.

29 Caroline and Her Young Sailor Bold

Sung by Leo O'Brien,
Lance au Loup, June 1960



It's of a rich no- ble-man's daughter, so beauti-ful, handsome and fair; Her

father pos-sessed a large for--tune of fif-ty-five thousand a year.

1. It's of a rich nobleman's daughter, so beautiful, handsome, and fair;
   Her father possessed a large fortune of fifty-five thousand a year.

2. He had one only daughter, Caroline was her name, we are told;
   One day from her drawing room window, she admired a young sailor bold.

3. His two cheeks did shine like the roses; his hair so black as the jet;
   Caroline took her departure, walked round and young Willie she met.

4. "I am a rich nobleman's daughter, possesses ten thousand in gold;
   I'll forsake both my mother and father to wed with a young sailor bold."

5. "O Lady, dear honourable lady, your parents you're bound for to mind;
   On a sailor don't put no dependence, when their true love they leaves far behind;

6. "Be advised and stay home with your parents, and do as by them you are told,
   An never let anyone persuade you to wed with a young sailor bold."

7. "I'll never let anyone persuade me, one moment to alter my mind;
   I will dress and proceed with my Willie; for he never will leave me behind."

8. She dressed like the gallant young sailor in her trousers and jacket so blue.
   Three years and a half on the ocean, she plowed with her Willie so true.

9. Three years and a half on the ocean; she always proved lial and true.
   Her duty she done like the sailor, went aloft in her jacket so blue.

10. Her father he deeply lamented, while the tears down his cheeks they large rolled,
    Till at last they arrived in Old Ireland, Caroline and her young sailor bold.

11. Her father her deeply lamented, while the tears down his cheeks they large rolled,
Till at last they arrived in New London, Caroline and her young sailor bold.

12. Caroline went straight to her father, in her trousers and jacket so blue.
Her father he instantly fainted when at first she appeared in his view.

13. "O father, forgive me, dear father, and forever deprive me of gold,
Grant me my request and intention to wed with a young sailor bold."

14. Her father admired young William in honour and sweet unity.
If life will be spared till the morning, together they married they'd be.

15. They got married and Caroline's fortune ten thousand, eight hundred in gold,
And now they live happy and cheerful, Caroline and her young sailor bold.

This ballad is very rare in tradition, though a number of printed broadside versions survive. The only traditional text I can discover is in Creighton, p. 211. The version in the Brown collection seems to be from print. The ballad was collected from oral tradition in Scotland by Greig and printed in FSNE, No. clxiii (*See* Laws II, p. 211, for bibliography).

1.2. fifty-five: Cr. and Br. thirty-five.

4.1. ten thousand: Cr. five thousand; Br. thirty-five thousand.

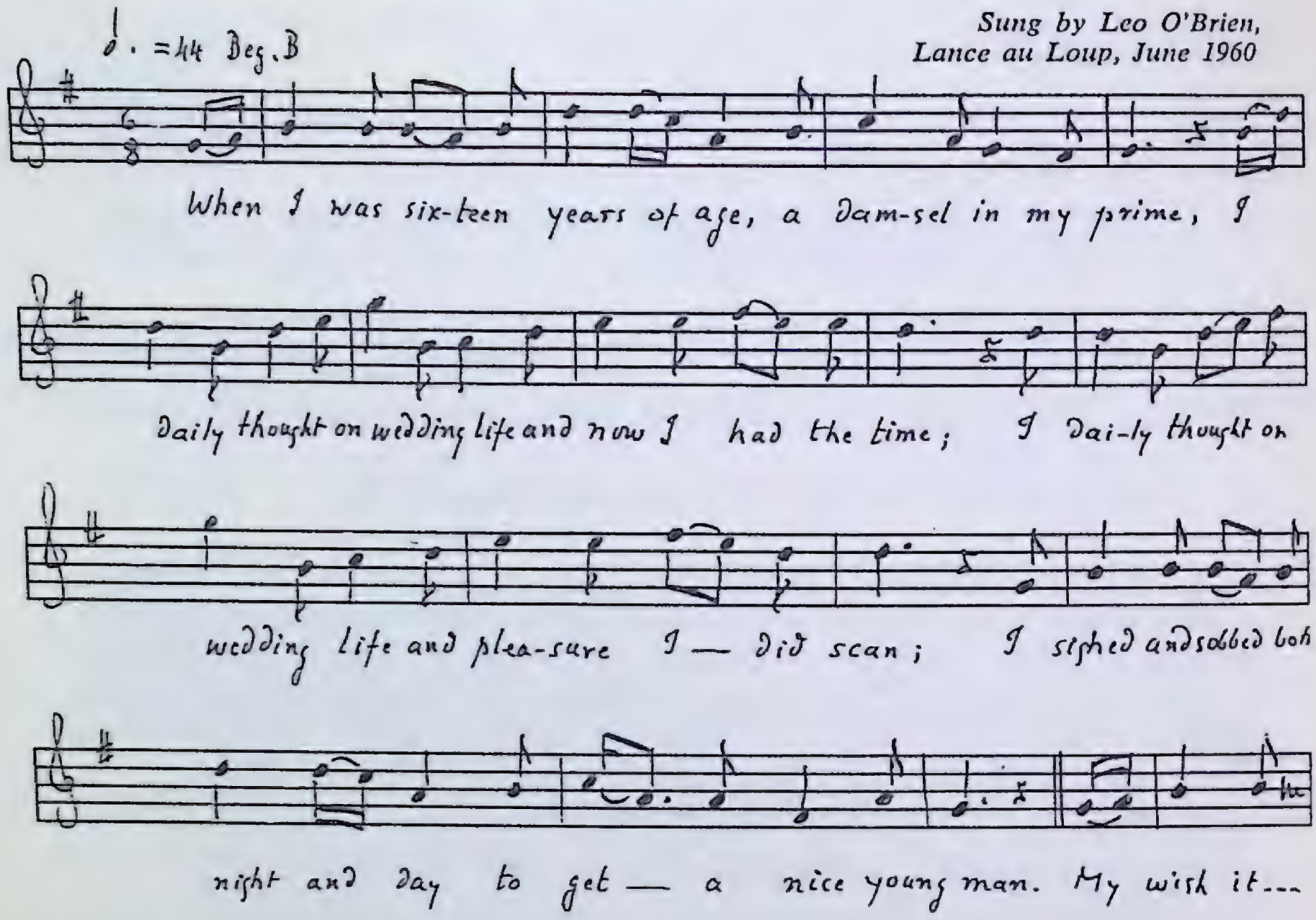
9.1. Cr. and Br. *Three times with her love she was shipwrecked*
And she always proved loyal and true.

10.2 and 11.2. Old Ireland, New London: Cr. New England; Br. Old England.

15.1. ten thousand, eight hundred: Cr. thirty-five hundred; Br. not mentioned.

Good Looking Man

Sung by Leo O'Brien,
Lance au Loup, June 1960



1. When I was sixteen years of age, a damsel in my prime,
   I daily thought on wedding life and now I had the time;
   I daily thought on wedding life and pleasure I did scan;
   I sighed and sobbed both night and day to get a nice young man.

2. My wish it came too soon I got one summer's afternoon,
   As home from church I gaily tripped I met a fair gazoon;
   He looked so nice about the face I quickly made a plan,
   So that very night I set my trap for that good looking man.

3. Again by chance as out I stepped to take a pleasant roam,
   I met this handsome gentleman; he asked to see me home.
   I fain said no, it was no use; to go with me was his plan;
   So to my home I walked along with my good looking man.

4. He said to me as one we walked, "My dear and only love,
   If with me you will constant wed, I'll forever constant prove;
   I'll forever be a husband kind and do the best I can,
   So my heart and hand I then did give to my good looking man.

5. It was just a week married I was one Sunday afternoon,
   That day went by; the night came on; out went the honeymoon.
   My gent walked out and so did I—to follow him was my plan,
   When soon a flashing girl I saw with my good looking man.

6. At once the thought came in my mind to entrap the faithless swain;
   He did not me at all espy, so to my home I ran,
   And there sat down to intentionally wait for my good looking man.

7. The clock was just striking ten when my gentleman he walked in;
   I said, "O my Willie, dear, where have you so long been?"
   "I have been to the church, my love." O this I could not stand!
   And a rolling pin I then let fly at my good looking man.

8. I blackened his eyes, I tore his hair, in ribbons I tore his clothes;
   I then picked up the poker and hit him across the nose.
   He just looked like the chimney sweep, as out of doors he ran,
   And never a lady loved again with my good looking man.

9. Now you married folks take my advice of high and low degree,
   If a frisky husband you do get, pitch into him like me.
   When I found out, I was discouraged, it was my only plan
   To disfigure the handsome counternance of my good looking man.

This seems not to have been recorded before in oral tradition, which fact is good evidence that the folk are generally discriminating. The piece is in O'Connor, p. 7, with three more quatrains and no tune.

1. This is the second stanza in O'Connor; the first is the "Come all ye . . ."
4. After this stanza, O'Connor:
   That night was fixed for us to wed; he bid me have all cheer;
   He pressed me to his breast, saying, "Oh, my Mary dear!"
   He gently pressed me to his breast, saying, "Oh, my Mary dear!"
   And there I tied that dreadful knot with that good looking man.

5.4. flashing: flashy.

6. more detail in O'Connor in an additional stanza.

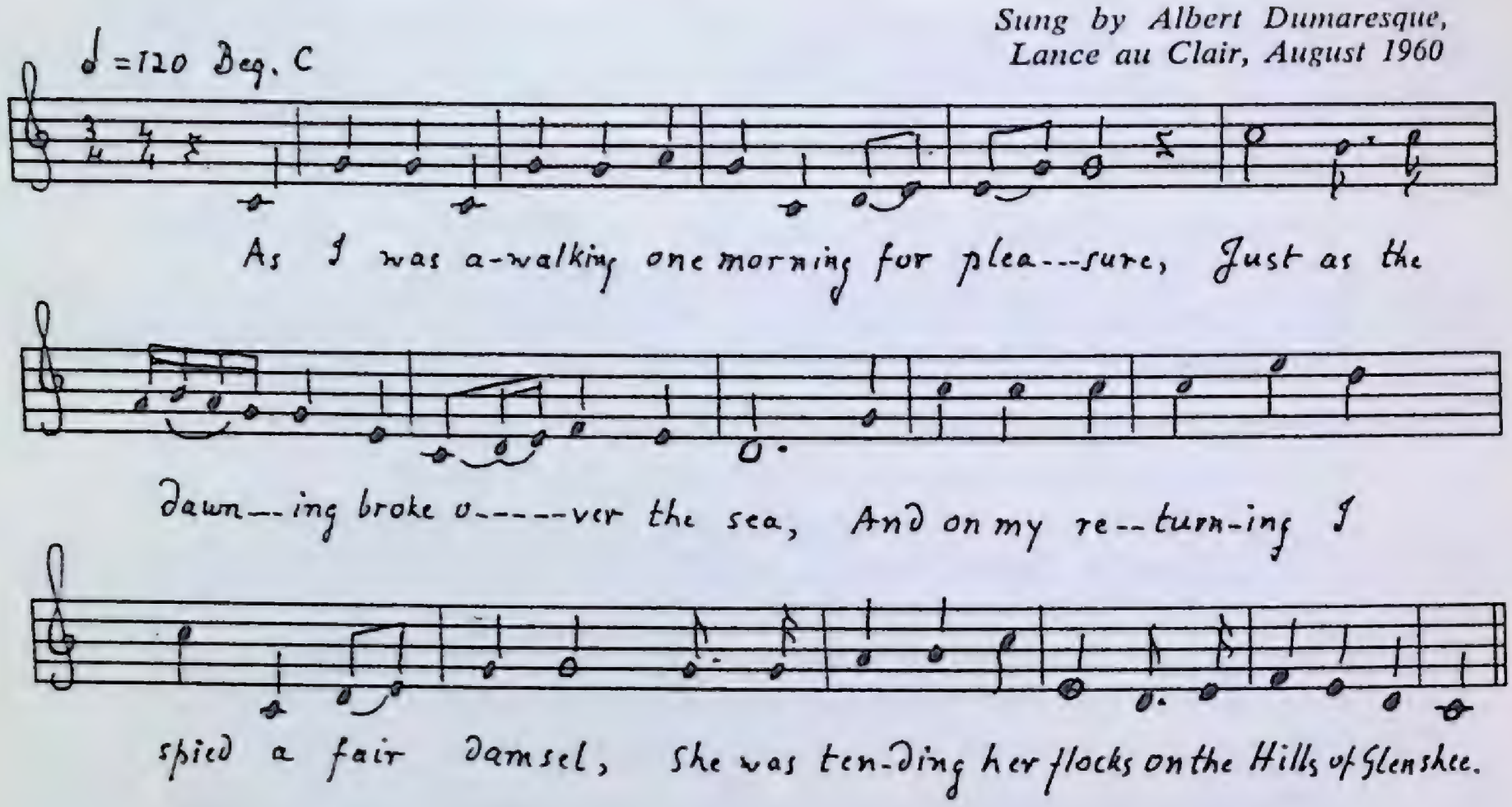
9.2. frisky: rakish.

31

The Lass of Glenshee

(Hills of Glenshee)

Sung by Albert Dumaresque,
Lance au Clair, August 1960



1. As I was a-walking one morning for pleasure,
   Just as the dawning broke over the sea,
   And on my returning I spied a fair damsel,
   She was tending her flocks on the Hills of Glenshee.
2. I said, "Pretty fair maid, will you come along with me,
   I'll take you over my friends for to see,
   And I'll dress you up in pure silks and fine satins,
   And you'll have a footman to wait upon thee."
3. She said, "I don't want your silks nor your satins,
   Neither your footmen to wait upon me;
   I'd rather stay home in my own homespun clothing,
   And tend to my flocks on the Hills of Glenshee."
4. I said, "Pretty fair maid, you misunderstand me;
   I'll take you over my bride for to be,
   And on that very night in my harms I will hold you."
   She then gave consent and she came along with me.
5. There's seven long years since we've been united,
   Seasons have changed but there's no change in me,
   But if God spares my health and I keep my right senses,
   I'll never prove false to the girl of Glenshee.
6. She's my little darling, my own little sweetheart;
   She's as fair as the dawning breaks over the sea,
   And she is as pure as the last snow of winter,
   That falls on the beach by the Hills of Glenshee.

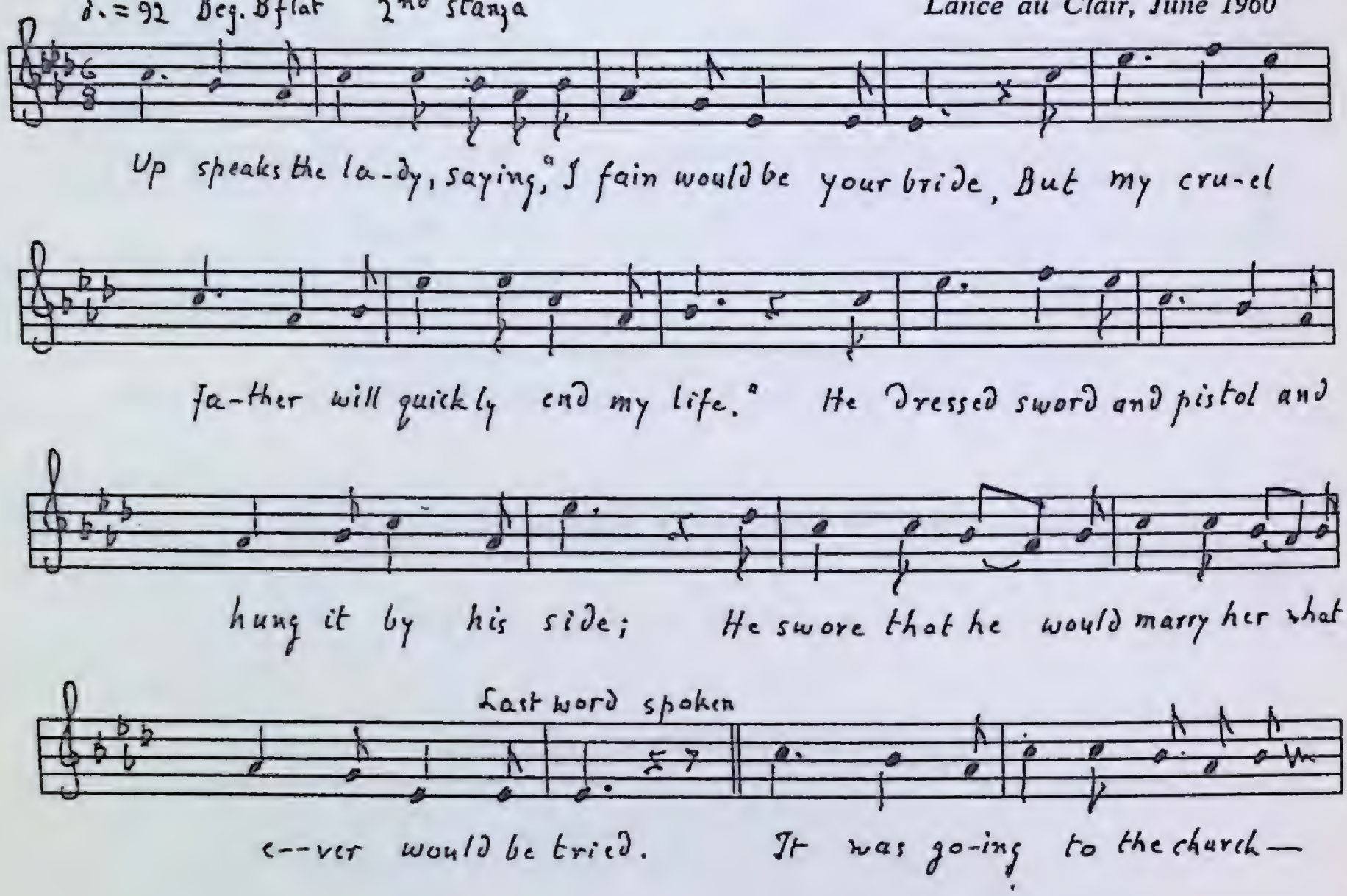
Ord says (p. 76) "I do not know a more popular song than this. It has been sung in every farmhouse, cottage, and bothy in Scotland for the past seventy or eighty years." This popularity evidently did not extend to America, for it appears only twice in American collections (*See* Laws II, p. 229). This seems to be the first text from the Maritimes. (I collected it earlier in Cape Breton and again in Newfoundland.) Ord states that the author was an Andrew Sharpe, a shoemaker of Perth, who made songs. He died in 1817. The song is beautifully lyrical, and the old air, "The Road and the Miles to Dundee," is charming. The present text of six quatrains tells the same story found in the Ord text of twelve quatrains. The difference is, as usual, in the repetition of details; for example, compare Ord's second stanza:

The rose on her cheek it was gemmed with a dimple
And blythe was the blink of her bonny blue e'e;
Her face was enchantin', sae sweet and sae simple
My hert soon belonged to the lass of Glenshee.

The Soldier and the Lady

(*Bold Soldier*)

Sung by Ben Letto,
Lance au Clair, June 1960



1. It's of a gallant soldier who lately came from war,
   He courted a farmer's daughter, most beautiful and fair.
   Her fortune being so great that scarcely could be told,
   But still she loved this soldier, because that he was bold.

2. Up speaks the lady, saying, "I fain would be your bride,
   But my cruel father will quickly end my life."
   He dressed sword and pistol and hung it by his side;
   He swore that he would marry her whatever would be tried.

3. It was going to the church and returning home again,
   She met her cruel father with seven army men.
   "Let us flee," cried the lady, "for I fear that we'll be slain."
   "Fear no," said the charmer, "the victory I will gain."

4. Up speaks the old man and this to her did say,
   "Is this your behaviour to meet this very day?
   And since you've been so bold as to be a soldier's wife,
   Down in this lonely valley, I will quickly end your life."

5. Up speaks the soldier saying, "I do not like your prattle,
For if I am a bridegroom I am prepared for battle."
He drew his sword and pistol and caused it for to rattle,
While the lady held the horse and the soldier fought the battle.

6. The first one he came to he quickly held him slain.
The second one he came to he served him just the same.
"Let us flee," cried the rest, "for I fear that we'll be slain,
To fight a gallant soldier I see it is in vain."

7. Up speaks the old man and this to her did say,
"You shall have my daughter five thousand pounds in gold."
"Fight on," cried the lady, "for my fortune is but small."
"Hold in your hand," the old man cried, "and you shall have it all."

8. Don't you never leave the soldier, because that he is poor;
They're so happy on the battlefield as at the barrack store.
We are the boys that fear no noise, but bully, brisk and brave,
To fight for the pretty girls in right and charity.

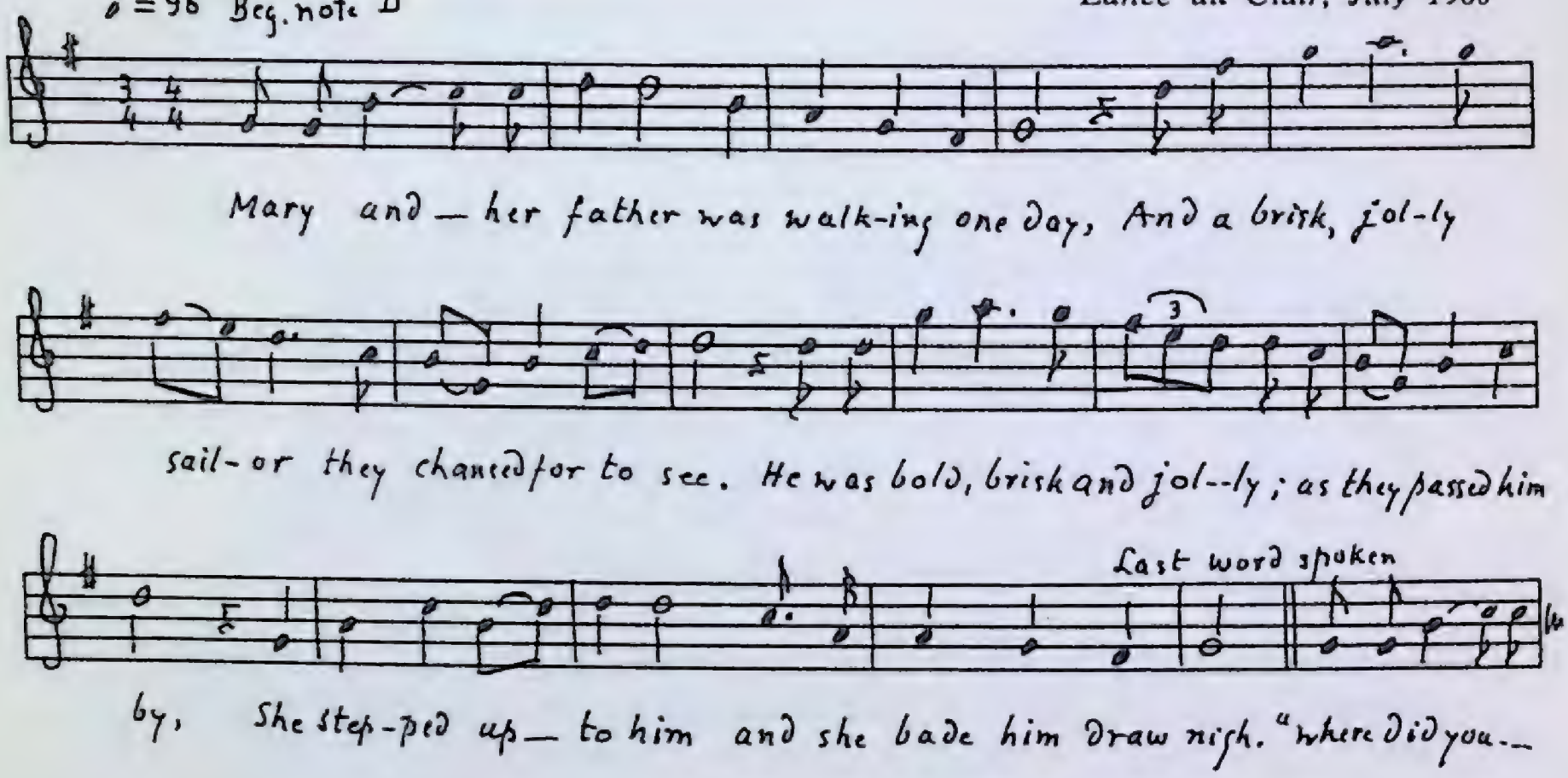
This ballad stems from printed seventeenth century broadsides (*See Roxburghe Ballads,* 6: 229). It has been claimed as a variant of Earl Brand (Child 7), of Erlington (Child 8), and of Child 214 and 215. But it seems rather to be an independent ballad; all resemblances to the older ballads are of accidental plot similarity. The wide range of the ballad in America is indicated by Belden, p. 103, and by Laws II, p. 193. It is more popular in the south. Except for a corrupt text in Creighton, the Labrador text is the first reported from Eastern Canada.

5. Belden points out that almost all versions preserve the battle: rattle, rhyme, and the insistence of the lady that the soldier fight on to get all the father's possessions.

33 Jolly Young Sailor and His Beautiful Queen

(Brisk Jolly Sailor)

Sung by Stanley Dumaresque,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. Mary and her father was walking one day,
   And a brisk, jolly sailor they chanced for to see.
   He was bold, brisk and jolly; as they passed him by,
   She stepped up to him and she bade him draw nigh.

2. "Where did you come from and what is your name,
   And the country you're bound for, please tell me the same?"
   "I'm bound down to Derrick, fair lady," said he,
   "And James is the name my god-parents gave me."

3. "O James, in this country you'll ever more tarry,
   O James, in this country I'll have you to marry;
   I'll put gold in your pockets and silver in store;
   O James, in this country, you will ramble no more."

4. "O dear, honorable lady, I pray me excuse,
   For dere's lots of those young girls I once did refuse,
   For rather in my rambling ten thousand times o'er
   Than be gathering up riches every day in great store."

5. Up speaks her old father who was standing outside,
   "Won't you wed my only daughter to be your fond bride?
   I will crown you with riches, my life I'll lay down
   For you, James the young sailor, sail this wide world around."

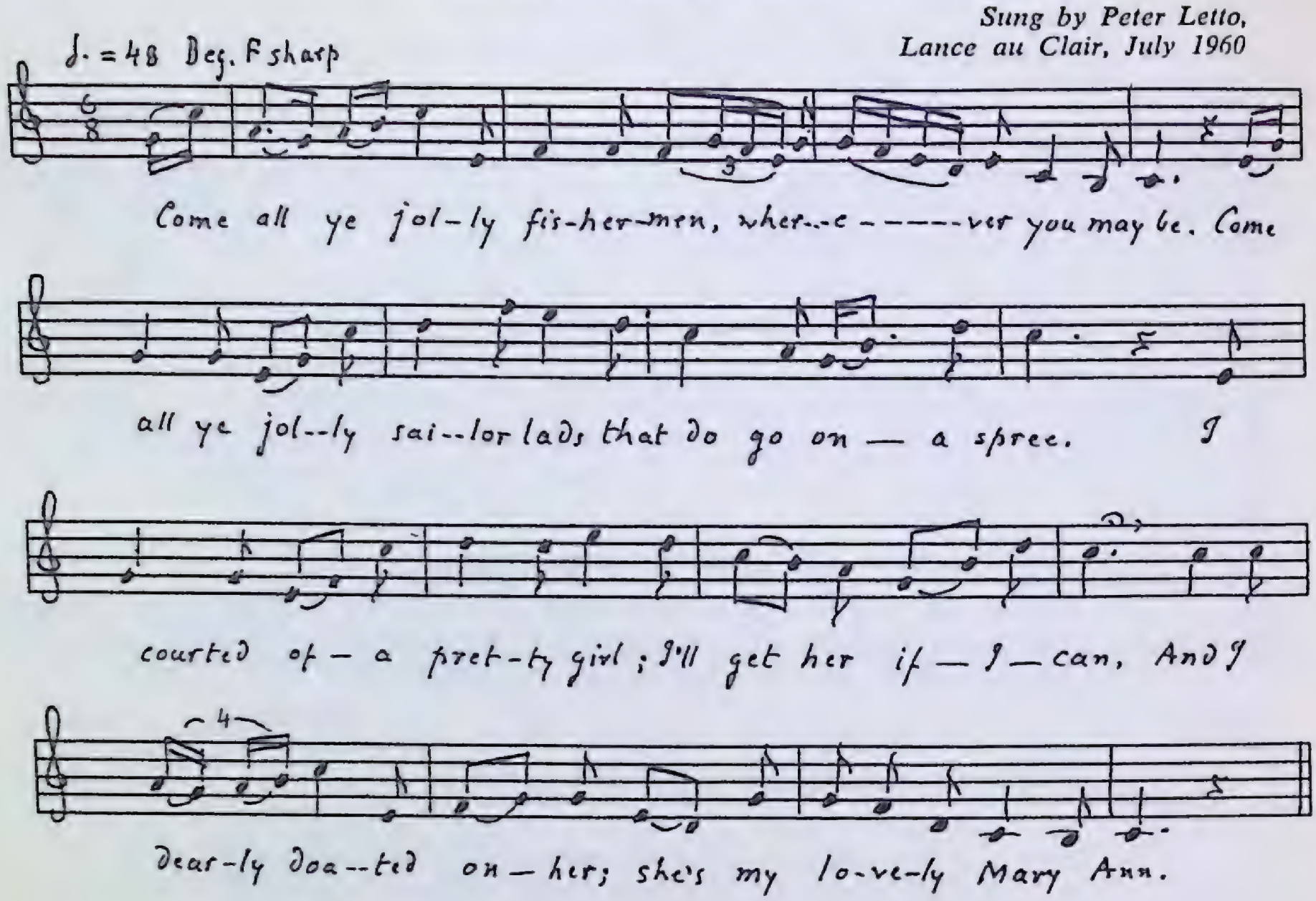
6. 'Twas early next morning to the church they both went
To be proudly married by their parents consent.
Such a fine summer wedding was never since seen,
'Twas James, the young sailor, and his beautiful queen.

The only other versions of this song are in Creighton, p. 76, and in Creighton and Senior, p. 180 (five texts). Creighton and Senior text A was reprinted in JEFDSS, 6: 90. These texts are verbally quite different from the present one. Whole lines and arrangement of lines vary; there must be an intermediate text. In all the Nova Scotia texts the boy's name is Willie; here he is James. Here he is bound to Derrick; in Nova Scotia to America, to New York, to Boston. In our text the lady's father is mentioned, and finally he persuades the sailor to marry his daughter, offering him riches; in the NS texts the lady makes these offers. All the NS texts except one are in the first person. The first stanza from Creighton and Senior A will illustrate:

As I was a walking in the sweet month of May
A jovial young sailor by chance passed that way.
He was stalwart and handsome as he passed by;
I beckoned unto him and bade him draw nigh.

Lovely Mary Ann

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. Come all ye jolly fishermen, wherever you may be.
   Come all ye jolly sailor lads that do go on a spree.
   I courted of a pretty girl; I'll get her if I can,
   And I dearly doated on her; she's my lovely Mary Ann.

2. The first time that I saw my love, it was at a gay old spree;
   The very first glance I got at her I knew she was for me;
   We both embraced each other and a sparking there began;
   That's where I got acquainted with young lovely Mary Ann.

3. I went to a dance that very next night myself for to enjoy,
   Singing and a dancing like any other boy,
   Where some danced jigs and more danced reels, a girl unto each man,
   But among them all danced none at all like lovely Mary Ann.

4. I stayed with her all that long night and part of the next day,
   When we were at a parting these words to her did say—
   I said when we were parting, "Where shall we meet again?"
   "'Twill be on next Sunday evening," cried lovely Mary Ann.

5. Three days rolled on and Sunday came; I thought it was nearly time
   To get ready and go to see that blooming girl of mine.
   I washed my face, likewise my hands; my clothes I then put on,
   And then down the street I went to meet my lovely Mary Ann.

6. As I was walking down the street, singing so merrily,
Looking down and all around, but her I could not see,
Until I came to her father's house, the door where she did stand,
The one I loved, no one above, the lovely Mary Ann.

7. She asked me in to her father's house; I had not long been there,
When he asked me questions I was very glad to hear,
I said, "I am a young sailor lad; I'll have you to understand,
And I came to see if you would give me your daughter, Mary Ann."

8. Up spoke her kind old father and those words to me did say,
"If you both love each other, I suppose it will have to be;
I'll give you a little money, a house and farm of land,
If you'll stay on shore to roam no more with my daughter, Mary Ann."

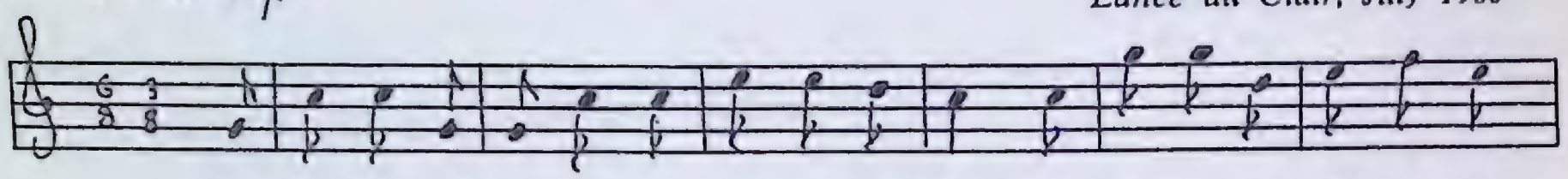
9. As I being young in the world as you may plainly see,
If I refused this house and land what a foolish chap I'd be;
I thanked him for his money, his house and farm of land.
And I jumped right straight into the arms of his daughter, Mary Ann.

10. Come all ye jolly fishermen, wherever you may be,
Come all ye jolly sailor lads that do go on a spree,
If ever you meet with such a chance, embrace it if you can,
Especially if the girl will be like lovely Mary Ann.

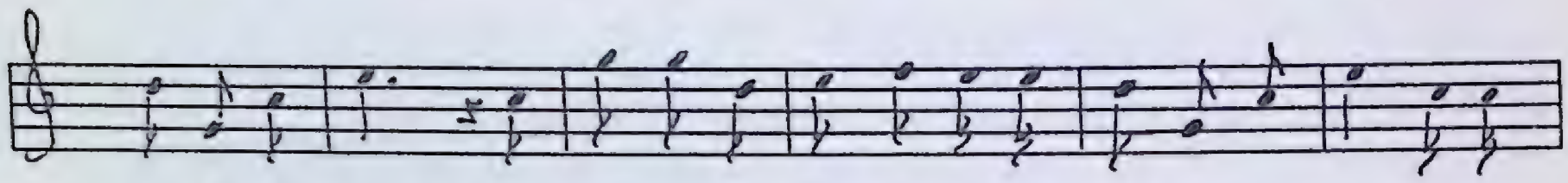
35 The Lady and the Sailor

♪ = 100 Beg. D

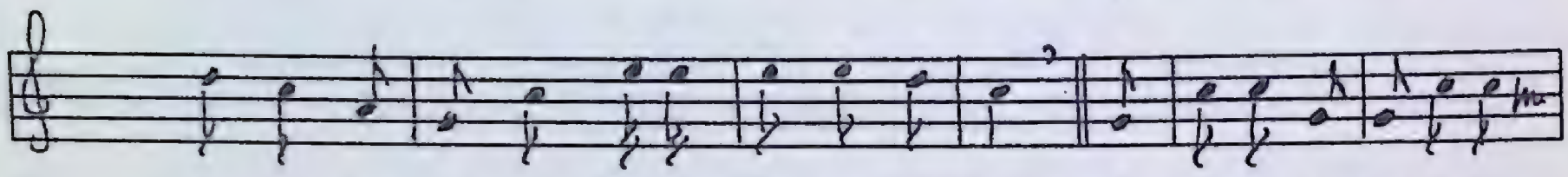
Sung by Stuart Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



In London's fair ci-ty rich merchant did dwell; He had but one daughter, a



sa-lor loved well; Rich lords came to court her, but she slighted them all; She was



true to her sai--lor, who was handsome and tall. Her father looked on her...

1. In London's fair city rich merchant did dwell;
   He had but one daughter, a sailor loved well;
   Rich lords came to court her, but she slighted them all;
   She was true to her sailor, who was handsome and tall.

2. Her father looked on her with a wonderful frown,
   "Can't you find no better match for yourself in this town?
   Can't you find no better match for your arms to embrace,
   To marry a sailor your friends to disgrace?"

3. "O father, cruel father, it's a sailor for me,
   And if he proves faithful, 'tis married I'll be,
   And if he proves loyal, it's him I'll adore;
   I'll follow him after, where the loud billows roar."

4. "O daughter, dear daughter, if this be your lot,
   To marry a sailor I'll hinder you not,
   To marry a sailor with you I'll agree,
   But after your marriage, you will not speak to me."

5. 'Twas early next morning to the church they both went;
   They were happily married with her parents' consent.
   Such a fine summer's wedding they never had seen,
   For James, the young sailor and his beautiful queen.

6. 'Twas early next morning outside the church door,
   There gathered together half and a score
   To bind this young couple and press them to sea,
   But instead of rejoicing brought sorrows on me.

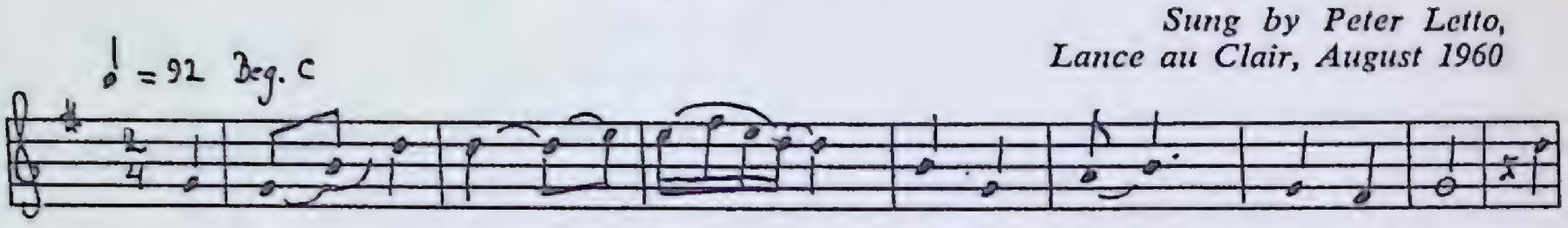
7. As the lady and the sailor tossed over the deep,
Said the lady to the sailor, "You sigh in your sleep."
"Yes, I have a sweetheart in London," said he,
"And her cruel father had me pressed to sea."

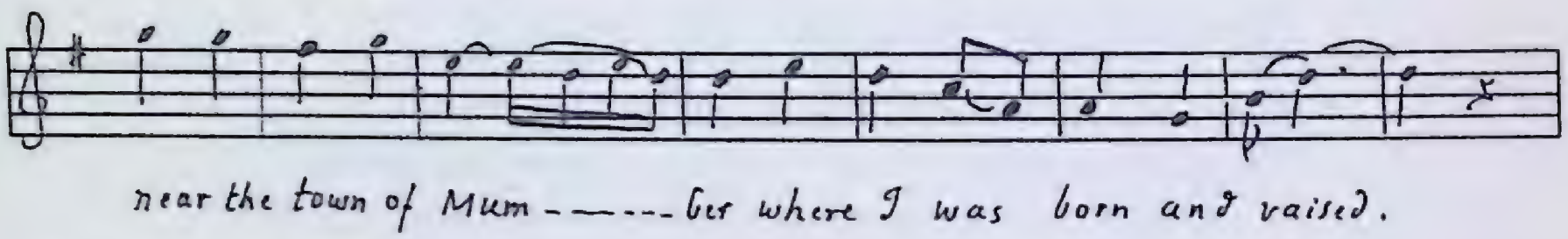
8. "Come tell me your name and the date of your birth,
To see if you'll gain your sweetheart on earth."
"Yes, yes, you have gained her, in spite of them all,
And here stands your sweetheart to answer your call."

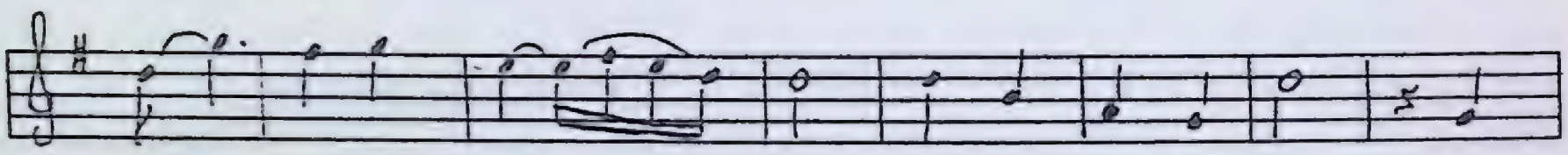
9. 'Twas early next morning before the ship crew
They vowed they'd be loyal and faithful and true,
And now they are landed on Columbia's fair shore,
Bids adieu to her father if she never sees him more.

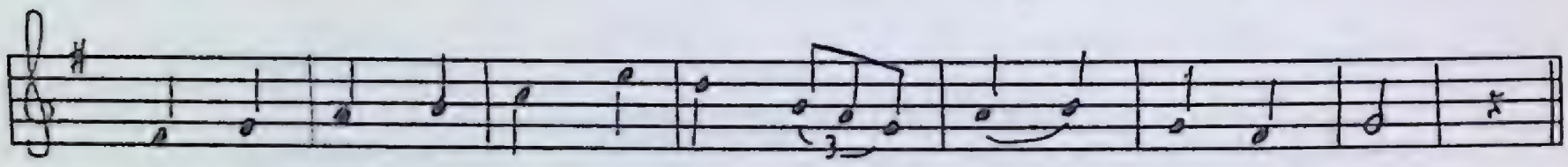
Sally Monroe

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, August 1960









1. My name is George Dicks; I'm a blacksmith by trade.
   'Twas near the town of Mumber where I was born and raised.
   Away down in Belfast a-working I did go,
   That's where I got acquainted with young Sally Monroe.

2. I loved that bonny lassie, as I loved my life;
   It was my full intention to make her my wife,
   But when I asked her parents, her parents they said no,
   Which caused me to linger for young Sally Monroe.

3. I wrote my love a letter, a letter I did send;
   I gave it to a comrade, I thought he was a friend;
   Instead of being a friend of mine, he proved to me a foe,
   He never gave that letter to young Sally Monroe.

4. Likewise he told her parents to be aware of me;
   He said I had a girl in my own counterie.
   "O, well," said her father, "if what you say be true,
   He never shall enjoy with my young Sally Monroe."

5. 'Twas then three weeks or better, not a word did I hear
From that bonny lassie whom I loved so dear,
Until one Sunday evening down by Sandy Row,
Through chance I did meet there young Sally Monroe.

6. I said, "My bonny lassie, will you come along with me?
In spite of your parents, it's married we shall be."
"I have no great objection, but long with you I'll go,
If you'll prove loyal to your Sally Monroe."

7. Between there and Belfast our gallant ship did lay,
Four hundred twenty passengers bound to Amerikay.
We paid down our passage for Quebec also,
Was there I felt quite happy with young Sally Monroe.

8. That very same night at the hour of one o'clock,
A dark cloud came over us; our ship she struck a rock.
The women and the children were sleeping down below,
All smothered and all drowned but my love, Sally Monroe.

This ballad is rare in tradition. In America a ten-stanza version was published by Dean from Michigan; Doerflinger published a version collected in Massachusetts but originating in Scotland; a fragment is in Greenleaf from Newfoundland. Several versions from England and Scotland survive. The most complete (14 stanzas) is the one in Ord, p. 115. The version here follows the basic story to the last stanza. Here, improbably enough, Sally Monroe is the only one saved. In the other versions she is drowned with the others, and her husband is left to mourn, troubled in conscience that he had taken her away from her parents. This occupies two additional stanzas (For bibliography *see* Laws II, p. 145).

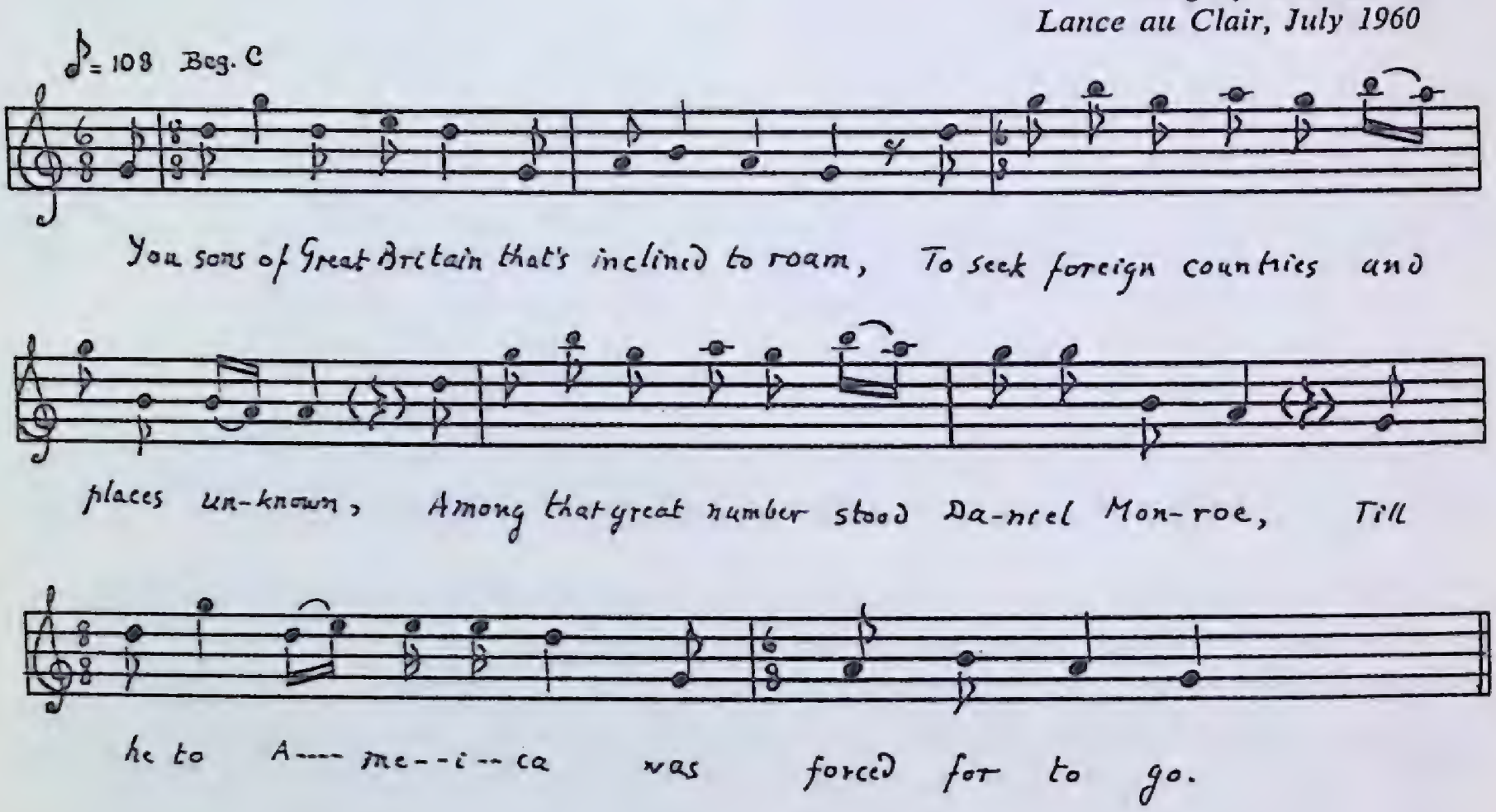
37

Daniel [Donald] Monroe

(Sons of Lord Bateman)

A

Sung by Alex Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. You sons of Great Britain that's inclined to roam,
   To seek foreign countries and places unknown,
   Among that great number stood Daniel Monroe,
   Till he to America was forced for to go.

2. He bid his two sons with their uncle to stay,
   For he was not able their passage to pay:
   "The price of your passage will cost very dear;
   So take my advice and stay home with them here."

3. They grew discontented and troubled in mind;
   To stay with their uncle they were not inclined;
   To ship o'er the seas and to sail o'er the main
   In hopes they may see their old father again.

4. They both left their ship, took a boy for their guide,
   They roamed on together along side by side;
   They roamed on together until they came to a grove,
   There the tall trees and branches they seemed for to move.

5. Now these two ruffians being hid in the wood,
   They cocked their two pistols, where these two boys stood.
   They lodged their two bullets in their lily white breast,
   Ran up to devour them like two ravengous [ravenous] beasts.

6. "O where did you come from and what is your name,
The country you're bound for, pray tell me the same?"
"We're in search of our father whom we love so dear;
He left us in Scotland its seven long year."

7. "He left us in Scotland seven twelve months ago;
Perhaps you may know him; his name is Monroe."
The old man gazed on him with sad and surprise,
The old man gazed on him with the tears in his eyes.

8. "Bad luck to my arm if I have shot my own son;
I will curse my heart's fortune for what I have done.
And who is that young man, lying dead at your side?"
"It's my only brother, dear father," he cried.

9. "It's my only brother and your younger son;
You may curse your heart's fortune for what you have done."
"O don't tell my mother, if she do live here;
O don't tell my mother, for she may despair."

10. "Now since it is done and no better can be,
You may curse your heart's fortune, dear father," said he.
"Bad luck to my arm, if I have shot my son
Bad luck to my fortune for what I have done."

11. "I'll give over to rebellion, give away to despair;
I'll sink in my sorrow till death ends my care."

B

Sung by Henry White,
Sandy Cove, June 1960

1. An old man in Bristow, in Bristow did dwell;
   He lived there discontented, not long for to stay.
   He advised his two sons with his uncle to stay,
   While he was not able their passage to pay.

2. When the six years being over and the seventh coming in,
   Their mother she advised them their father to find.
   They took ship on the ocean, crossed over the main,
   For to see if they could find their father again.

3. They sailed into America, a close alongside,
   But robbers surrounded them on every side.
   Our captain he advised us in the country to go
   For to see if we could find our father or no.

4. We walked along together till we two brothers stood,
   When the green leaves and branches which seemed for to move.
   How happy would we be if our father was there,
   For we have not seen him for seven long year.

5. They walked along together till they came to the woods
   When the green leaves and branches which seemed for to move.
   And there lay two ruffians there in the woods
   With the pistols presented where we two brothers stood.

6. They placed their bullets into our lily white breast,
   And they ran for to devour us like some savage beast.
   For to rob us of our money and to take off our clothes;
   They came for to give us some terrible blows.

7. "O you cruel bad monsters, you bloodthirsty hounds
   Why did you shoot us till the one we had found?"
   The old man gazed on them and he was surprised,
   The old man gazed on them with tears in his eyes.

8. "Who are those young men?" the old man replied,
   "Who is the young man lying dead at your side?"
   "That is my youngest brother and your youngest son;
   Now aint you right sorry for what you have done?"

9. "Don't you tell our mother when you do go home,
   Don't you tell our mother for she'll grieve for her son.
   But perhaps we might meet you on some happier shore,
   When you won't be able to shoot us no more."

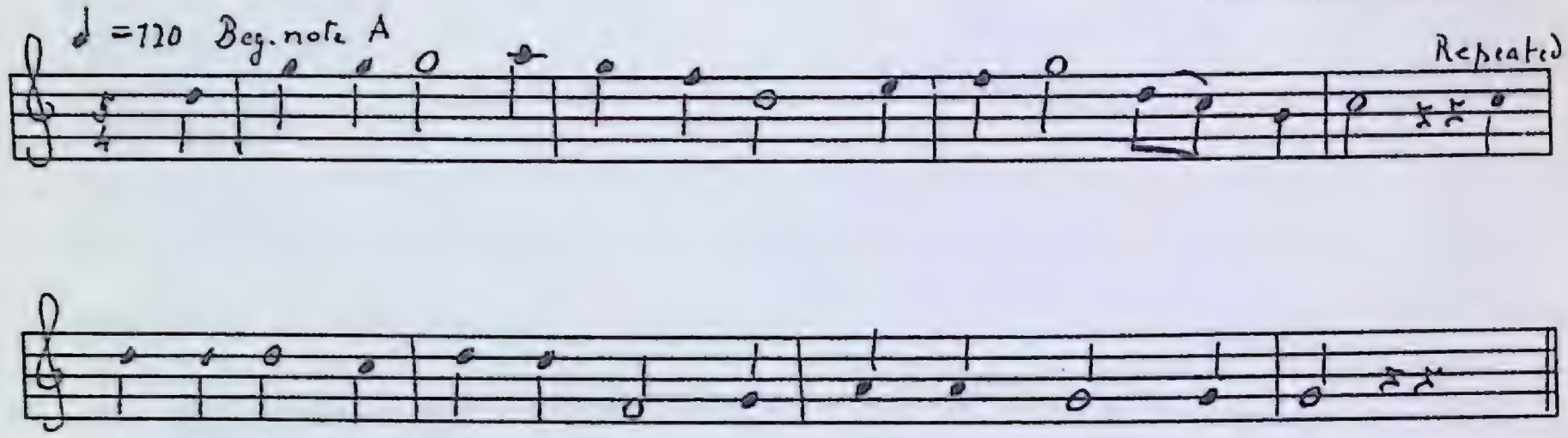
This is known also as "Daniel Monroe," "The Sons of North Britain," "The Sons of Lord Bateman." The latter is the title given to the ballad by one of the Newfoundland singers. He had always heard it that way; the other Labrador titles are "Donald Monroe" and "Daniel Monroe." All these texts were collected within ten miles of each other. Mackenzie traced this ballad to a chapbook in Scotland of *c.* 1778; it is in Logan's *A Pedlar's Pack,* p. 413. And it occurs in later broadsides in Scotland, but it has not been popular in oral tradition. It is not in Ord or Greig. In America it is found only in the north: Nova Scotia, Newfoundland (fragment), Michigan via the lumber camps from the Northeast.

Most American versions obscure the story. The ballad was composed during or immediately after the Revolution as an anti-revolutionary ballad. The father is a rebel and not, as in the later texts, a highwayman. All the Labrador texts are defective here and there; they are closer to Rickaby's good version than to any other.

(*See* Laws II, p. 134, for bibliography, and add *Adventure Magazine,* July 30, 1925, JAF 25; Rickaby No. 51.)

Morrisey and the Russian Bear

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



Tune irregular. Seems to settle down to this, after a few stanzas
Line one comes 1, 2 or 3 times; line 2, once or twice

1. Come all ye gallant Irishmen wherever that you be,
I hope you'll take attention and listen unto me,
Till I sing about a battle, took place the other day,
Between a Russian sailor lad and gallant Morrisey.

2. 'Twas in Terra del Fuego in South Amerikay,
Where the Russian challenged Morrisey, these words to him
did say,
"I hear you are a fighting man and wear the belt I see,
Indeed I wish you'd give consent to have a round with me."

3. Up speaks the gallant Morrisey with heart so brave and true,
"I am a gallant Irishman was never yet subdue
For I can wear the Yankee the Russian Bull or Bear
In honour of old Paddy's land and still the laurel I'll wear."

4. Oh, this enraged the Russian boy upon the Yankee land
To think that he should be brought down by any Irish man,
Said he, "You are too light a frame and that without mistake
I'll have you to resign that belt or else your life I'll take."

5. To fight upon the tenth of March those heroes did agree,
And thousands came from every part the battle for to see.
The English and the Russians their hearts were filled with glee,
For they thought the Russian sailor boy would kill brave
Morrisey.

6. They stepped into the ring most gallant to be seen,
When Morrisey put on the belt along with the shamrock green,
Full fifty thousan' dollars as you may plainly see,
Which was to be the champion's prize whom win that victory.

7. They shook hands and walked around the ring, commencing then to fight;
It filled our Irish hearts with joy for to behold that sight.
The Russian he led Morrisey up to the eleventh round,
With Yankee section cheers the valley did resound.

8. But Morrisey worked manfully in coming to the ground,
From that until the twentieth the Russian he put down;
The Russian called his second to have a glass of wine,
The Irish hero smiled and said, "The battle will be mine."

9. The twenty-eighth decided all, the Russian felt the smart,
When Morrisey with a dreadful blow struck the Russian on the heart;
The doctor then was sent for to help him out of pain,
But he said it was quite useless, for he'd never fight again.

10. So let us fill a flowing glass and here's a health to all,
To noble John E. Morrisey and Paddies evermore.

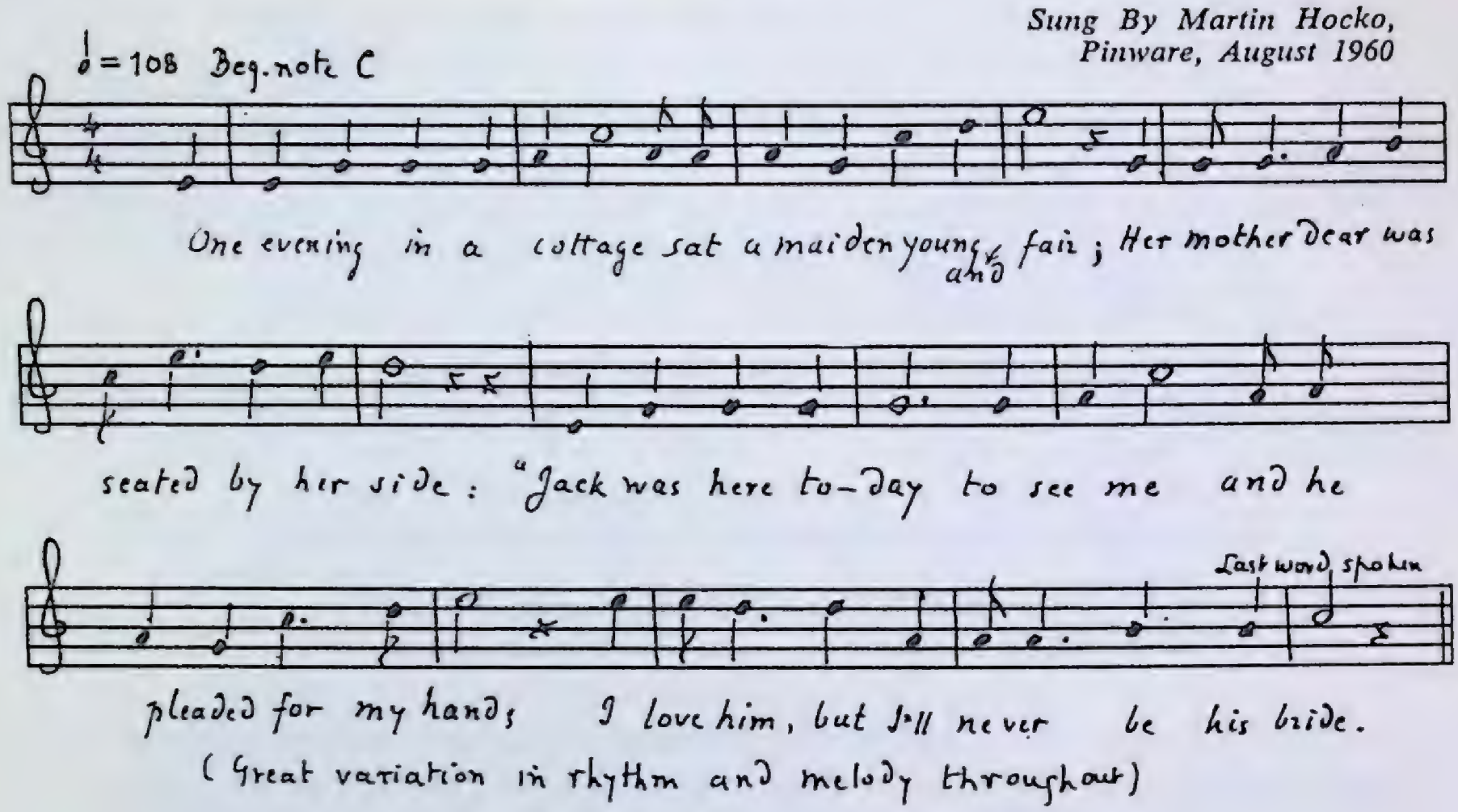
John Morrisey (d. 1878) was a famous prizefighter back in the days of bare knuckles and fights to the finish, even if they went forty rounds or more. Morrisey's famous fights were in the late 1840's and '50's. Possibly his most spectacular fight was with the "Benicia Boy," John C. Heenan, in 1858. This fight, like most, was celebrated by a broadside ballad (De Marsan). There is no record in the annals of fighting of an encounter between Morrisey and a Russian except this popular ballad. The oldest version of "Morrisey and the Russian" is an Irish broadside by P. Brereton (Dublin, 1860), according to Barry. The ballad appears in such collections as *Delaney's Song Book,* p. 21; O'Connor, 1901 (eleven quatrains); Sandburg included it in *The American Songbag,* 1927; Mackenzie has a version, p. 332 (seven quatrains). Greenleaf has "Morrisey and the Black," but not this ballad. It does exist in Newfoundland, however; I collected two texts on the west coast in 1951 (For further bibliography *see* Rickaby, p. 226; Phillips Barry, *The Maine Woods Songster,* No. 13; *See also* Arthur Myers, "Big Brawl at Boston Corner," *Yankee,* 26: 40).

2.1. There is no evidence that Morrisey was ever in South America (*See John Morrisey, the Irish Boy who Fought his Way to Fame and Fortune* (New York, 1878). It would consequently appear that someone composed this to take advantage of the popularity of Morrisey to sell a broadsheet ballad. The structure and plan of this text are very like "Morrisey and the Black" and "Morrisey and the Benicia Boy" (O'Connor, p. 44).

39

Banker Brown

Sung By Martin Hocko,
Pinware, August 1960



1. One evening in a cottage sat a maiden young and fair;
   Her mother dear was seated by her side;
   "Jack was here today to see me and he pleaded for my hand;
   I love him, but I'll never be his bride."

2. "I mean to marry Banker Brown although he's old and gray;
   I do not love him; yet someday we'll wed."
   The mother laid her knitting down and turning with a sigh,
   She gently kissed her daughter and she said:

3. "Wed the man you love, or don't wed at all;
   Remember, dear, and don't forget
   That a maiden who gave up her hand
   For a mere bag of gold will find life one long regret."

4. Whenever I see old age linked with youth,
   It brings back the story now old,
   How men long ago sold love's roses, you know,
   For a thorn tipped with gold.

5. Just one short year had passed and gone, when on a winter's eve
   There came a knock upon the cottage door
   Then the mother's heart was broken, when she saw her daughter's face,
   And heard her cry, "My happiness is o'er."

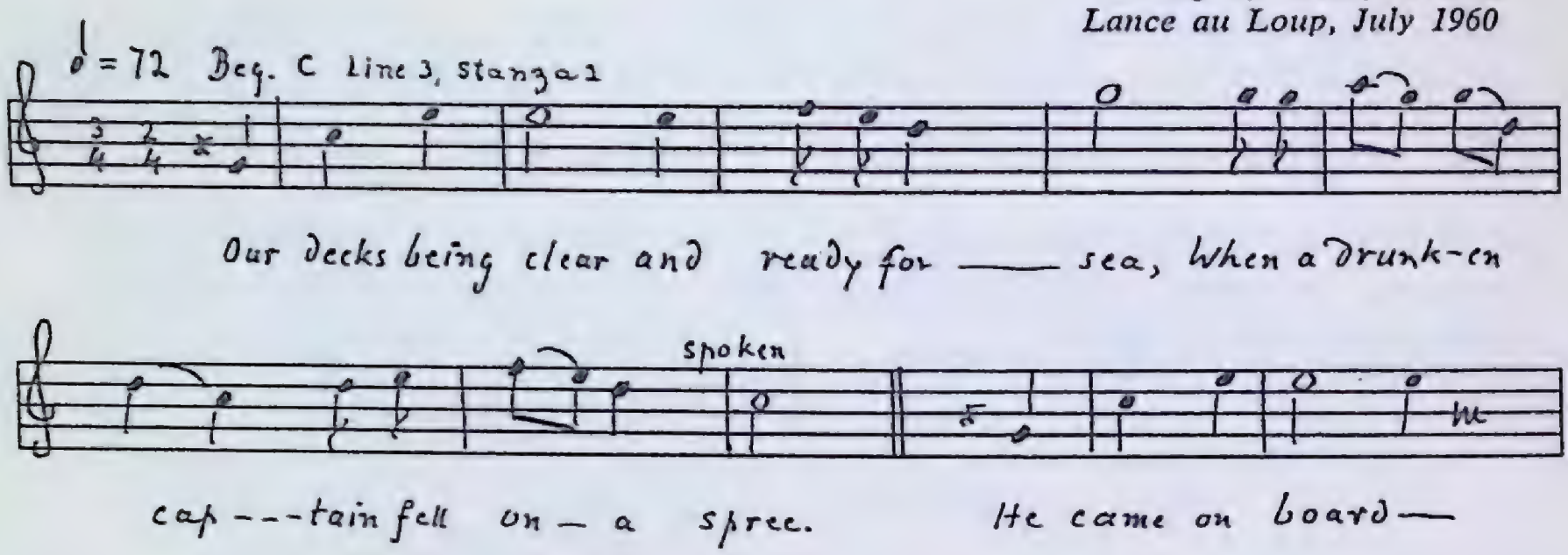
6. "My mansion grand brings me no joy, for what is wealth
to me—
The golden light of love's forever fled—
I gave up love's sweet freedom, just to wear a golden chain,
And memory of my life brings the words you said:

(*Repeat the two stanzas beginning with* "Wed the man you love . . .)

I have no information about this piece. It sounds journalistic. I have included it because it is popular locally and because Labrador audiences approve its sentiments.

The Drunken Captain

Sung by Henry Belber,
Lance au Loup, July 1960



1. Under Captain Stream our schooner sailed,
   As we just came back from the cold north pame [*sic*].
   Our decks being clear and ready for sea,
   When a drunken captain fell on a spree.

2. He came on board, unto us did say,
   "Heave your anchors up and far away."
   We fell away at his command
   With our sails all bent as she leaved de land.

3. He cursed and he swore dat if the wind would blow,
   He would show us all our ship would go.
   Down came a squall from de angry sky;
   She went right down and she would not rise.

4. She went right down with her sky lights in,
   Till our jib it parted all in the wind.
   We hauled him down, but a new one bent,
   Straight up to de captain den we went.

5. We asked him if he would shorten sail,
   Or he'd drown us all in de heavy gale.
   "I am captain here and ever shall be;
   I will shoot the first man that starts a sail."

6. Up speaks one of our gallant band
   "Dere's ten of us right here at hand;
   We'll reef her down to a steady steer,
   From de breaking waves we will den stand clear.

7. "We will reef her down and to the sea we will go
   And if you refuse, you will be tied below.
   We are beating up to the white sea now,
   And she knocks the white foam from her bow."

8. We are going home never more to sail
With a drunken captain in a heavy gale.

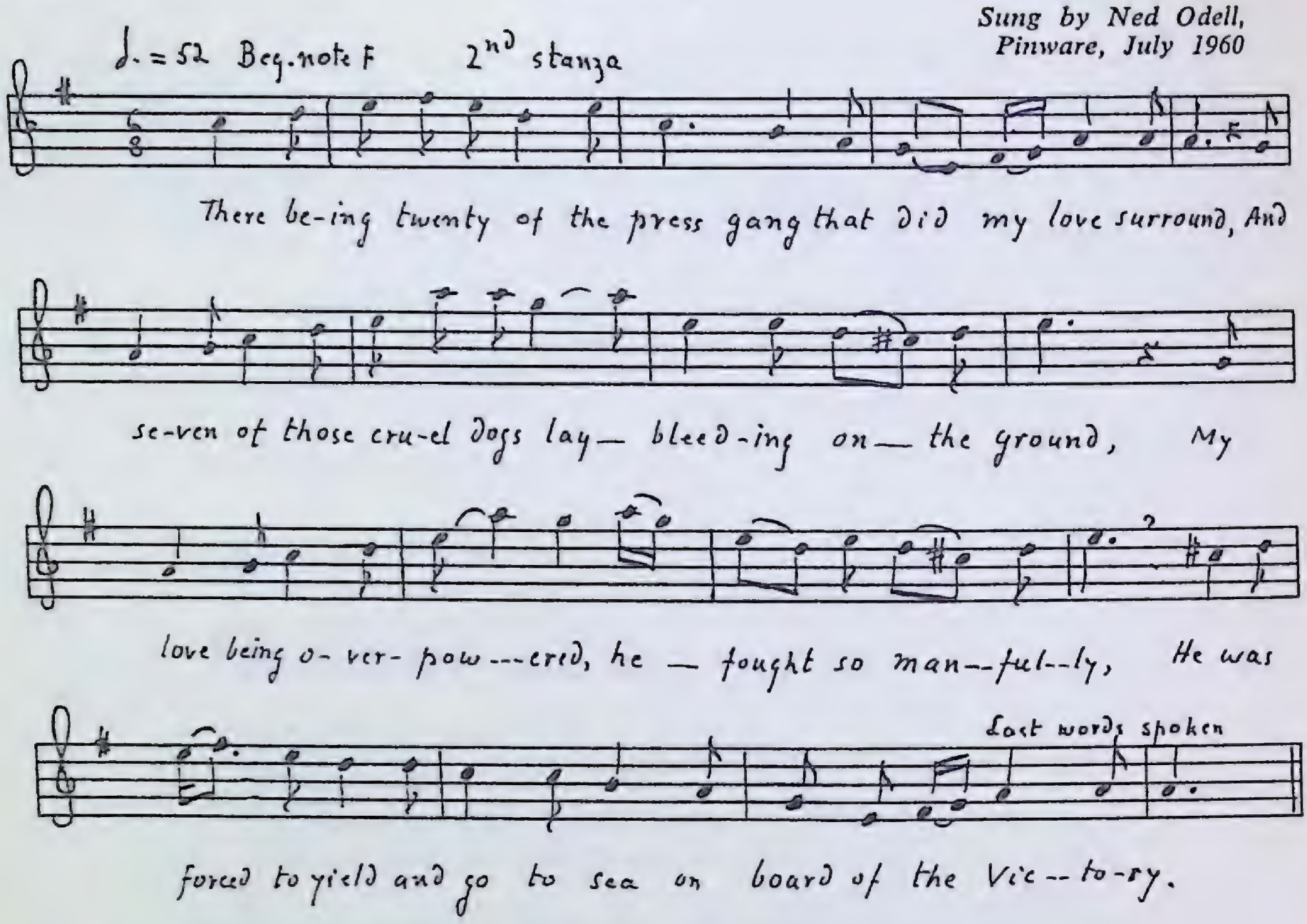
Ballads and stories abound concerning captains, drunk or sober, who drove their vessels, come what may, through hell and high water, refusing to shorten sails. Such a captain is rarely regarded as foolhardy, but rather the hero, at least after the voyage is over and the yarning has begun. The present ballad I was told was composed locally, though by whom and when no one knew.

1.2. pame: perhaps pan: pan ice, where seals were hunted.

41

"Victory"

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



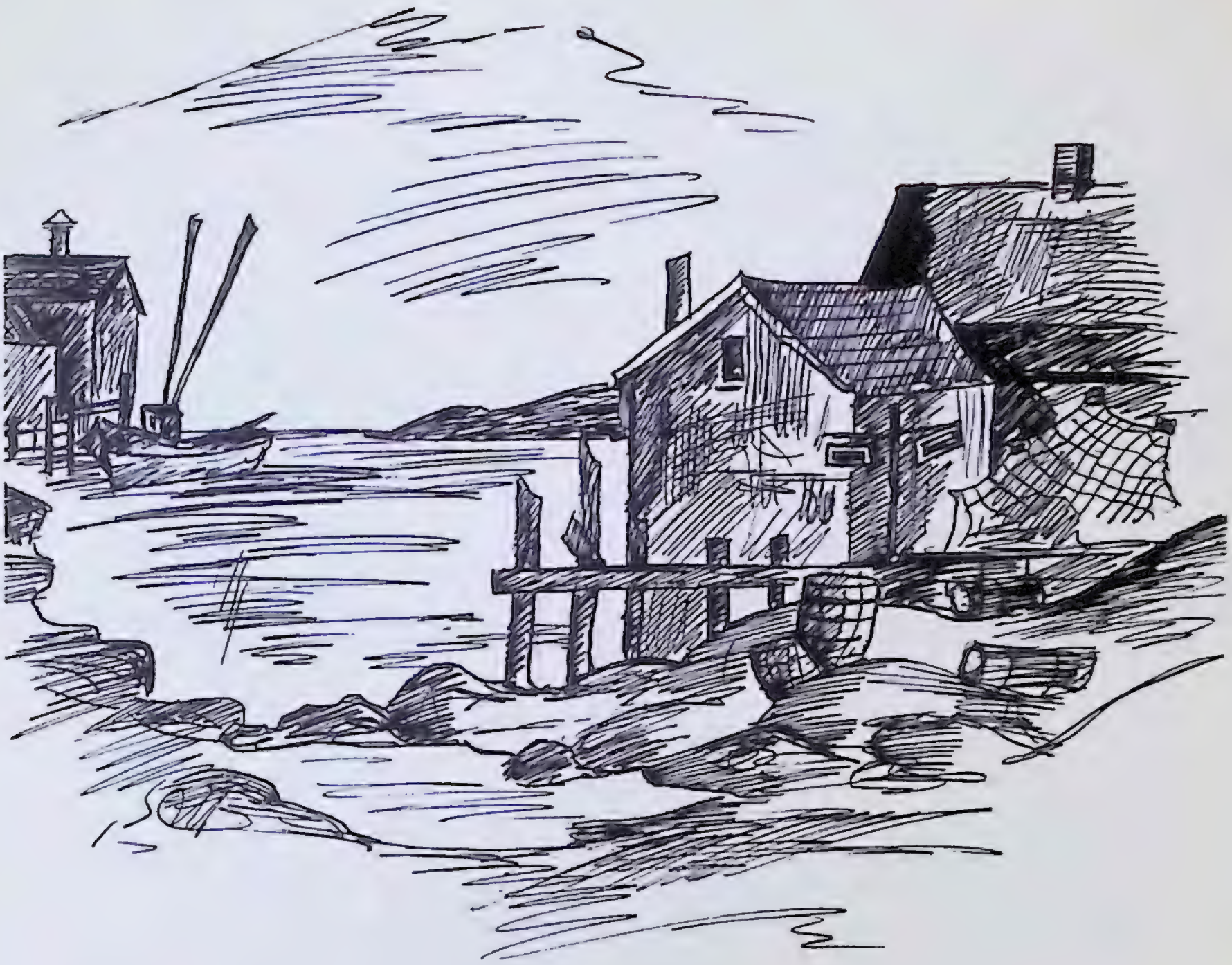
1. Oh, I am a gay young lady; my riches they are great,
   My tongue it is scarce able my sorrow to relate;
   'Twas one of noble brothers, a son of high degree,
   Or he never would send for the lad I love on board of the *Victory*.

2. There being twenty of the press gang that did my love surround,
   And seven of those cruel dogs lay bleeding on the ground,
   My love being overpowered, he fought so manfully,
   He was forced to yield and go to sea on board of the *Victory*.

3. It being my cruel old father that had him pressed from me,
   And for his great protection my daily prayer will be:
   May the Heavens above protect my love on board of the *Victory*.

4. Full many a pleasant hour me and my love did meet
   With kisses and embraces and compliments so sweet;
   I gave my hand in promise I'd wed no one but he,
   For I did not know my love would go on board of the *Victory*.

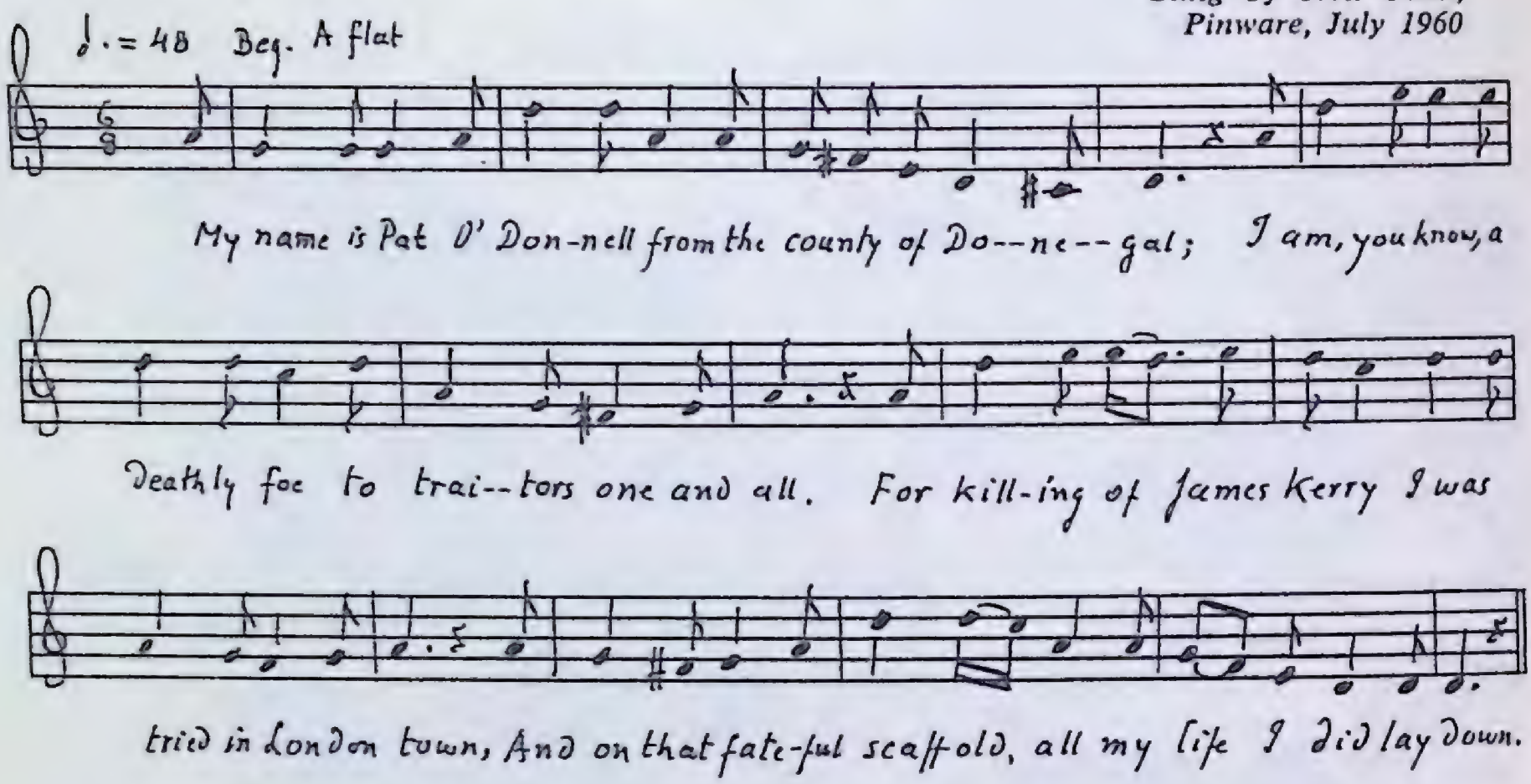
This is evidently a fragment of a ballad telling the common story of the unwelcome suitor, pressed to sea at the instigation of the father. It should end by the girl following after, usually disguised as a man, or by the hero returning with great wealth (which, of course, takes care of father's objections), or the hero dying and his ghost returning.



Down North

Pat O'Donnell

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. My name is Pat O'Donnell from the county of Donegal;
   I am, you know, a deathly foe to traitors one and all.
   For killing of James Kerry I was tried in London town,
   And on that fateful scaffold, all my life I did lay down.

2. I sailed on board the ship *Melrose* in August eighty-three,
   And on my way to Cape Town an informer sailed with me.
   When I found out they had Kerry on board, we had some angry words
   and blows;
   When William tried to take my life on board the ship *Melrose*.

3. I start up then my own defence to fight before I die,
   A pocket pistol I drew forth and at him I let fly;
   The very first shot took no effect, but the second pierced his heart;
   I gave him another volley, boys, before him I did part.

4. Kerry's wife and son came running down in the cabin where he lay,
   Saw Kerry lying in his blood which filled me with dismay.
   "Pat O'Donnell shot my husband," Mrs. Kerry loud did cry.
   "Indeed, I did in my own defence, kind madam," then said I.

5. The Captain had me handcuffed and in some irons bound;
   He gave me up as a prisoner when we landed in Cape Town,
   And I was prosecuted for the crime by Kerry's wife and son.

6. I thank my gallant counsellor, he pleaded hard for me,
   But the sentence proved quite heavy and he could not set me free.
   The judge he found me guilty and the clerk made this reply,
   "On the fourteenth day of August now, O'Donnell you must die."

7. So fare you well, sweet Donegal, and the place where I was born,
   Likewise unto United States where I was never scorned;
   But if I had my freedom and could live another year,
   All traitors and informers I would make them quake with fear.

8. Like St. Patrick drove the serpent from the sainted Irish ground,
   I'd make them fly before I'd die like the hare before the hound.

Patrick O'Donnell was executed on December 17, 1883, for the murder of James Carey on board the S.S. *Melrose* bound from Ireland to Cape Town. O'Donnell was examined before the local magistrate at Port Elizabeth, then removed to Cape Town. "On instruction from the Imperial Government he was sent to England for trial" (The account of the examination at Port Elizabeth and Cape Town can be found in Reports of South Africa, Government Archives, Ref. No. K. 12.4).

In England, O'Donnell was tried before Mr. Justice Denman on November 30 to December 1, 1883, and found guilty. He was executed in December 1883. The whole case is detailed in *Old Bailey Trials,* vol. 99, Sessions I–IV, London 1883, p. 138, No. 75.

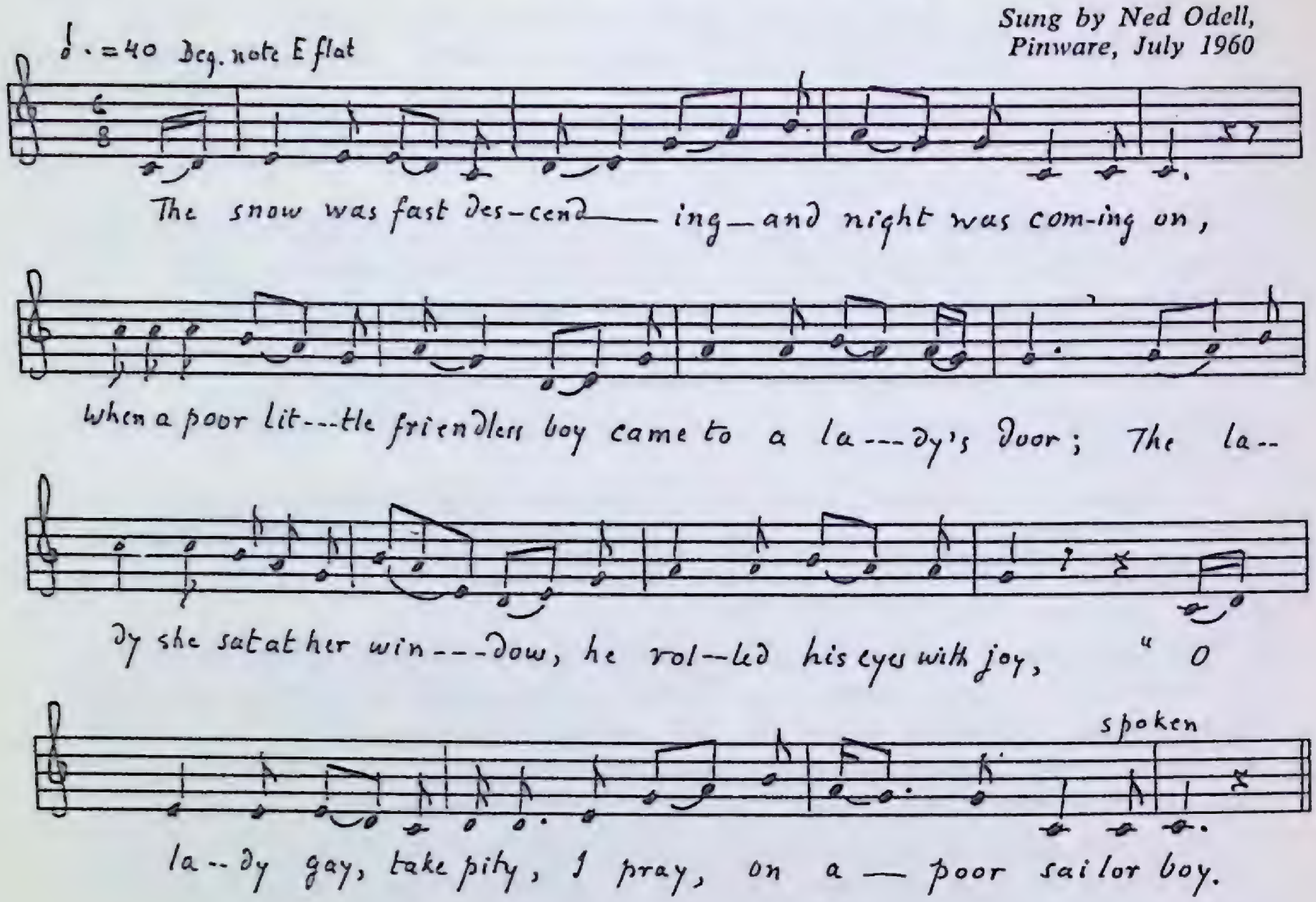
The case was a celebrated one with international repercussions. Carey was an informer; he had given the British information concerning the Irish revolutionists. Fearing that his life would be endangered, the English authorities were sending him and his family to South Africa. O'Donnell, an Irish patriot and a member of the movement, was evidently commissioned to kill Carey. O'Donnell claimed that Carey fired first and that he then shot in self defence. It was generally believed that England insisted that O'Donnell be returned for trial so that he would certainly be found guilty.

Protests came from America and Europe. President Arthur called for an investigation; the U.S. Ambassador tried to intervene; a number of Congressmen and several U.S. Governors made protestations. Victor Hugo wrote to the Queen asking that O'Donnell be spared. Reverend George W. Pepper of Philadelphia wrote a fiery pamphlet in defence of O'Donnell. "What America's own immortal John Brown was in the question of slavery, that, in the main part, is O'Donnell. . . . His fame will live long in the memories of his countrymen." A John McGroarty of Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, wrote a laudatory ballad, "O'Donnell Aboo"; it was later set to music and sung at Irish rallies (*See* for more information: "Letters from the Secretary of State," Document No. 33; *A Shot Heard Round the World; The Life and Trial of O'Donnell, The Irish Martyr,* published by an Appointed Committee. Address Barclay and Co., Philadelphia, Pa.).

The version of the ballad here printed descends from an Irish street ballad (*See* O Lochlainn, p. 210). The O Lochlainn text contains an additional final stanza—the usual bid for prayer and mercy. It was frequently printed in Irish song pamphlets.

43 The Friendless Soldier Boy

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. The snow was fast descending and night was coming on,
   When a poor little friendless boy came to a lady's door;
   The lady she sat at her window, he rolled his eyes with joy,
   "O lady gay, take pity, I pray, on a poor soldier boy.

2. "My mother she died when I was young; my father went to war;
   He so lonely fought in battle brave, all covered with wounds and scars;
   Many a mile on his knapsack, he carried me with joy,
   And now I'm left deserted," cried the poor soldier boy.

3. "It's up and down the street I walk; the children pass me by,
   And going to their parents' home; no friends at home have I;
   No one seems to love my heart; I then set down and cry,
   O lady gay, take pity, I pray, on a poor soldier boy.

4. "The snow is fast descending and night is coming on,
   And if you don't be friendly, I'll perish here fore morn,
   And it will grieve your heart full sore, your peace of mind beside;
   You'll find me dead at your door in the morn," cried the poor soldier boy.

5. That lady up from her window; she opened her mansion door,
"Come in, poor friendless boy," she cried, "and you shan't wander more;
My only son in battle fell; he was my only joy;
So while I live shelter I'll give to a poor soldier boy."

Another journalistic, sentimental and (therefore?) very popular song in the Labrador.

44 The Dying Irish Boy

Sung by Leo O'Brien,
Lance au Loup, June 1960

1. In the din and strife of battle when the sullen cannons roar,
Where storm and strife were raging in that far-off Cub-yan shore.
An Irish youth lay dying who fell gravely in the fray,
While Victoria shall reign on Santiago Bay.

2. A good priest knelt beside him and blessed the exile boy,
For soon his soul would wend its flight to the home beyond the sky.
Till his mind came memories rushing in and his thoughts did fondly say,
Till he found them there with his mother in old Ireland far away.

3. "Father Kelly," spoke the soldier, "tell my comrade, Jim O'Shea,
Come here and set beside me whilst my life blood ebbs away,
While flame makes in old Ireland, and boats set sail from Cork
Across the broad Atlantic to the city of New York.

4. O'Shea sat down beside him and he took Burt's two faithful hands,
In childhood days dey held dem in dere own dear native land,
Where roamed o'er hills and valleys by lakes and rippling streams,
Where the song bird's song met them in the sunlight's golden beams.

5. "I knew my days were ended, for last night I had a dream,
My mother she stood beside me—how sad it all do seem—
She called me her dear boy, while the tears rolled down her cheeks;
Then she knelt and prayed beside me till at last I couldn't see.

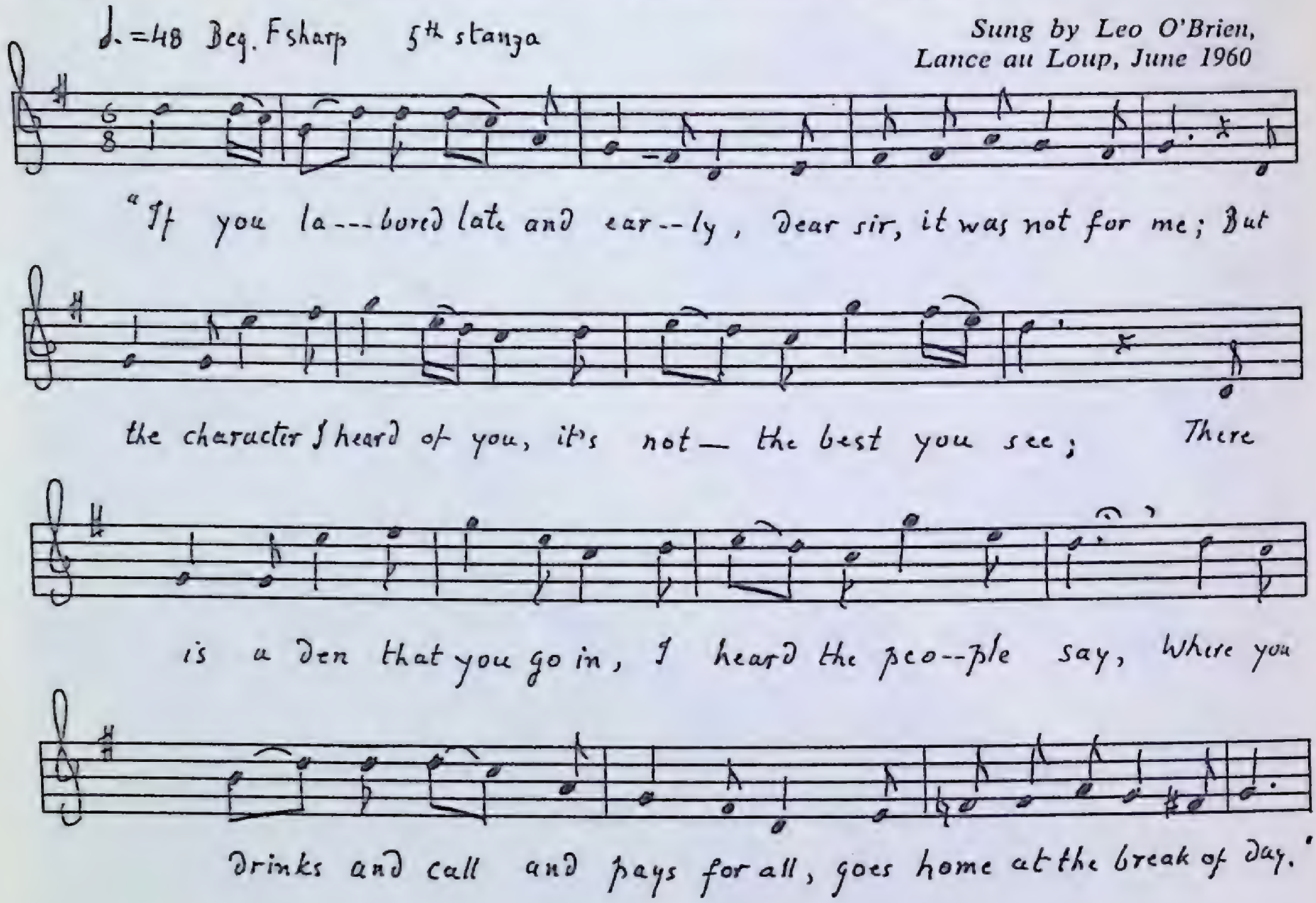
6. Now promise me, dear comrade, for I know you will see again
That dear old hill of Kerry and your birthplace, Castelmain,
Break it gently to my mother and tell her how I died,
Tell her I did not forget her, when you are by her side.

7. And tell your sister, Mary, that I loves her as of yore.
No more I'll greet her winning smile dere on de cottage shore;
No more we'll sail to dear Milltown and then set home from there,
No more I'll kiss her virgin brow or stroke her jet black hair."

8. The death damp gathered upon his brow; his life was ebbing fast,
"O dear comrade," he faintly cried, "sure my hour is come at last."
A painful smile illumed his face; in prayer his spirit fled,
And an exile from old Erian in a foreign land lay dead.

A *livyer* in summer at Rigolette Narrows (the permanent settlers were called '*livyers*')

45 Maid of the Mountain Brow



1. Come all you men and maidens, come listen to my song,
   A word or two I'll tell you I won't detain you long,
   It's of a jolly young couple that I'm going to tell you now,
   That lately went a courting at the foot of the Mountain Brow.
2. O Molly, lovely Molly, if you will come with me,
   We will get married so quick, as quick can be;
   We will get married for happiness on me now,
   I labored late and early for the Maid of the Mountain Brow.
3. Oh, Molly being a silly young girl, scarce knowing what best to say
   Her eyes did shine like diamonds bright and sparkle so merrily;
   She said, "Young man, you must me refuse; I cannot go with you now;
   You must tarry a year or two longer at the foot of the Mountain Brow."
4. "O Molly, lovely Molly, are you going to serve me so?
   Look down in yonder valley, where my crops do gently grow,
   Look down in yonder valley at my horses and my plow,
   Where I labored late and early for the Maid of the Mountain Brow."
5. "If you labored late and early, dear sir, it was not for me;
   But the character I heard of you, it's not the best you see;
   There is a den that you go in, I heard the people say,
   Where you drinks and call and pays for all, goes home at the break of day."

6. "If I drink and call and pays for all, my money it is my own,
For I want none of your fortune, for I heard that you got nōn;
You thought you had my poor heart won, but I'm going to tell you now
I will leave you where I found you at the foot of the Mountain Brow."

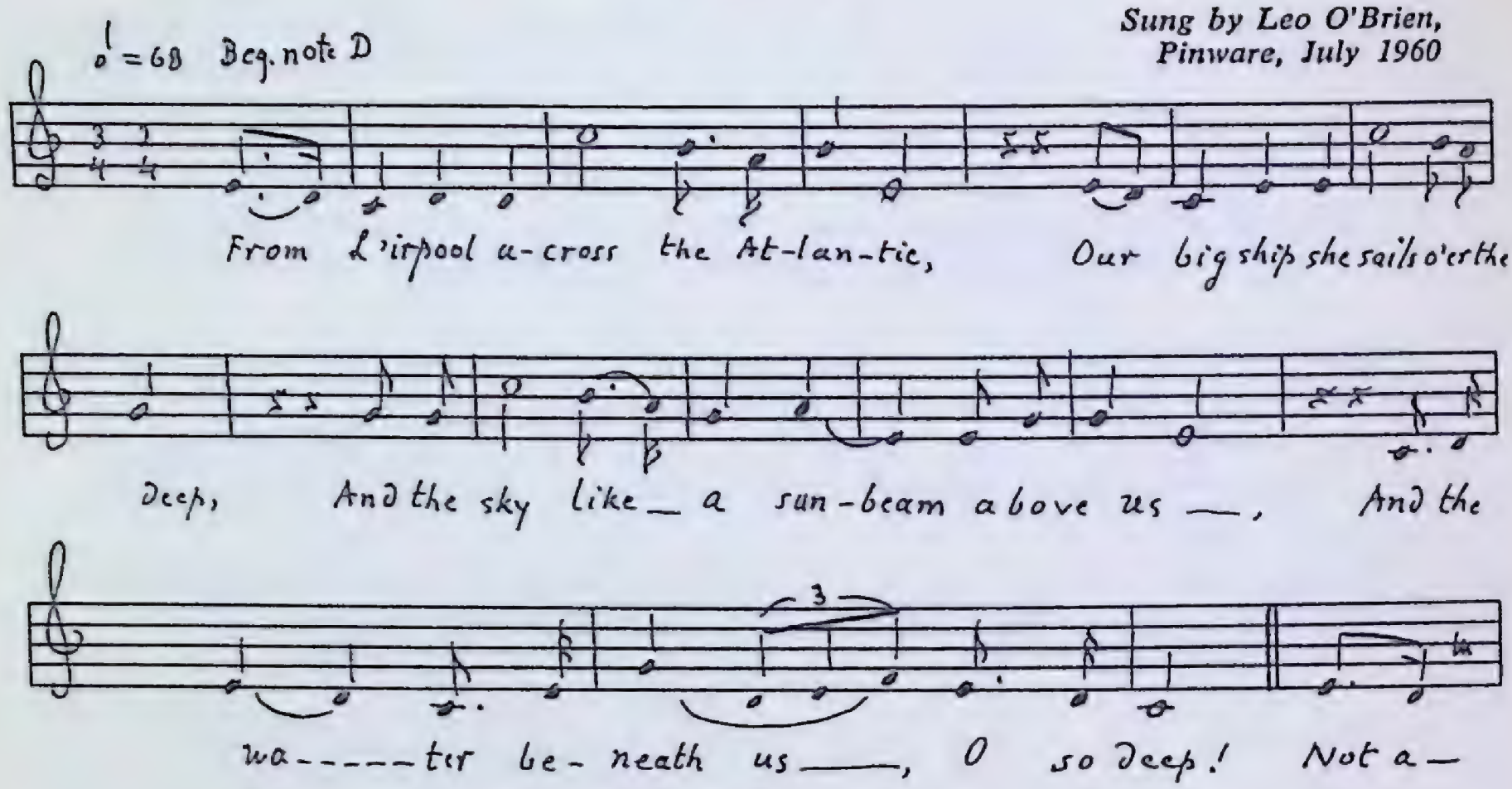
7. "O Jimmie, lovely Jimmie, are you going to be so unkind?
The girl that loves you dearly, are you going to leave behind?
The girl that loves you dearly, are you going to leave her now?"
I left her broken hearted at the foot of the Mountain Brow.

This ballad is rather rare, being found only in the Maritimes and Michigan (as usual via lumbermen from the Northeast). It is still in tradition in Ireland; a good text was recovered by O Lochlainn (p. 38); he calls the song, "The Maid of the Sweet Brown Knowe." (*See* Laws II, for bibliography, p. 251.)

All the American versions add a stanza at the end to the effect "how can you leave one who loves you so." Irish texts stop with our stanza 6.

Stowaway

Sung by Leo O'Brien,
Pinware, July 1960



1. From L'irpool across the Atlantic,
   Our big ship she sails over the deep,
   And the sky like a sunbeam above us,
   And the water beneath us, O so deep!

2. Not a bad-tempered man was among us,
   Not a jollier crew ever sailed;
   The first mate a bit of a savage,
   As good a seaman as ever did sail.

3. One fine day he came up from below decks,
   And seizing a lad by the hand,
   Some little half-wornout faggot,
   Who ought to be home with his dad.

4. The mate asked the boy very roughly
   How came him to be stowed away,
   A cheating the captain and owners,
   Eating and sailing and all without pay.

5. The boy had a face very pretty
   And a pair of blue eyes like a girl,
   Looked up at the scowling old first mate,
   As he brushed back his long shining curls.

6. He spoke with a voice very pretty,
   "My step-father stowed me on board;
   He stowed me away down below decks,
   For to keep me he could not afford.

7. "He said that the big ship would take me
From Halifax town down so far,
He said now the Lord is my father
Who dwells where the good angels are."

8. "You liar," said the mate, "not your father,
But some of these big skulkers here,
Some weak-hearted, soft-hearted sailor,
Speak out, tell the truth, don't you fear."

9. The mate drew a watch from his pocket,
As if he was drawing a knife,
"Ten minutes more I will give you,
Here's a rope and good-by to your life."

10. Eight minutes being passed all in silence,
"And now, said the mate, "have your say."
And his eyes slowly filling with tear drops,
As he uttered and said, "May I pray?"

11. How sweet were the words, "Our father,"
That fell from his pure infant lips,
And his voice like a trumpet was sounding
To every man that was on board de ships.

12. The mate clasped the boy in his arums,
Pressed him to his rugged breast,
For all the bright gold of the Indies,
Would I give for to hear it again.

13. "You believe me now, sir," said the youngster;
"You believe me," he uttered once more.
"You'd have laid down your life for the truth, lad;
I'll believe you from now evermore."

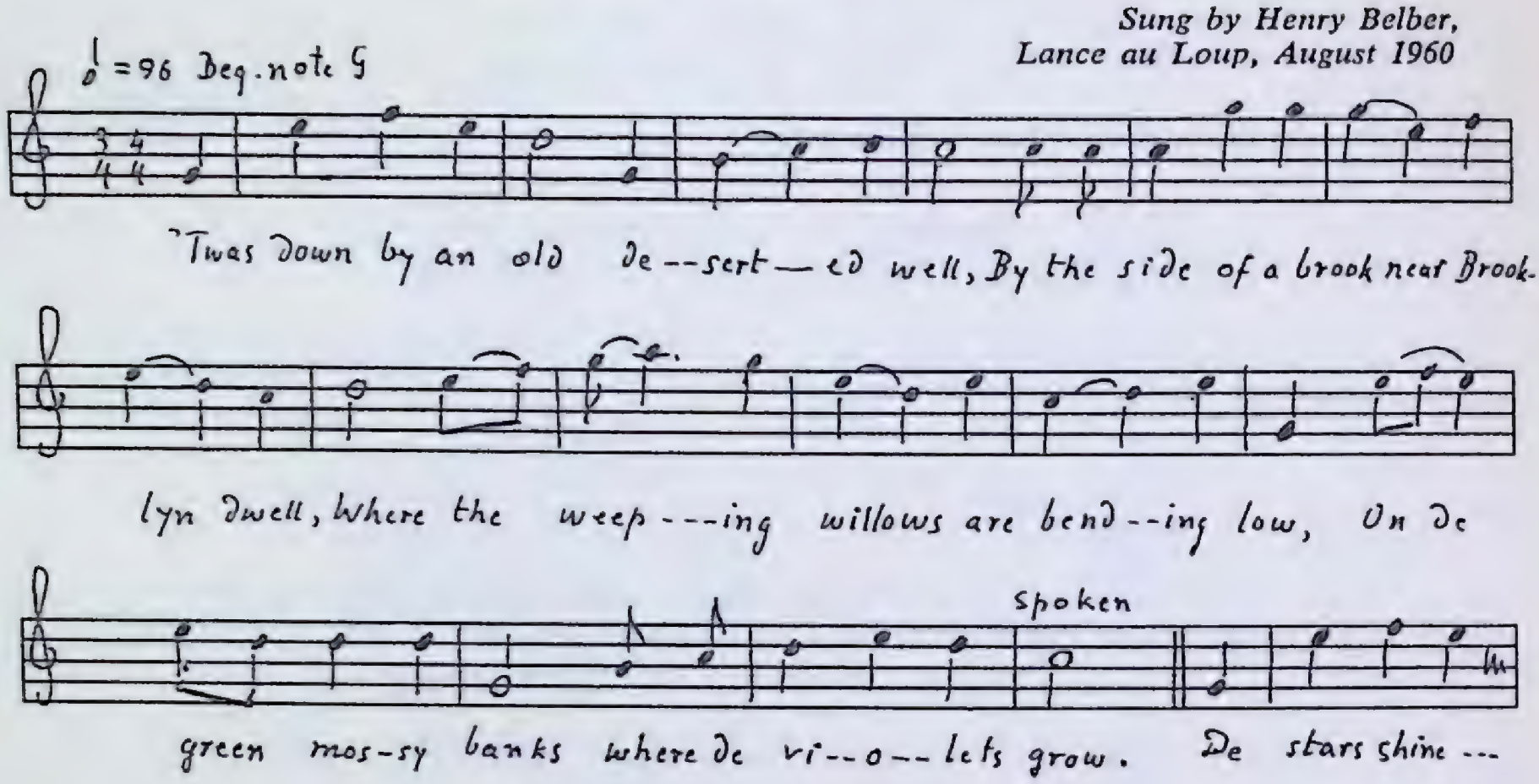
Evidently this song is restricted to Newfoundland and Labrador. Greenleaf has a version (p. 108) very close to this one. The only significant difference is one additional stanza in the present text and the addition of the details related in stanzas 10 and 11.

1.4. O so deep: Greenleaf text, asleep.

3.3. faggot: orphan.

47 The Old Elm Tree

Sung by Henry Belber,
Lance au Loup, August 1960



1. 'Twas down by an old deserted well,
   By the side of a brook near Brooklyn dwell.
   Where the weeping willows are bending low,
   On de green mossy banks where de violets grow.

2. De stars shine brightly from above,
   When she told me de tale of her heart's first love,
   And before de flowers of summer had died,
   She has made me a promise as she would be my bride.

3. But cruel and false were the tales she told;
   Her heart was false, her love was cold;
   She now loves another more dearer than me.
   She forgot of her vow beneath de old ellum tree.

4. She sits to her window and listens dere,
   Her eyes like diamonds shine so fair;
   She bitterly weeps, where no one can see;
   She has wept for her vow beneath the old ellum tree.

5. She died and departed, her silky hair,
   Her pale cold lips, which once was fair.
   They buried her there where she best like to be:
   On the green, mossy banks beneath the old ellum tree.

6. O lover, dear lover, my heart's first love,
   I hope we'll meet in Heaven above.
   There's no spot on earth more dearer to me
   Than dat green grassy grave beneath the old ellum tree.

Bibliography: Barry, JAF 27: 69 melody from Mass., text from MS., Kansas; Dean, p. 27. Minn.; Belden, p. 221, Mo.; Randolph, 4: 170, Mo.; Barry, *Maine Woods Songster,* p. 34. It is strange that the song has not hitherto been collected from the Maritimes.

The words are attributed to Sarah T. Bolton (*c.* 1870) and the tune to J. P. Webster, composer of "The Sweet By and By," from the music sheet of J. C. Peters (New York, 1870).

The Labrador version is quite different from the others. They are in eight-line stanzas, one (Barry) with an elaborate chorus:

O Laura, dear Laura, my own true love,
Shall we meet in the angels' home above?
Earth holds not a treasure so dear to me
As the moss-grown scene 'neath the old elm tree.

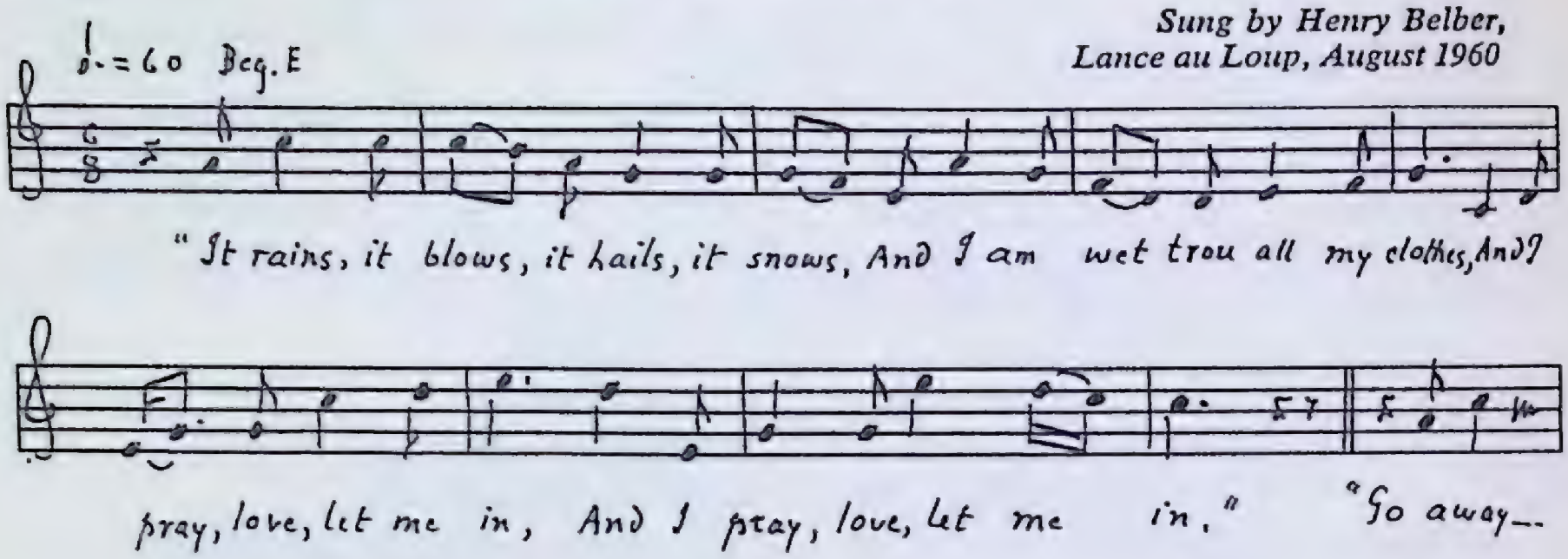
The music sheet version is in eight four-line stanzas like the present text.

1.1. well: mill.
1.2. Brooklyn: old bridge.
2.2. she. Others call her Laura.
6.1. 'Laura' here becomes 'lover.'

48

Love, Let Me In

Sung by Henry Belber,
Lance au Loup, August 1960



1. "It rains, it blows, it hails, it snows,
   And I am wet trou all my clothes,
   And I pray, love, let me in,
   And I pray, love, let me in."

2. "Go away, young man, don't be so free,
   Dere's no one in dis house but me,
   And I pray be gone from my door,
   And I pray be gone from my door."

3. As he returned somewhere to go,
   Her kind compassion on him she showed,
   And she called him back again,
   And she called him back again.

4. "Off with your wet, put on some dry,
   Jump into de bed, young man," she cried,
   "And so quickly I'll be there,
   And so quickly I'll be there."

5. They spent that night in sweet content,
   And early next morning to the church they went,
   And he made her his lawful bride,
   And he made her his lawful bride.

6. Come all young men, wherever you be,
   Kiss all pretty maidens that ever you see,
   And dey'll call you back again,
   And dey'll call you back again.

I think this delightful song may be a remnant of the old wedding ritual as practised in various parts of Europe. Consider the example given by G. L. Gomme in "The Folklore Record," vol. 3. The bride, surrounded by four or more matrons and a group of young men, her guard, is barricaded in the house. Outside the bridegroom and his friends stage a mock assault,

one part of which is a 'duel' of songs, in which one singer outside tries to sing a song which his opponent inside does not know. If he fails in this then the bridegroom sings:

"Open Marie for a husband young
Cometh thy love to win.
The rain falls fast, and the winds blow cold,
Open and let him in."

The girl inside sings:

"My father's away and my mother in bed,
I prithee no longer stay;
You cannot come in at this hour of the night.
Germaine, go hence away."

This song should be studied with all songs dealing with the 'night visit' theme (*See* Baskerville, PMLA, 36: 565, and Belden, "The Drowsy Sleeper," 118; Laws II, p. 181).

I have no record of this song in America. A garbled version is printed with the air in JFSS, 1: 18, and a better one in the same publication, 6: 19. The first stanza missing in the Labrador text is:

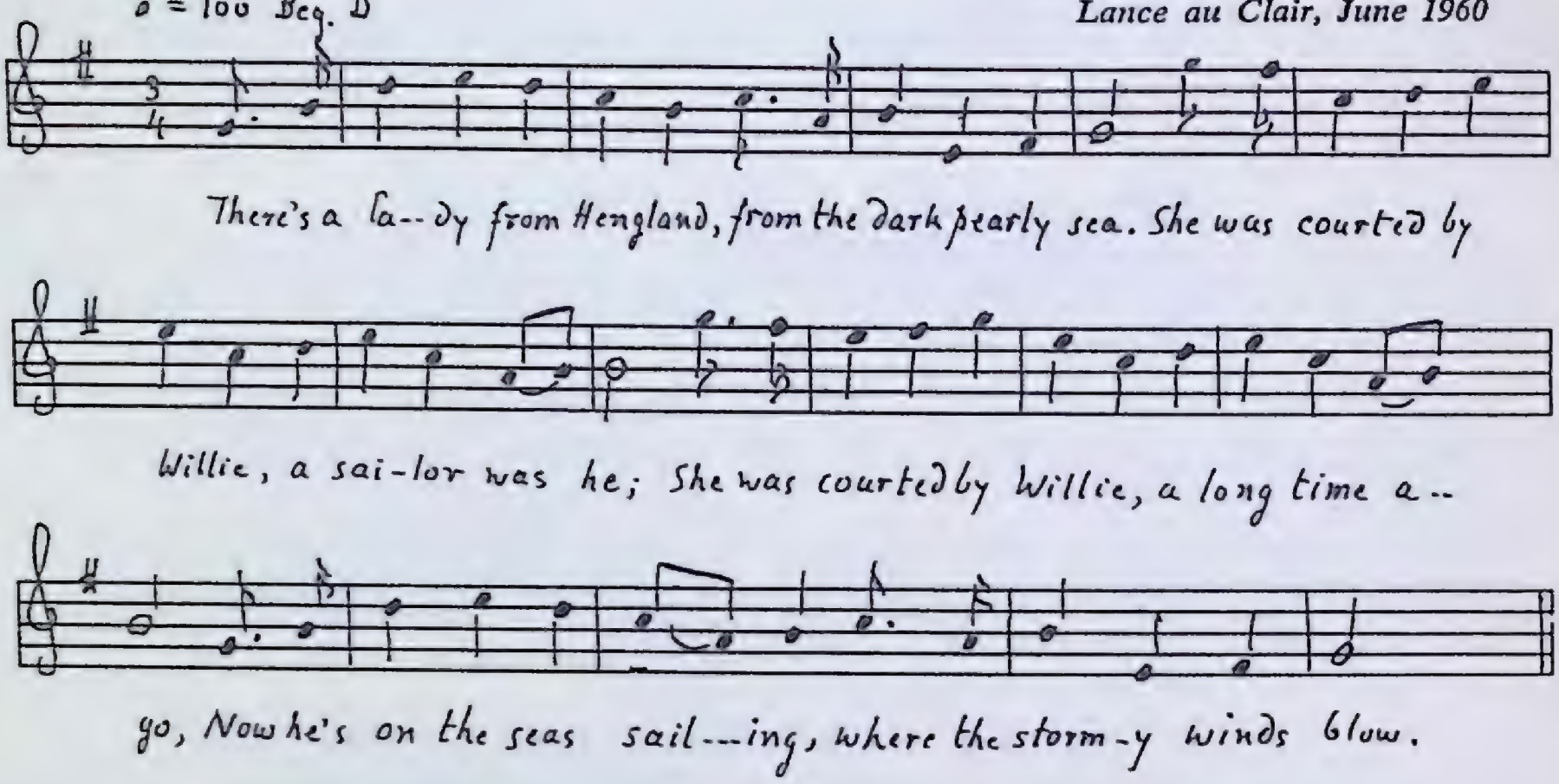
"It's of a cottage near a wood,
Just under a little hill he stood,
That's the best place e'er I know,
That's the best place e'er I know."

(*See* further, Kidson, *Traditional Tunes,* p. 58.)

49 Lovely Nancy from England

A

Sung by Albert Dumaresque,
Lance au Clair, June 1960



1. There's a lady from Hengland, from the dark pearly sea,
   She was courted by Willie, a sailor was he;
   She was courted by Willie, a long time ago,
   Now he's on the seas sailing, where the stormy winds blow.

2. When the stormy winds blow, love, it makes my heart ache,
   And causes my bedroom window for to quiver and shake.
   God knows where my love lies when he's gone from the shore,
   And I pray for his welfare. What can I do more?

3. There's a ship in distress, love; what a wonderful sight.
   Like a harmy of soldiers all marching to fight.
   A soldier can heave down his firearms and run,
   But a sailor must meet with a watery doom.

4. Some men take up drinking, drink a health to their wives;
   More men love their sweethearts as dear as their lives;
   So we'll drink and be merry with a full glass in hand,
   Drink a health to lovely Nancy whom we left on dry land.

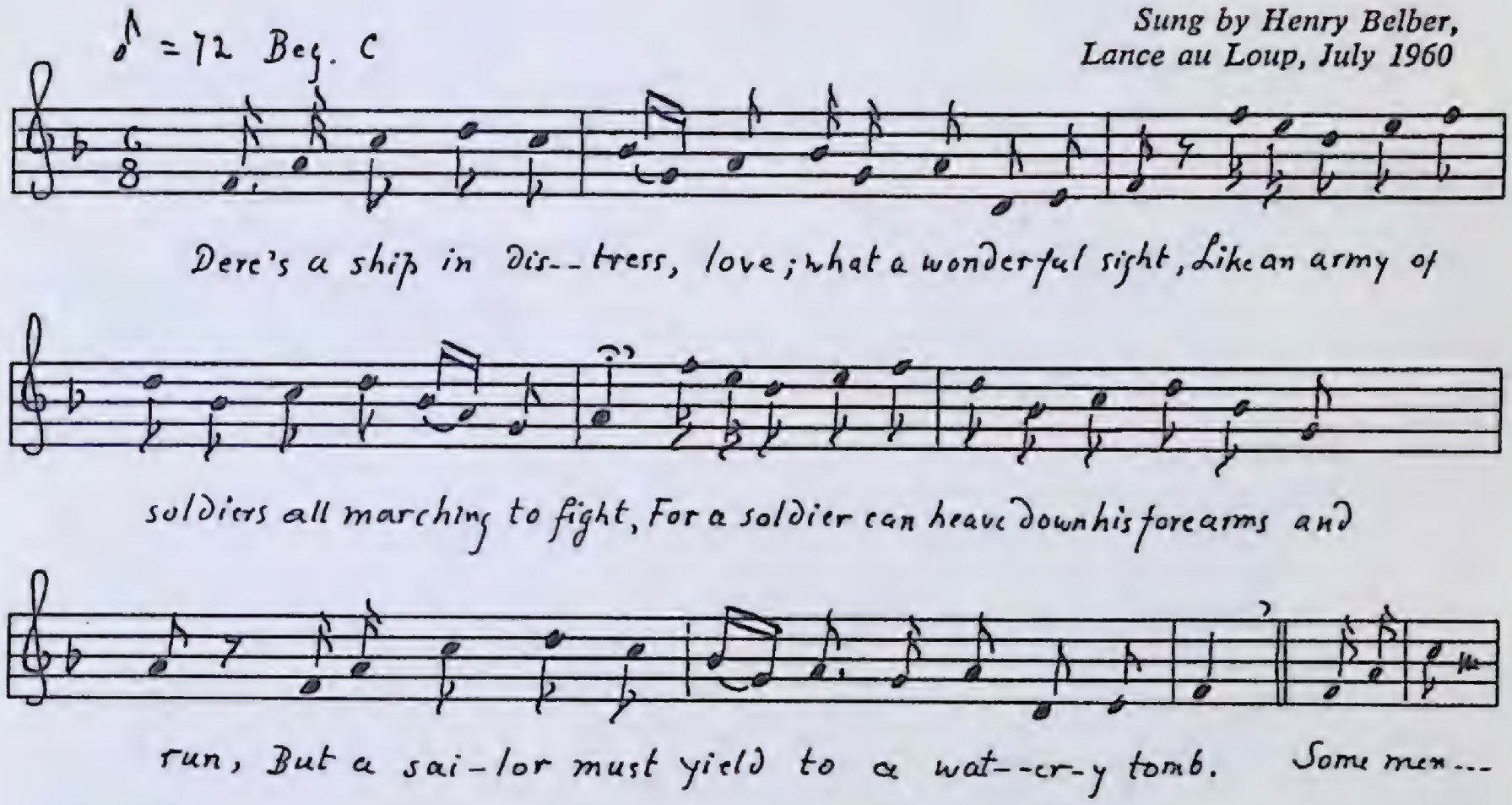
5. O Nancy, lovely Nancy, you're my own heart's delight.
   There is a love letter I'm going to write,
   There is a love letter for to let you know
   That I'm on the seas sailing where the stormy winds blow.

6. For green grows the laurels from the tops of them small,
   And love is a courtship hangs over us all.
   The green leaves will wither and the roots will decay,
   But the red rose will flower when my love comes from sea.

(*Ship in Distress*)

B

Sung by Henry Belber,
Lance au Loup, July 1960



1. Dere's a ship in distress, love; what a wonderful sight,
   Like an army of soldiers all marching to fight,
   For a soldier can heave down his forearms and run,
   But a sailor must yield to a watery tomb.

2. Some men take up drinking—here's a healt' [health] to dere wives;
   Some men love dere sweethearts, as dear as dere lives;
   Some drink and be merry with a full glass in hand,
   Drink a healt to lovely Nancy, whom I left on dry land.

3. O Nancy, lovely Nancy, you're my own heart's delight
   Here is a love letter I am going to write,
   Here is a love letter, for to let you know
   That I'm on de sea sailing where de stormy winds blow.

4. Where de stormy winds blow, love, it makes my heart ache,
   Which causes my bedroom window for to quiver and shake
   But the Lord knows where my love lies when he's out from de shore
   I will pray for his welfare. What can I do more?

5. For green grows the laurel from de top of dem small
   And love is a courtship hands over us all
   For de green leaves dey will wither and de root will decay,
   And de red rose will flower when my love comes from sea.

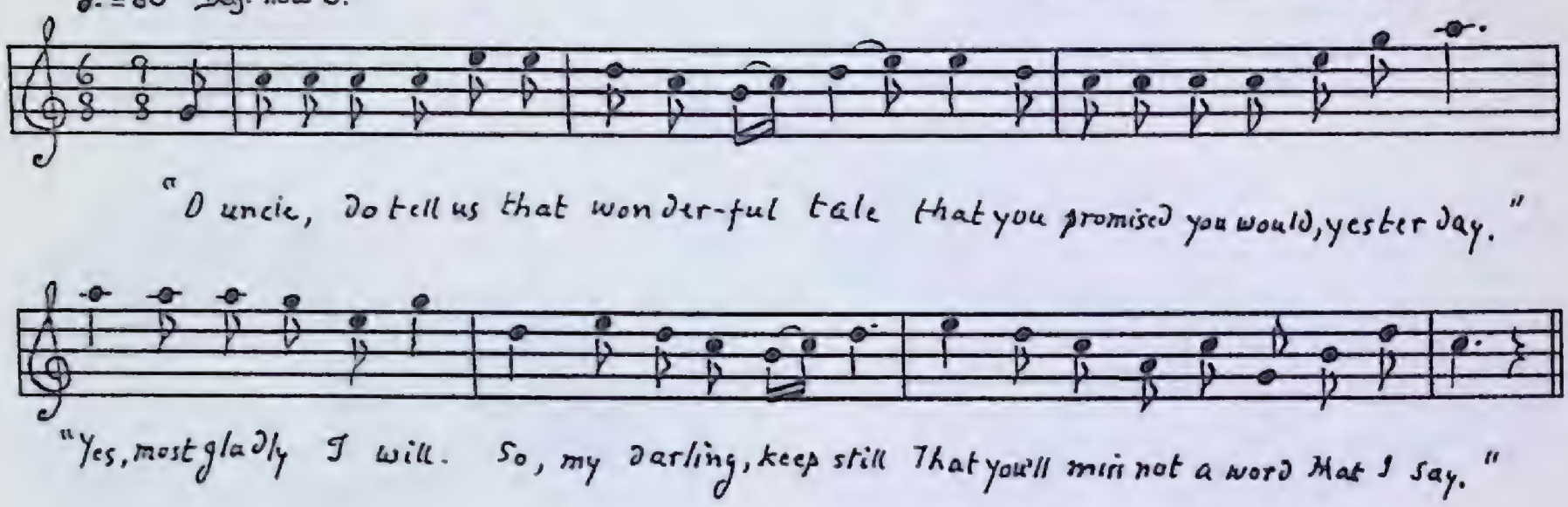
This song should not be confused with "Nancy of Yarmouth" (Laws II, p. 199) or "Jimmie and Nancy," and so forth. Although it borrows heavily from other songs, it is a distinct and separate piece. Two versions are to be found in Greenleaf, p. 73 ff. It is here and there in England: Sharp, *Folk-songs of England*, 1:20; the Novello school song book, p. 269. In America it seems not to be known except in Newfoundland and now Labrador.

A6. This stanza is a drifter (*See* "Green Grows the Laurel" in Belden, p. 490; Ord, p. 182; T. P. Coffin, "A Tentative Study of a Typical Folk Lyric: 'Green Grows the Laurel,' " JAF, 1952, p. 341).

Two informants from Lance au Clair

Babes in the Wood

Sung by William Riley,
Lance au Loup, August 1960



1. "O Uncle, do tell us that wonderful tale that
   You promised you would, yesterday."
   "Yes, most gladly I will,
   So, my darling, keep still
   That you'll miss not a word that I say."

2. "An Englishman lived with children and wife,
   Many miles his estate, far and wide,
   Up the mountains so steep; down the valleys so deep,
   All along by the great river side.

3. "The mother looked out of the door of her cot,
   When the sun sank low in the sky,
   O dear husband, I fear
   Why I do not hear
   Our darlings is lost and will die?

4. "De father so quickly a mounted his steed,
   And away trou de forest rode he,
   Loud and loud he did shout,
   As he galloped about
   Over hills to this thicket and tree.

5. "He searched all in vain till the first shade of night
   Filled the forest with darkness repose,
   And on turning his heels, he went off with full speed
   To ask help from the neighbors around.

6. "De neighbors right willing did give him dere aid.
   All night for de children dey searched,
   And till day after day till a week passed away
   And dere searching all ended in naught.

7. "Come white man and brother, I'll join in your grief,
For I met this sad fate long ago,
When de tribe was at war o'er de blue hills so far,
Den my son in de fight was laid low.

8. "De names of dose children were John, Frank, and Jean,
Just de names of some darlings of mine,
Whom I loved more dan gold,
Frank was scarce five years old,
James was seven and Johnny was nine.

9. "He ran on ahead to de father," he said,
'Dey run till de brow of de night,'
And beyond a fair way
Down beneath dem der lay
On de ground someting fluttered in white.

10. "De father awoke dem like some father would,
And on milk and on bread were dey fed;
Johnny tried hard to speak, but alas was too weak.
One word, 'papa,' was all dat he said."

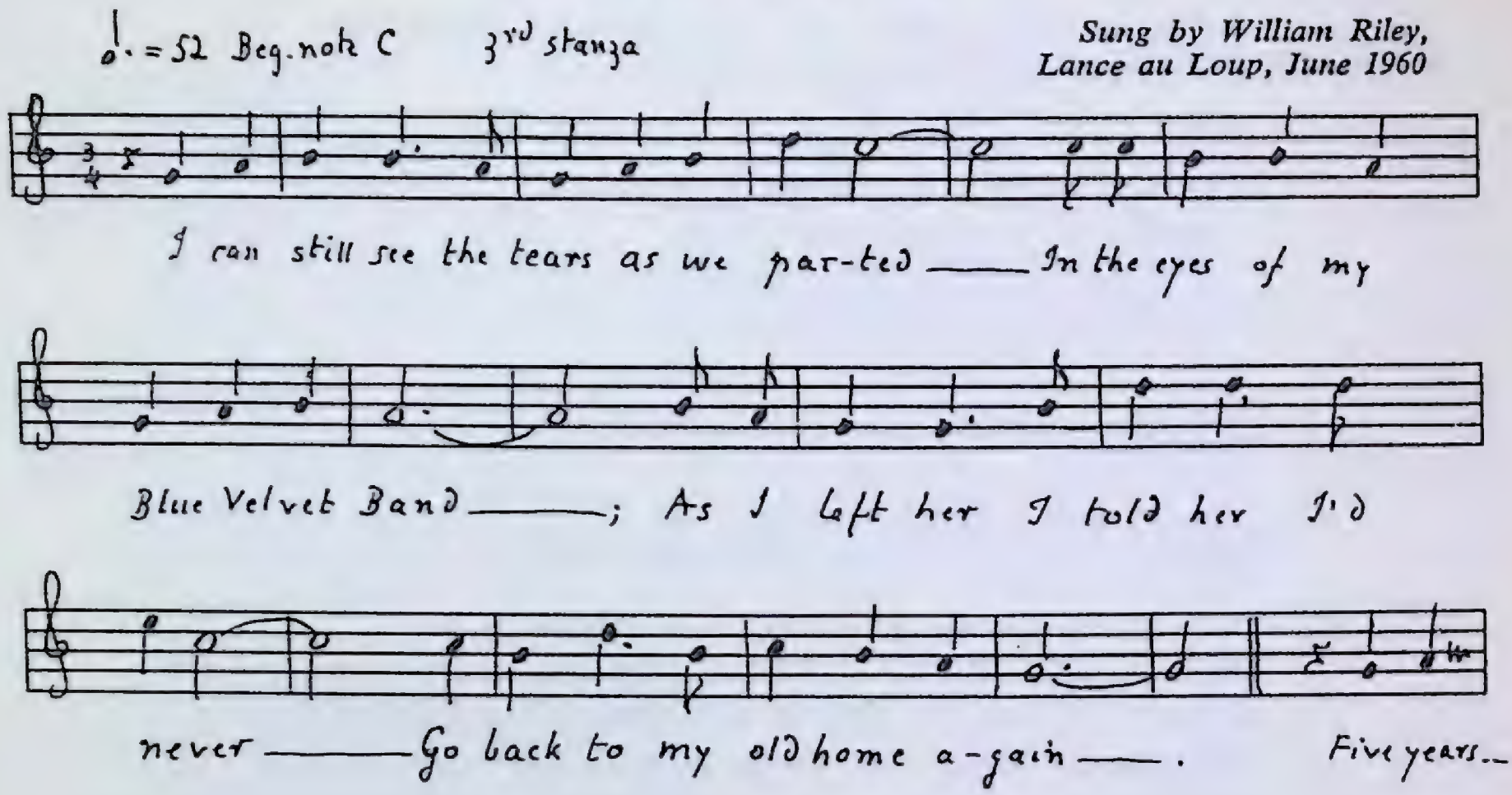
11. " 'Why,' Frankie said, 'papa, why didn't you come
Sooner here to John, sister and me?'
And while Jeanie lay cold, as de father's tears rolled
Down his cheek as he gazed on dem t'ree.

12. "'Tis children in our world is well for us den,
And wish dey may not go astray.
But if God is our guide,
No fear can betide,
And for sure we'll not lose our way."

Here is one of the songs that proves to me at least that not all songs in tradition among the folk are folksongs. The folk have had little to do with changing this banal, mannered, overly moralized, self-conscious poetizing into a folksong. All this lacks is the robins covering them with leaves found in the other "Babes in the Woods" (*See* Laws II, p. 290), with which this should not be confused. I have a version of this from Newfoundland (Cf. "Meagher's Children," Creighton, p. 292).

51

Blue Velvet Band



Sung by William Riley,
Lance au Loup, June 1960

1. Come listen I'll tell you a story
   Of a girl who once lived in this land,
   Of a girl who was once my sweetheart;
   She was known as the Blue Velvet Band.

2. On her cheeks were the first flush of nature;
   Her beauty it seemed to expand;
   Her hair hung down in long traces
   Tied back with a blue velvet band.

3. I can still see the tears as we parted
   In the eyes of my Blue Velvet Band;
   As I left her I told her I'd never
   Go back to my old home again.

4. Five years in the wide open spaces,
   It was more than my poor heart could stand,
   For each night as I lay on my pillow,
   I would dream of my Blue Velvet Band.

5. Each night as I lay there a thinking
   Of the home of my poor mama and dad,
   Like a flash by my bedside was standing
   The form of my Blue Velvet Band.

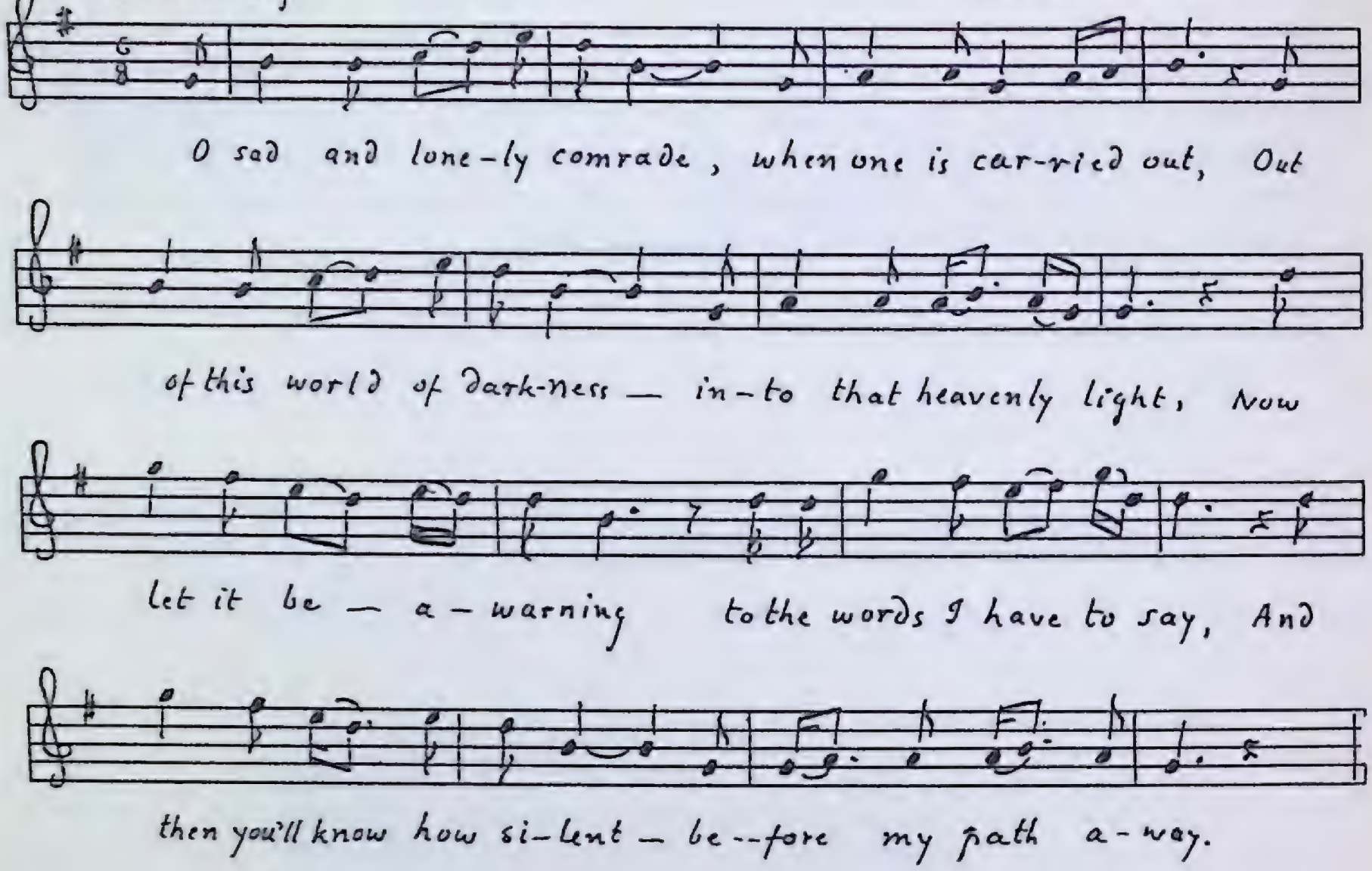
6. I left the old camp the next morning,
   To go back and make her my bride,
   When I reached the old colored people,
   They told me my sweetheart had died.

7. They laid her to rest in the churchyard,
Beneath the sweet flowers of the land,
On her finger was the ring that I gave her,
On her head was the blue velvet band.

This is not to be confused with another ballad with the same title, recorded by Spaeth, *Weep Some More My Lady,* p. 148 (*See,* for further references, Randolph, No. 672). In the Spaeth ballad an honest mechanic is lured into crime by the Girl with the Blue Velvet Band, an opium addict. It reads like a parody of this sentimental ditty.

Sad and Lonely Comrade

Sung by Charles Riley,
Lance au Loup, August 1960



1. O sad and lonely comrade, when one is carried out,
   Out of this world of darkness into that heavenly light,
   Now let it be a warning to the words I have to say,
   And then you'll know how silent before my path away.

2. Indeed the child that suffered upon his dying bed
   The last word that he uttered 'twas 'Papa'; 'twas all he said.
   The night he took for dying his father was by his side,
   "Papa, papa," he hollered; he sweetly smiled and died.

3. He knew it all was over; he knew his son was dead;
   His father burst a-crying and quickly left the bed.
   Poor Bobby's gone and left us; he's gone to a better home,
   He's gone to meet his Maker, while sitting on the throne.

4. He was a nice young fellow; he was so fair and bright;
   He did not think, that Friday, Sunday he'd be brought out,
   His mother arose that evening to bid her lad farewell;
   The trouble she was bearing no human tongue can tell.

5. To see his mother that morning, the tears was streaming down.
   The thoughts of her dear darling to be buried in the ground.
   Now fathers, mothers and brothers, and sisters too likewise,
   Prepare to meet your darling with Christ up in the skies.

6. We all have loved ones sleeping, all in the churchyard bed,
   And why not try to meet them in a moment we are dead.

I was told that this is a local song composed on the Coast, but the informant did not know the occasion.

53 The Dying Soldier

Sung by William Riley,
Lance au Loup, July 1960

1. As the sun was setting in the west and spread the glittering ray
In the branches of the forest where the dying soldier lay,
In the shade of spreading leaves beneath the southern sunny skies,
Far from his dear old English home they laid him down to die.

2. A crowd had gathered around him, his comrades in the fight;
A tear rolled down his manly cheeks; he bid his last good-night.
One of his own companions there was kneeling by his side;
He tried to stain (staunch?) his life blood, but alas, in vain he tried.

3. His heart felt deep sorrow, when he found 'twas all in vain,
And from his loved companions' cheeks the tears rolled down like rain.
Out speaks the dying soldier, calm, says, "Weep no more for me,
For I'm passing the dark river where I'll beckon to follow me.

4. "Listen comrades, gather nearer, listen to what I have to say;
I've a story I will tell you where my spirit is away.
Far away in lovely New England by the little pine tree,
There is one who waits my coming with a sorrowing heart will wait.

5. "This fair young girl, my sister, my darling and my pride,
My only love from childhood there; I love none else beside;
I love her as a brother should and shield with a father's care;
I have tried in grief and sorrow her gentle heart to cheer.

6. "When our country was in danger, we called for volunteers
She throwed her arms around my neck; her eyes flowed over with tears,
Saying, 'Brother, darling brother, drive those tyrants from our shore,
Though my heart it needs your prison, but our country needs you more.'

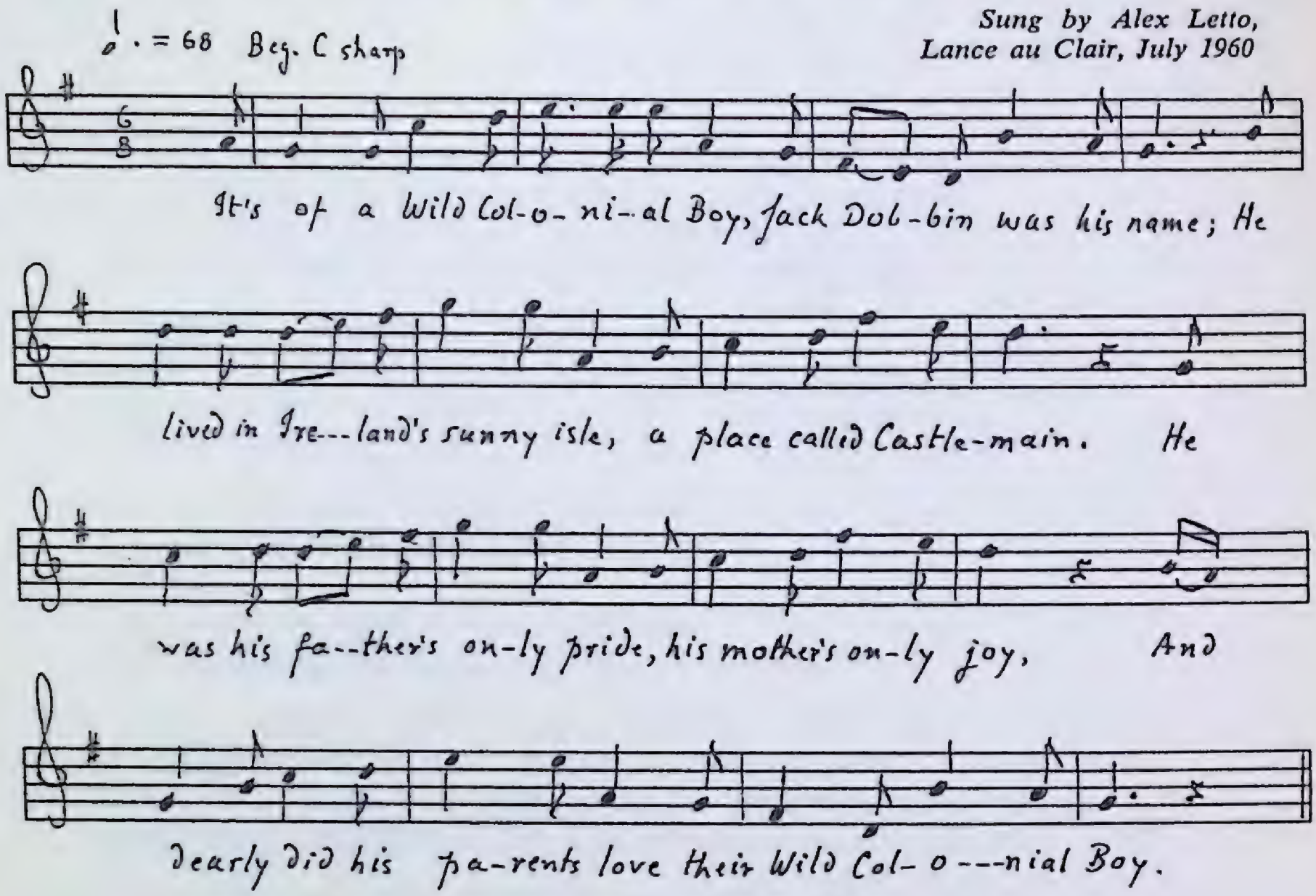
7. "'Tis true I love my country; I've given it my whole;
If it wasn't for my sister, I would be content to fall,
But comrades, I am dying here; I'll never see her no more,
Though I know she waits my coming, what more can I do?

8. "I've no father, for he's sleeping beneath the briny sea;
I've no brother, nor companion; there is only Nell and me;
I've no mother, for she's resting beneath the churchyard sod,
And it's many a year since her spirit went to God."

9. The sun was setting in the west and spread the grass green ray
In the branches of the forest where the wounded soldier lay,
His knapsack for a pillow and a musket on his breast,
Far from his dear old England's home, they laid him down to rest.

This is one of the many dying soldier (sailor) songs that followed in the wake of "Bingen on the Rhine." It is unique in the absence of a sweetheart to whom the last message is sent.

54 The Wild Colonial Boy



1. It's of a Wild Colonial Boy, Jack Dobbin was his name;
   He lived in Ireland's sunny isle, a place called Castlemain.
   He was his father's only pride, his mother's only joy,
   And dearly did his parents love their Wild Colonial Boy.

2. At the early age of sixteen years, he left his native home,
   And to Australia's sunny isles, he was inclined to roam.
   He robbed the wealthy squires, their arms he did destroy,
   A terror to Australia was this Wild Colonial Boy.

3. At the early age of eighteen years, he began his wild career,
   With a heart that knew no danger and a spirit that knew no fear.
   He robbed the rich to help the poor and stabbed Stan McAvoy
   Who gently gave his gold up to the Wild Colonial Boy.

4. One morning on the prairie as Jack rode along
   Listening to the mocking birds, singing their lofty song.
   Up steps three mounted troopers, Davis, Crowley, and Fitzroy;
   They all turned out to capture him, the Wild Colonial Boy.

5. "Surrender now Jack Dobbin; you see we're three to one,
   Surrender in the Queen's name for you're a plundering son."
   Jack drew a pistol from his belt and wove it up on high,
   "I'll fight but not surrender," cried the Wild Colonial Boy.

6. He fired a shot at Crowley, which brought him to the ground,
   And as he turned to Davis, he received his fatal wound,
   When a bullet pierced his proud young heart from the pistol of
      Fitzroy.
   And that is how they captured him, the Wild Colonial Boy.

"The Wild Colonial Boy" has been found infrequently in America. Only one version has been published from the Maritimes (Mackenzie, p. 317). The ballad is localized in Australia and is certainly derived from the Australian ballad, "Bold Jack Donahue"; this song heroized a notorious highwayman and bushranger and became so popular that public singing of it was prohibited. When that happened, it is supposed that this generalized version emerged (For a detailed discussion of this *see* Hugh Anderson, *Colonial Ballads* (Ferntree Gully, Australia, 1955) p. 90 ff.; John Greenway, "Notes" to *Australian Folksongs and Ballads,* Folkways Records, 1950, p. 6. *See* for general bibliography, Laws II, p. 177; Barry, Maine Woods Songster, p. 63).

1.1. Jack Dobbin. Usually Dolan (Mackenzie, Davis). There was an Australian highwayman named Jack Dowling *c.* 1870.

2. The suggestion is that he was transported.

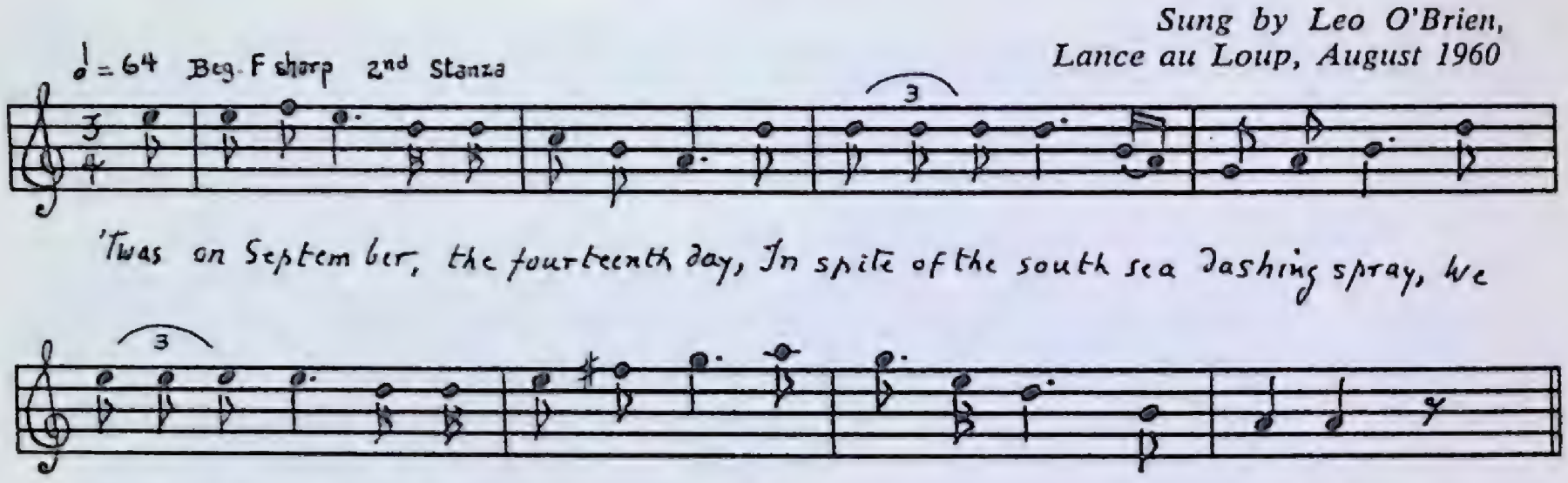
3.3. robbed the rich. Conventional outlaw ballad detail; it occurs in a number of texts but is not in "Bold Jack Donahue"—evidence that this ballad is a generalized and conscious reworking.

55

The Battle of Alma

(Heights of Alma)

Sung by Leo O'Brien,
Lance au Loup, August 1960



1. Come all you Britains, now give ear
   Unto the news I bring you here.
   It's many a's [*sic*] hero there do fear
   For sons they lost at Alma.

2. 'Twas on September, the fourteenth day,
   In spite of the south sea dashing spray,
   We landed safe on that Crimea shore,
   All on the route for Alma.

3. We spent that night on the cold damp ground;
   No tent nor shelter could be found;
   With the rain we all got nearly drowned;
   It cheered us for the Alma.

4. Next morning a burning sun did rise
   All in the cloudless eastern skies;
   Our general, old Lord Rechlin [Raglan], cried:
   "Prepare, prepare the march for Alma."

5. When we the battery came in view,
   It would the stoutest heart subdue,
   To see the mighty Russian crew
   Camped on the heights of Alma.

6. When we the battery tried to gain,
   The balls did fall as thick as rain,
   And many's [*sic*] the hero there was slain,
   Trying to conquer Alma.

7. When we the battery did command,
   We fought the Russian hand to hand;
   The Russian first could not withstand
   The British charge at Alma.

8. To Sevastapol the Russian fled.
They left their wounded and their dead;
The rivers that day ran crimson red
With the blood was spiit at Alma.

9. Between the wounded and the dead
The Russians lost eight thousand men,
And had five thousand prisoners taken,
All on the heights of Alma.

10. Three thousand British highlanders lay,
Which fell upon that fatal day,
And fourteen hundred Frenchmen lay
In their bloody graves at Alma.

11. It's many a pretty girl do mourn
For the love of her true lover is gone from her,
In that cruel war is gone from her
And his body lies at Alma.

12. So friends and England hand in hand,
What power in earth can they withstand;
Go spread the news throughout the land;
The victory's gained at Alma.

This was a very popular song in Newfoundland. I have several versions from here and there over the Island. The Crimean War and the Napoleonic wars were widely celebrated in song; this one is the 'theme' song of the Crimea as "The Plains of Waterloo" was for Waterloo. The "Heights of Alma" was a street song, picked up for songbooks and popular press; it was always a 'catch,' not in Scotland alone, but all over Britain, for many years after the Crimean War. Many thousand copies of it in broadsheet form must have been sold (*See* Robert Ford, *Vagabond Songs of Scotland,* 2nd ser., p. 76. For full bibliography *see* Laws II, p. 133; *Curiosities of Street Literature,* ed. Charles Hindley, London, 1871, p. 101).

The version in Ford is more literary, longer, and probably closer to the broadsheet source than most texts (nine eight-line stanzas). The Mackenzie text is eight four-line stanzas but with a four-line refrain, the last two lines of which vary with each stanza.

Sing tantinaray ri til di day (bis)
To these few lines I've brought you here
The victory gained at Alma.

The Creighton and the Michigan versions contain a four-line *Chorus* that does not change.

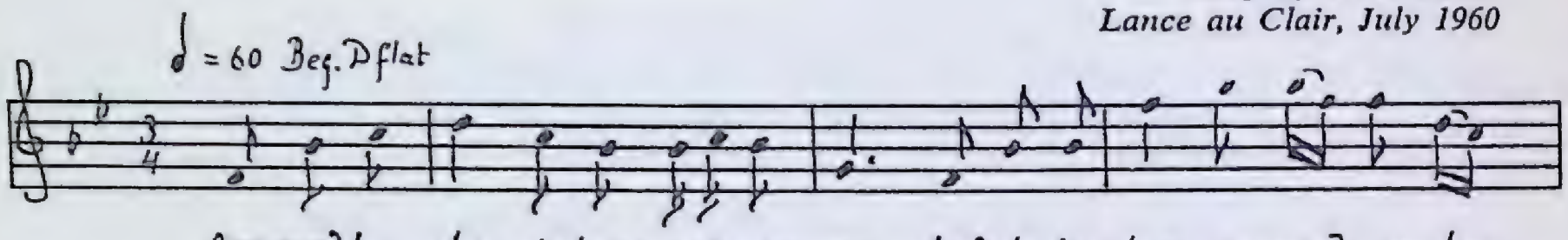
Then Britains songs may long remember
The glorious twentieth of September
We caused the Russians to surrender
Upon the Heights of Alma.

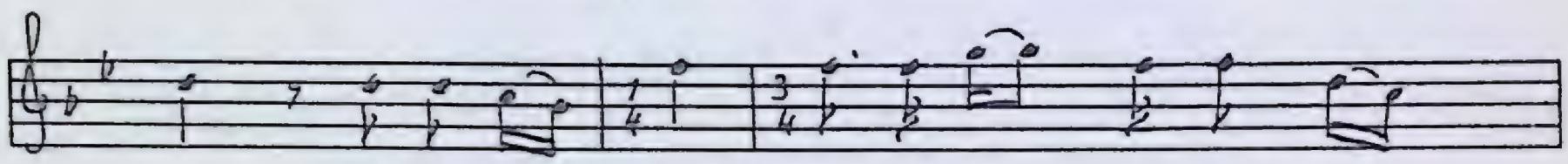
The present version is longer than all except the Scots'. Details vary, especially concerning the number lost on each side in the battle and the order of stanzas (*See* Laws II, p. 133, for bibliography, and add Mackenzie, *Quest,* p. 5).

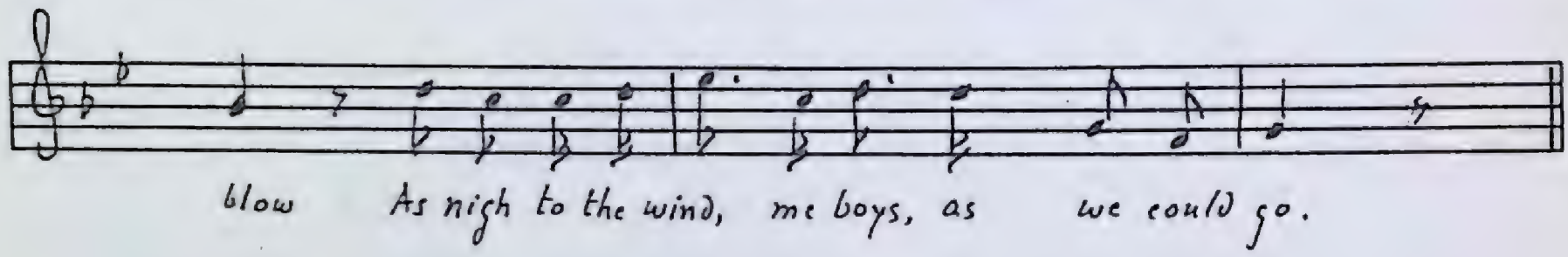
The "Marigold"

(Turkish Men of War)

Sung by Alex Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960







1. Our goodly ship, she being ready for sea,
   And to her bows carried anchors three,
   About west-northwest, me boys, the wind did blow
   As nigh to the wind, me boys, as we could go.

2. We had not sailed many leagues at sea,
   Nor many months from old England's shore,
   When we spied ten sails all of the Turks;
   Right down on us, me boys, they goodly bore.

3. "Come strike your colors, you English dogs,
   Come strike your colors unto me,
   For if you don't, your sorrow will be
   Forever more in the slavery."

4. Then up went our cabin boy,
   Until he reached the main top high;
   'Twas there he nailed King George's Cross,
   Saying under this we'll fight until we die.

5. Broadside for broadside was given free,
   From the rising sun till the going down,
   From the rising sun till the flowing tide,
   When scarce one ship she remained alongside.

6. Three were taken and three were burned;
   The other three they ran away,
   And one we towed to old England,
   To show King George that we won the day.

7. Would you like to hear of our goodly ship?
Would you like to hear the Captain's name?
He's Captain White from fair Bristow;
He sails on board of the *Martha Jane.*

This very rare, fine old song has appeared in England only twice: JFSS, 5: 167 and S. Baring-Gould, etc., *Songs of the West,* p. 227. Unless I am mistaken, only two texts have been recovered in America: Greenleaf, p. 94, and the present one. Although the American versions are the same length, they vary immensely verbally and in detail. In the Newfoundland version, the captain's name is Thomas Hare of Bristol; in the Labrador, he is Captain White of Bristol; in one English version (Baring-Gould), he is Sir Thomas Merrifield; in the other he is Captain Wellfounder. All versions agree on Bristol and all on "Marigold" as the ship's name, except the JFSS version which calls it "Royal Oak."

Baring-Gould in his note, p. 29, states that his text was recorded in 1830 from an 87-year-old man. He notes further that Hakluyt's Voyages, vol. 3, carries an account of a ship named the "Marigold" of Bristol, sailing from Falmouth for Newfoundland in 1593, and also of a "Marigold" out of Bristol sailing in 1627 with letters of marque to prey on enemy shipping. But these 'Marigolds' are too early for any of the King Georges named as sovereign in all versions. The Labrador text is unique in giving the captain a new command, the "Martha Jane."

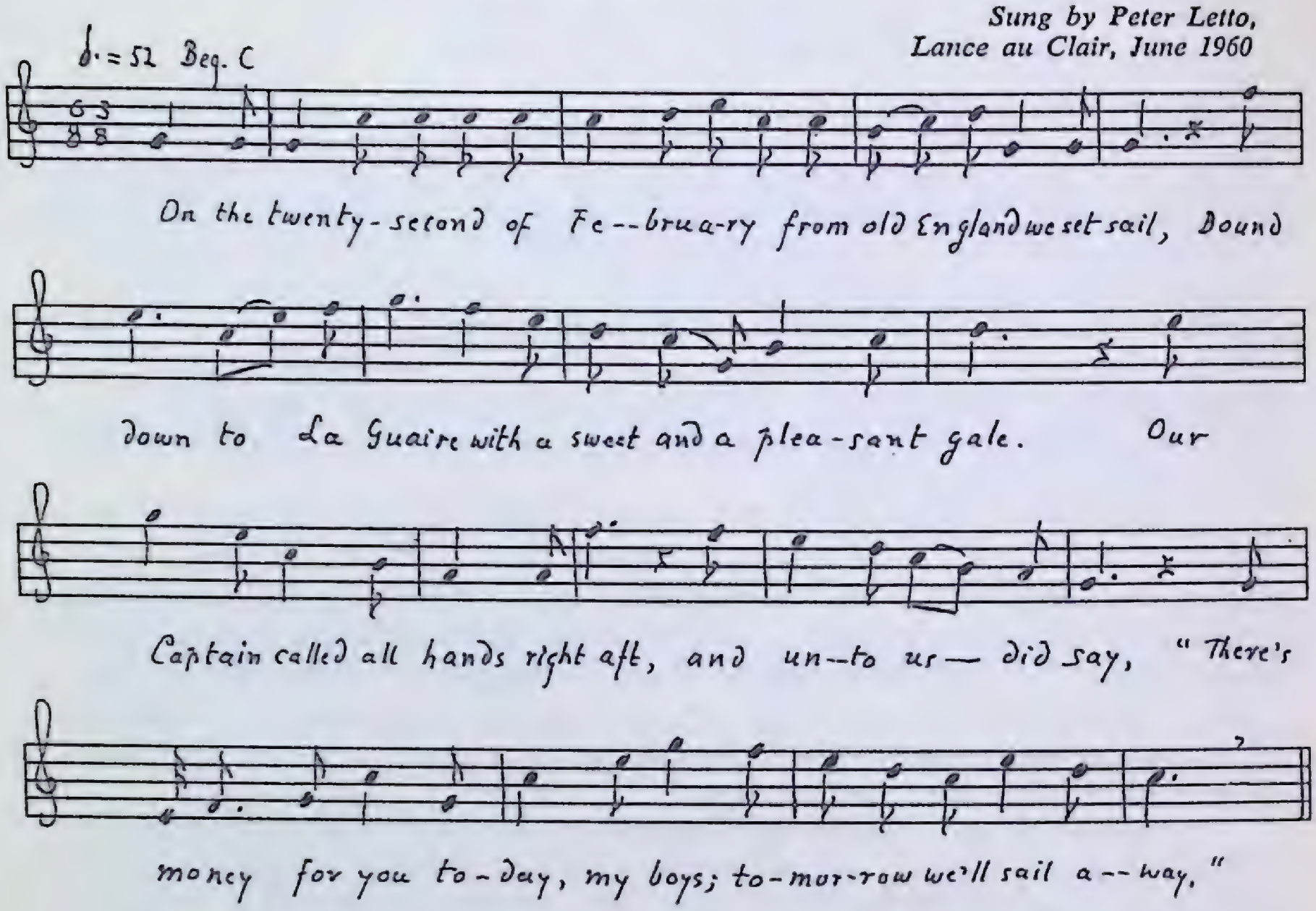
A member of the staff of the Record Office of the Admiralty (London) in answer to my inquiry reported: The reference may be to Captain Michael Mansfield mentioned in Charnock's *Biographia Navalis.* The action is probably Kempthorne's repulse of the seven Algerine ships, December 29, 1669. There was, however, no "Marigold" in the Algerine war. Kempthorne captained the "Mary Rose." It is not inconceivable that a folk singer might make "Marigold" out of "Mary Rose."

A search of the Admiralty records reveals that there was no naval officer between 1660 and 1815 named Merrifield or Wellfounder; five bear the name Mansfield, but none Thomas. A Sir John Fern captained a vessel named "Marygold," a merchant ship which sailed against Turkish pirates in 1620.

57

Bold Daniel

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, June 1960



1. On the twenty-second of February from old England we set sail,
   Bound down to La Guaire with a sweet and a pleasant gale.
   Our Captain called all hands right aft, and unto us did say,
   "There's money for you today, my boys; tomorrow we'll sail away."

2. We had not been long sailing all under Callanding shore,
   When a man from our main mast head a strange sail did adore [*sic*]
   With a black flag on her mizzen peak came bearing down this way.
   "I'll be bound she's some pirate, Bold Daniel," he did say.

3. In the space of twenty-five minutes, my boys, this pirate ranged alongside,
   With a loud and speaking trumpet, "Where are you from?" he cried.
   "*The Roaming Lizzie* we are called; Bold Daniel is my name;
   We sailed from La Guaire just under the Spanish Main."

4. "Come, back your fore main topsails and heave your ship under my lee."
   "O no, O no!" cried Daniel, "I would rather sink at sea."
   So up went their bloody flag, our lives to terrify;
   With their great guns to our small arms at us they then let fly.

5. We mounted five or six pounders to fight one hundred men,
   And when this action first begun, it was about half past ten;
   We mounted five or six pounders, our crew being twenty-two.
   In the space of twenty-five minutes, my boys, those pirates cried,
   "Mirbleu."

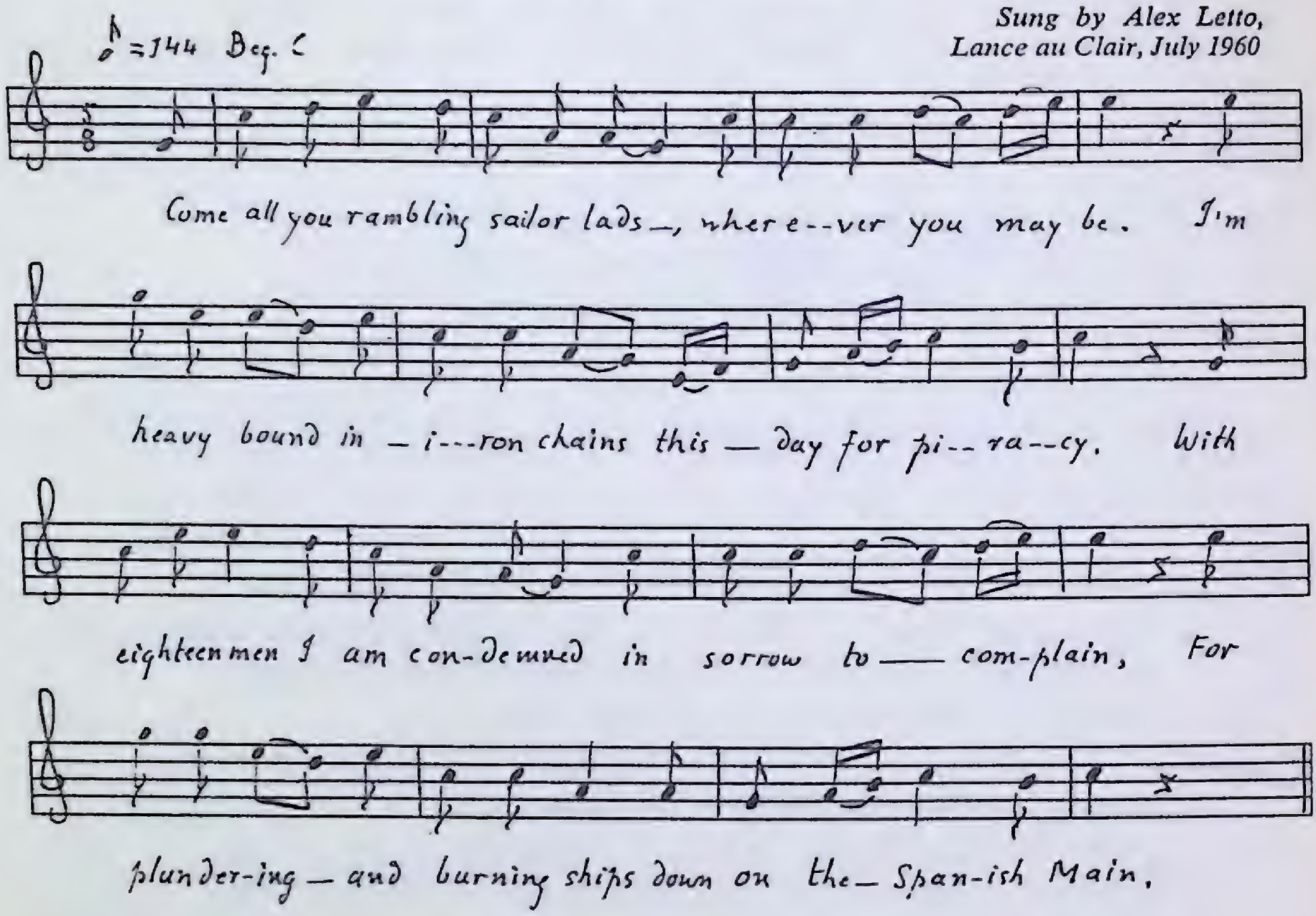
6. So now we fought em and taken rich prize all under Callanding shore,
   A good old place in America; we named it Baltimore.
   We'll drink success to Daniel; likewise his jovial crew
   Who fought and bet those pirates with his noble twenty-two.

This song, also called "The Roving Lizzy," "Bold Daniels," is rare in tradition. All known texts in America seem to come ultimately from Maine. The present text is much shorter than the others: six four-line stanzas vs. seven eight-line ones. The ballad gains by this compression (*See* Laws II, p. 158, for bibliography).

1. twenty-second of February: fourteenth day of January.
2.1. Callanding shore: Callao shore. Two stanzas are telescoped in the present text, resulting in the meaninglessness of *did adore*.
3.1. twenty-five minutes: three or four hours.
5.1. five- or six-pounders: four six-pounders.
5.4. twenty-five minutes: an hour and a quarter.
pirates cried, mirbleu: pirates we did subdue.
Mirbleu?: Mordieu (an oath or expletive = God's death).
6.1. Callanding: Columbia.

The "Flying Cloud"

Sung by Alex Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. Come all you rambling sailor lads, wherever you may be,
   I'm heavy bound in iron chains this day for piracy.

2. With eighteen men I am condemned in sorrow to complain
   For plundering and burning ships down on the Spanish Main.

3. When I was young and handsome my heart it knew no guile;
   'Twas every day I lived content; my parents on me smiled.

4. My father bound me to a trade in Waterford's fair town;
   He hired me to a cooper there, whose name was William Brown.

5. I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or more,
   Till I shipped on board of the *Ocean Queen,* bound to Valparaiso's shore.

6. We happened in Valparaiso to fall in with Captain Moore;
   He commanded the clever *Flying Cloud,* sailing out of Baltimore.

7. I hired for to sail with him on a slaving voyage to go
   To the burning shores of Africa where the sugar cane do grow.

8. We soon tossed over the raging main and reached that alien shore.
   Five hundred of those poor men from their country's home we tore.

9. We dragged the bodies to our deck and shoved them down below,
With eighteen inches to a man was all we had to stow.

10. We hove our anchor, put to sea, our cargo all of slaves;
It would have been better for those men if they'd went into their graves.

11. The ague fever came on board, swept half of them away;
We hoisted out their dead bodies and threw them in the sea.

12. We soon tossed o'er the raging main and reached that southern shore;
We sold them to a cooper there to be slaves forever more.

13. Now when our money was all spent, we came on board again,
And Captain Moore got us on deck and said to us, his men:

14. "If you'll agree, my burly lads, and still with me remain,
There's gold and silver in the seas I'll show you how to gain."

15. They all agreed, excepting five who told us them to land,
Two of them were Boston men, two more from Newfoundland.

16. The other being an Irish lad belonging to Traymore;
I wish to God I'd joined those men and landed safe on shore.

17. We robbed and plundered many a ship down on the Spanish Main,
Left many a widow and orphan child in sorrow to complain.

18. To toil in rice and sugar cane beneath the scorching sun,
To drag away their wretched life till their career was run.

19. The *Flying Cloud* was a clipper bark, five hundred tons or more;
She could easily sail round any ship, sailing out of Baltimore.

20. I've often seen that goodly ship with the wind right aft her beam
With her stun sails set aloft take sixteen from the reel.

21. Her sails were white as the driven snow, and on them was no speck,
With seventy-five brass mounted guns, she carried all on her deck.

22. Her iron chest and magazine stowed safely down below,
And a long Tom hung between her spars on a swivel he did go.

23. We were often chased by man-of-wars and likewise frigates too,
But to overtake our goodly ship was a thing they ne'er could do.

24. Until a Spanish man-of-war, the *Dungeon,* hove in view;
They fired a shot across our head, a signal to heave to.

25. We paid to them no answer but we run before the wind,
When a chance shot struck our mizzen-mast; we soon then hung behind.

26. We cleared our decks for action, as she ranged up alongside,
And soon upon her quarter-deck there rose a crimson tide.

27. We fought till Captain Moore was killed and thirty of his men,
When a bomb shell set our ship on fire; we had to surrender then.

28. We then were taken prisoner and into prison cast;
We were tried and found guilty, all to be hung at last.

29. You see what honor I have gained by my untimely end;
Take a warning all by my downfall; beware of the Spanish land.

30. It's adieu to my mother dear, who lives so far behind,
Likewise that charming blue-eyed girl; she still runs in my mind.

31. If I could kiss her rosy lips and press her lily-white hand,
But I own to God that I must die by the laws of the Spanish land.

32. It caused the crew to walk the plank, that hung over our ship's rail;
The saying of our captain was, "A dead man tells no tale."

This famous ballad is as well known on the Labrador as it is in Newfoundland (*See* the extensive bibliography in Laws II, p. 155, and add, Horace Beck, *The Folklore of Maine,* p. 246, for text and discussion). "The Flying Cloud" has never been found abroad except for a migratory version in Greig, though the local place-names from around Waterford, Ireland, and the story in general suggest a European origin. I have always thought that two separate ballads, one a pirate ballad and the other a slaving ballad, have been combined and given the name "The Flying Cloud" to capitalize on the fame of the famous clipper ship by that name. The best texts are all from the Maritimes and Maine.

19.2 Baltimore: Baltimore, Ireland.

27.2 Bombshell: a gunpowder bomb thrown from the rigging to the deck of the ship being engaged.

15.2. Tom Myrick, who sang this song for me at St. Shotts, Newfoundland, said that one of these men was his uncle!

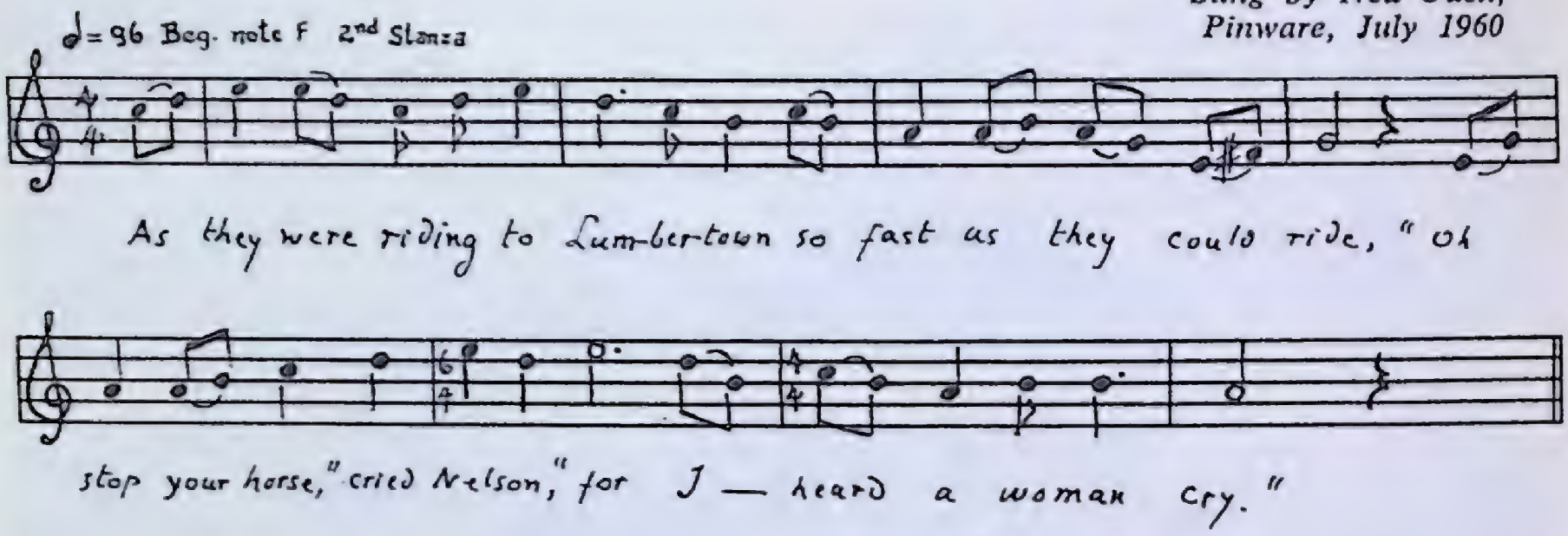
28 ff. Usually they are taken to Newgate and executed by the British for piracy; the Newfoundland texts name Havana or Spain with the Spaniards dispensing justice. The present text suggests that the Spanish captain made them walk the plank then and there. The series of adieux is not usual.

Many stretches of the coast are like this

Three Boocher Lads

(The Three Butchers)

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. It's of three gallant boocher lads, so I heard the people say:
   They was Nelson and Wilson and Johnson, and so they rode away.

2. As they were riding through Lumbertown so fast as they could ride,
   "Oh stop your horse," cried Nelson, "for I heard a woman cry."

3. "I'll not stop my horse," said Johnson, and Wilson the same replied.
   "I'll not stop my horse," said Johnson, "for you heard no woman cry."

4. This Nelson being a brilliant man, a man of courage bold,
   He searched those woods quite carefully. This woman they did behold.

5. "She is here, she is here," cried Nelson, "she is here all to be found;
   Here lies an unclothed woman with her hair pinned to the ground."

6. This Nelson got onto his horse; this woman got on behind.
   Then she put her fingers in her ears and gave three dismal yells.

7. When out sprang eleven young swaggering blades with weapons in dere hands,
   And boldly up to Nelson and bid him for to stand.

8. "I will stand, I will stand," cried Nelson, "I will stand while I can,
   For never yet in all my days did I run from any man."

9. This Nelson, he being a brilliant man and his bullets he did let fly;
   Out of the eleven he did knock seven down on the ground did lie.

10. While he was capturing the other four, dis woman he did not mind,
    When she pulled a dagger from his belt and pierced him to behind.

11. "I must fall, I must fall," cried Nelson, "I must fall all to the ground,
    For a saving of this woman's life gave me my deadly wound.

12. This woman she being a brilliant woman, she was burned . . .
    For the murdering of the finest 'boocher' that ever trod English ground.

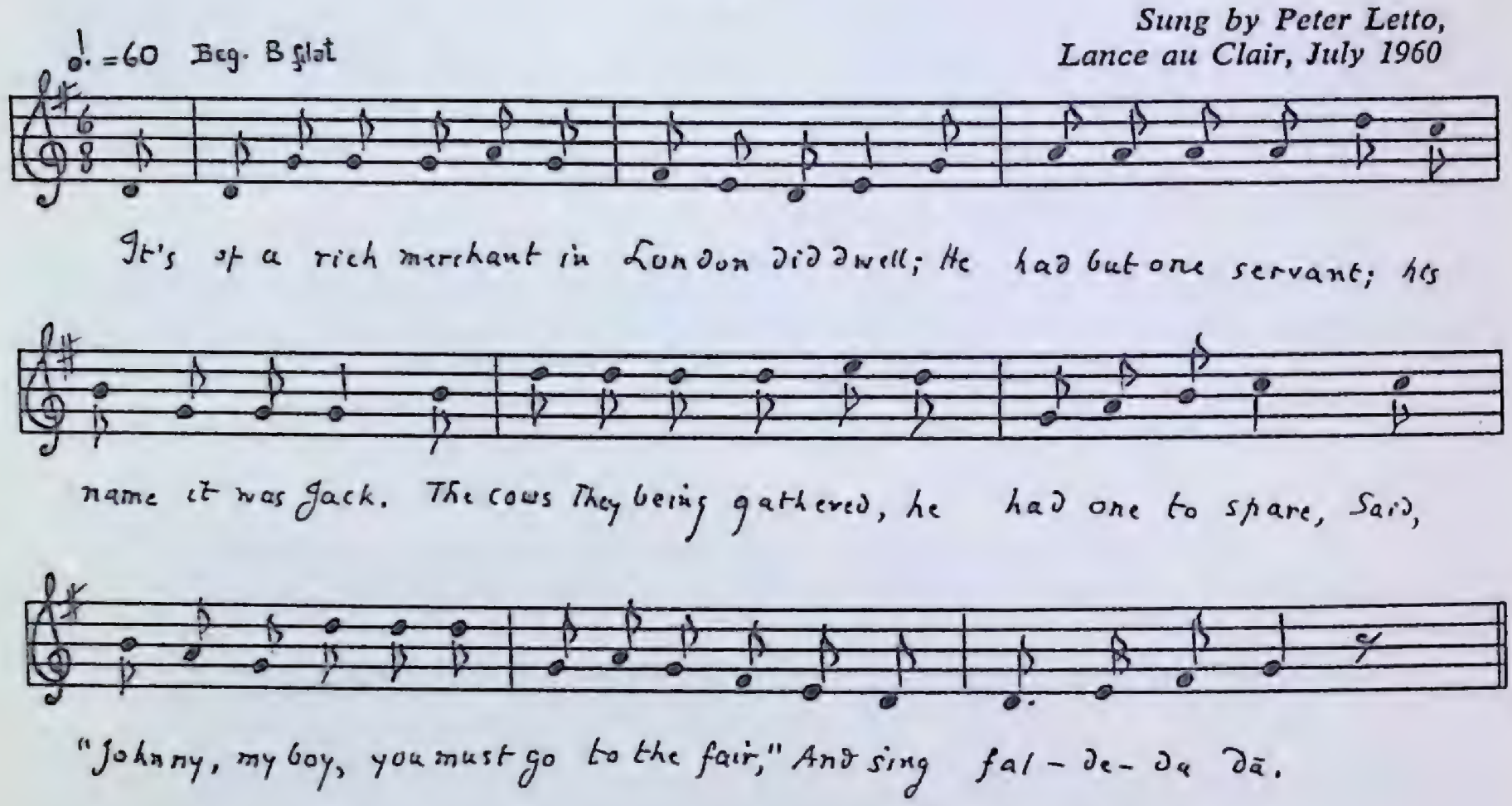
This was a very popular broadside piece, and as a result many versions exist in tradition both in Britain and America. The general tendency has been to shorten the ballad and to change the plot by having the woman punished. The original three butchers are often reduced to two, occasionally the woman is not connected with the robbers. The ballad is found as early as the seventeenth century (*See Roxburghe Ballads,* 7: 59). The present text tells the usual story except that it neglects the details of how the woman was apprehended and convicted (a boy hiding in the bushes saw all and told the authorities). (*See* Laws II, p. 166, and Brown Collection 2: 269, for detailed bibliography.)

The Yorkshire Bite

(*Jack the Cowboy*)

A

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. It's of a rich merchant in London did dwell;
   He had but one servant; his name it was Jack.
   The cows they being gathered, he had one to spare,
   Said, "Johnny, my boy, you must go to the fair."
   And sing fal de da dā.

2. Into the glaire and out through the glen,
   He led the cow out with a rope in his hand;
   On his way there met up with three men;
   He sold them his cow for sixteen pounds ten.
   And sing fal de da dā.

3. When come to an old lady, to her he did say,
   "Where shall I put my money away?"
   "Into your coat linings," to him she did say,
   "For fear on the road some robber may be."
   And sing fal de da dā.

4. On his way home came to a dark lane;
   Out jumps a robber, I'll tell you in plain,
   "Deliver your money without any strife,
   Or with this flat sword I'll take your sweet life."
   And sing fal de da dā.

5. Ripped open the lining the money fell out;
In the tall grass it scattered about.
While the robber was picking it up in his purse,
Jack made no delay, but jumped on his horse.
Sing fal, etc.

6. He yelled out; he bawled; he bade Jack to stay;
Jack made no answer but drove on his way;
Straight home to his master's house he did go.
With a bridle and saddle and value fine vow.
Sing, etc.

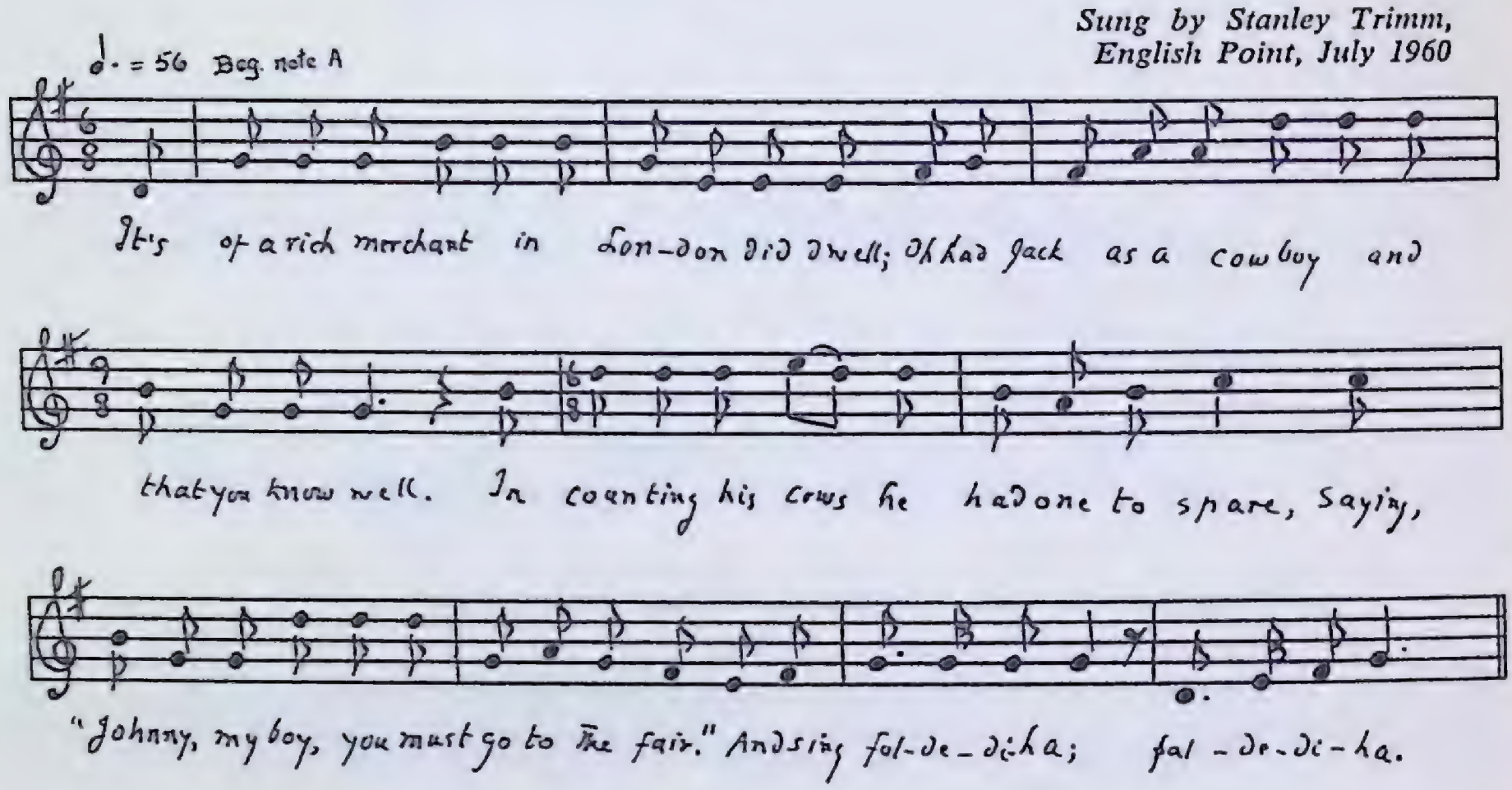
7. His master came out all in a great fuss,
Saying, "Johnny, my boy, you have turned to a horse."
"O master, O master, your cow I have sold,
And I have been robbed by the diamonds and gold."
Sing, etc.

8. Ripped open the saddle and there to behold
Five thousand pounds of silver and gold,
Besides two brass pistols and a value fine vow.
Saying, "Johnny, my boy, you have well sold my cow."
Sing, etc.

9. Now for your brave and honorable day
Half of this money will come to your pay,
Besides my own daughter to be your sweet wife,
And you may have her all the days of your life.
And sing, etc.

B

Sung by Stanley Trimm,
English Point, July 1960



1. It's of a rich merchant in London did dwell;
   Oh had Jack as a cowboy and that you know well.
   In counting his cows he had one to spare,
   Saying, "Johnny, my boy, you must go to the fair."
   And sing fol-de-di-ha; fal-de-di-ha.

2. 'Twas out of the stable and into the pen
   Jack led the cow out with the rope in his hand.
   On his way to the fair Jack met with three men;
   He sold then the cow for fifteen pounds ten.
   And sing fol, etc.

3. Went to the landlady to her he did say,
   "Where shall I put my money away?"
   "Into your coat linings," to him she did say,
   "In case of a robber might be on de way."
   And sing fol, etc.

4. On his way home Jack came to a dark lane.
   Out jumped three robbers, I'll tell you in plain.
   "Deliver your money without any strife,
   Or else with my sword I'll take your sweet life."
   And sing fol, etc.

5. Ripped open the linings and there it fell out;
In the tall grass it scattered about.
While the robber was picking it up in his purse,
Jack made no delay but jumped right on his horse.
And sing fol, etc.

6. He bawled and he hollered and bid him to stay.
Jack gave no heed, but rode on his way.
Right home to his master's own house he did bring
The horse, bridle and saddle, a very fine thing.
And sing fol, etc.

7. His master came out all in a great fuss,
Saying, "Johnny, my boy, your cow turned to a horse."
"O master, O master, the cow I have sold
And I have been round up my diamonds and gold."
And sing fol, etc.

8. Ripped open the saddle and there it behold
Ten thousand pounds in silver and gold,
Likewise a brass pistol and he made a fine vow,
Saying, "Johnny, you have well sold the cow."
And sing fol, etc.

9. "And now for your brave and your honest day,
Half of this money will come to your pay,
Likewise my own daughter to be your sweet wife
That you may live happy all the days of your life."
And sing fol, etc.

This ballad has been popular since about the middle of the eighteenth century. Printed versions go back to 1769. The story of the good weak character overcoming the bad strong one, especially by dramatic cleverness, has unfailing appeal. After Mr. Letto sang this, there was much laughter, much comment: "He was a smart one"; "It served that old robber right"; "I'd like to have seen him when he opened them bags and saw all that gold." The plot is the same as that of Child ballad 283, and for that reason this is sometimes referred to as a secondary form of that ballad (*See* the discussion in Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads,* No. 283).

For extensive bibliography and reference to broadside texts, *see* Child, loc. cit.; Laws II, 165; Flanders, etc. *The New Green Mountain Songster,* p. 97; F. Kidson, *A Garland of English Folksongs,* p. 97; Baring-Gould, *Songs of the West,* p. 37; Sharp, *Folksongs of England,* 2: 42; Logan, *A Pedlar's Pack,* Edinburgh, 1846; Dixon, *Songs of the English Peasantry,* 1846; Greig No. XXXV, "The Crafty Farmer," 1796.

The present versions are closer to the Nova Scotia texts than are the others, but in general the Labrador text tightens up the story by compressing certain stanzas without sacrificing essential elements of the plot. It is interesting to note that the Pitts broadside is in sixteen four-line stanzas, the Nova Scotia-

Newfoundland in twelve to fourteen four-line stanzas, and the Labrador in nine.

1.1. London. Usually 'Yorkshire.'

1.5. Many traditional versions have such a refrain; there is none in the broadside.

2.1. glaire: upland field, usually with sparse vegetation.

2.4. The prices he received for the cow range from six pounds ten to our sixteen ten.

6.4. The singer insisted on this but said he did not know what it meant (Cf. 6.4B, and note 8.3B). This is a corruption of the original "and two brace of pistols the boy said, I vow."

7.4B. round up: robbed of.

Waiting for the fish, Forteau, Labrador

61 Two Little Girls in Blue

Sung by Stuart Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960

1. As an old man gazed in a photograph,
In a locket he wore for years.
His nephew asked him the reason why,
Which greatly caused him fear.
"Come listen to me, I will tell you why.
It's a story strange and true,
When me and your father to school one day
Met two little girls in blue."

Two little girls in blue, lad
Two little girls in blue
We were brothers and they were sisters,
We learned to love those two.
Two little girls in blue, lad,
One won your father's heart, became your mother.
I married the other
And we got drifted apart.

2. "The picture is one of those girls," said he,
"And to me was once a wife;
I thought she no longer loved me,
And I parted from her for life.
My false jealousy stung her heart,
A heart that was strange and true,
For two better girls in the world never lived
Than those two little girls in blue."

This was written by Charles Graham in 1893 following the pattern (and success) of "After the Ball." Stuart Letto had it from his father, Peter, who "heard a man sing it in the woods one time." It is in oral tradition in Newfoundland and Labrador (References: Randolph, 4: 338, a fuller text; Stout, p. 57; Spaeth, *Read 'em and Weep* has a note on the song and prints the chorus with the air).

62 Mary Across the Wild Moor

Sung by Abram Roberts,
Forteau, July 1960

1. One cold winter's night as the wind blew across the
   wild moor,
   When Mary came wandering with her child in her
   arms,
   Wandering home to her own father's door.

2. "Why should I leave this fair cot,
   Where once I was happy and free,
   And now doomed to roam without friends or home.
   Dear father have pity on me."

3. Her father being deaf to her cries,
   Not a sound of her voice did he hear,
   Where the watch-dog did howl and the village bells
   toll,
   As the wind blew across the wild moor.

4. Oh how must her father have felt,
   When he came to her door in the morn.
   There he found Mary dead and the child still alive,
   Closely pressed to his dead mother's breast.

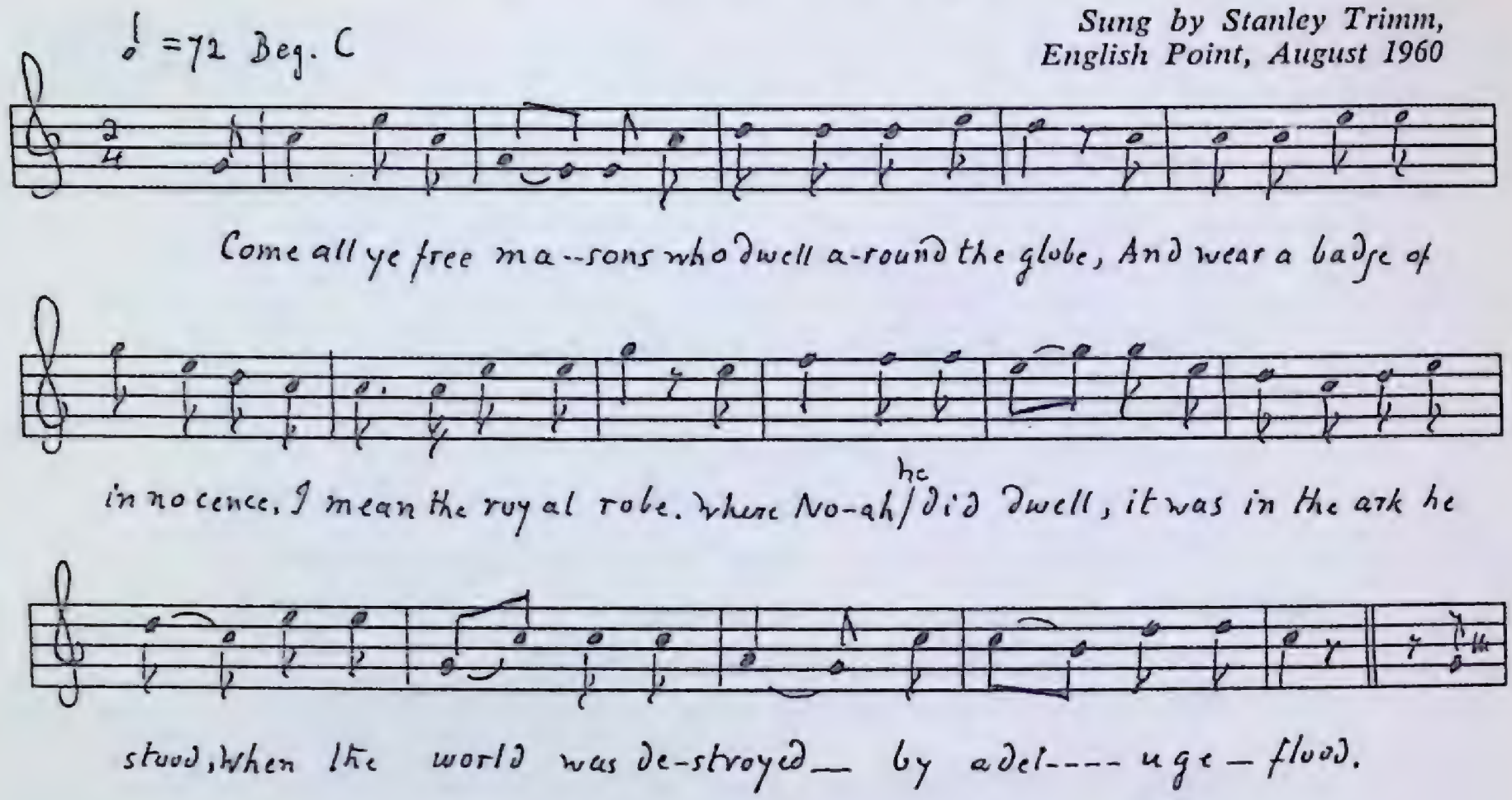
5. He tore his grey hairs, as he cried,
   While the tears down his cheeks they did roll.
   Saying, "Alas, my poor Mary has gone to her home,
   Never, never more to return."

6. The cottage is now standing there;
   Wild rose droops over the door,
   And there's nobody left to tell the tale,
   As the wind blows across the wild moor.

This was a favourite of the songsters (*see* the list in Belden, p. 207, and Mackenzie, p. 164). "Mary across the Wild Moor" furnishes evidence that in the 18th and 19th centuries it is the songster and the broadside that have accounted more for the spread and retention of songs than has oral tradition. This song is also in such collections as W. A. Barrett, *English Folksongs;* Frank Kidson, *Traditional Tunes* and his *Folksongs of the North Countrie;* Williams, *Folksongs of the Upper Thames* (For the wide dispersion in America, *see* Laws II, p. 259).

Free Mason Song

Sung by Stanley Trimm,
English Point, August 1960



1. Come all ye free masons who dwell around the globe,
   And wear a badge of innocence, I mean the royal robe.
   Where Noah he did dwell, it was in the Ark he stood,
   When the world was destroyed by a deluge flood.

2. Old Noah he being righteous in the sight of the Lord,
   He loved the free masons and he kept the secret word.
   For Noah he built the Ark and he planted the first vine,
   And his soul into Heaven like an angel do shine.

3. Oh Abraham was righteous in the sight of the Lord;
   He proved himself gracious to Jehovah's word.
   He stretched forth his hand, took a knife to slay his son,
   When an hangel appeared, saying, "The Lord's will
   be done."

4. "O Habraham, O Habraham, lay hands not on the lad;
   It's what the Lord gave unto thee to make thy heart glad.
   Thy seed shall multiply like de stars all in de sky,
   And your soul into heaven like an angel will fly."

5. Fifteen days rose de ark and we joined hand in hand,
   When God he spoke to Moses by water and by land.
   'Twas near a pleasant river in the garden we were hin,
   Where Heve she was tempted by a serpent of sin.

6. Oh, when I think on Moses, I'm near to make me blush,
   'Twas up on Mt. Zion where I saw the burning bush.
   My staff I will lay down and my shoes I'll trow away,
   Like a pilgrim I'll wander until my dying day.

7. O once I was blind, I never could see light,
'Twas first into Jerusalem I first took a flight.
They led me trou the wilderness, a wilderness of care;
You may know me by my sings and de badge dat I wear.

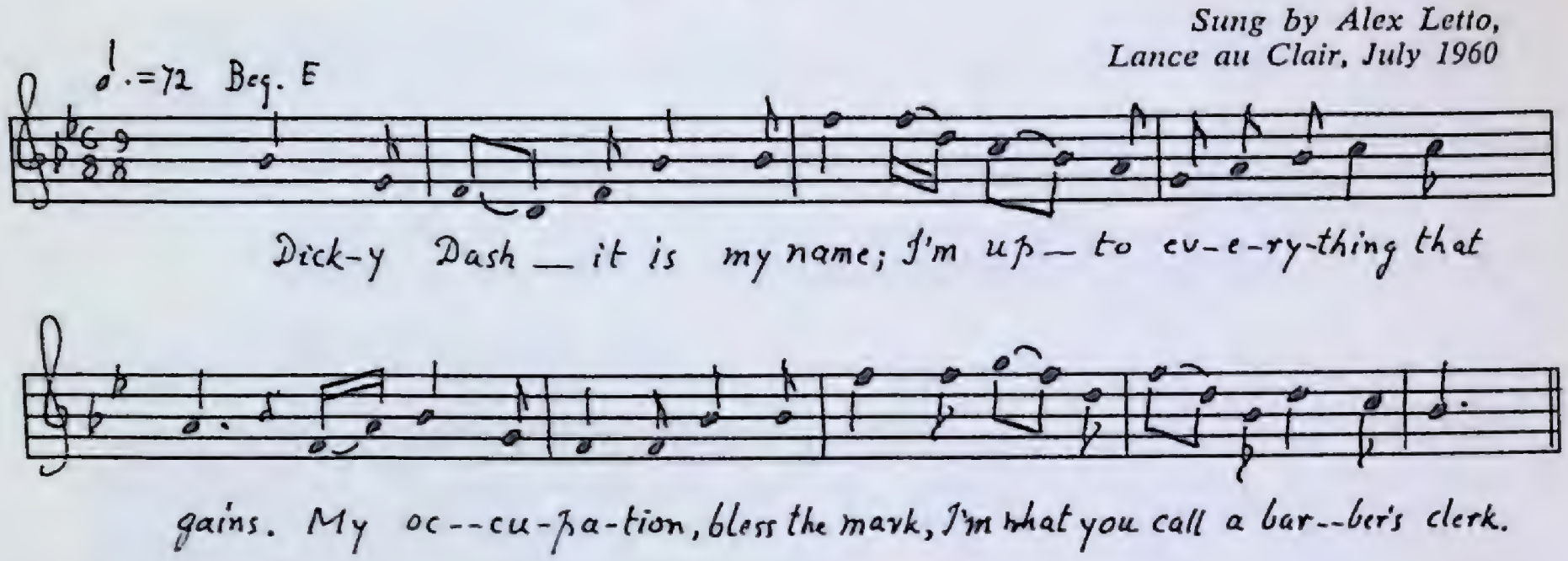
8. O never, O never, will I hear an orphan cry,
Or ever see a virgin until de day I die.
In Heaven dere's a lodge and St. Peter keeps the door,
And there's no one to enter in exceptin' they are pure.

(*Last stanza repeated*)

This is a very different song from that printed in Greenleaf, p. 226, which seems to be a song of derision, or the one in Mackenzie, "The Building of Solomon's Temple," p. 381. The last is a serious song. A number of songs survive explaining and extolling freemasonry. The present song is found with many verbal differences and various arrangements of stanzas, and with the addition of different material in several early eighteenth century collections, such as Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs . . . of England* (London, 1846), p. 39; R. Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry, The Frisky Irish Songster* (New York, 1862). This song, I think, has never before been collected in America.

Dicky Dash

Sung by Alex Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. Dicky Dash it is my name;
   I'm up to everything that gains.
   My occupation, bless the mark,
   I'm what you call a barber's clerk.

2. The daughter of an old red chief-n,
   A lucky leg struck on her knee
   I kep on spending my time with her
   In the name of a sporting bachelor.

3. One day I asked her mammy's leave,
   If she's let her go to a shilling spree.
   The old chief gave her consent;
   I kept two bobs and paid no rent.

4. But how could I go to the dance that night
   With heart so heavy and pocket so light?
   And if I should disappoint Miss Beal
   It wouldn't be what you may call genteel.

5. The devil a shirt I had but one,
   The devil a shirt and it was on.
   The shirt must go; so I pulled it off,
   And sold it for a half a crown.

6. Now I could go to the dance quite nice,
   Two shillings were the only price.
   Away I go to locate Miss Beal,
   And pulled in me stomach to look genteel.

7. The fun and frolic then that night
   Till a shawl was stolen from one Mary White
   The cry went out; the reel was stopped
   To search all damnable on the spot.

8. Now when I heard of being searched
Into a corner myself I perched;
But what was the use for me to hide
When the full of me tummy they then spied.

9. "O there's the thief," they all did shout,
"O don't attempt to let him out."
"O do you think I came here for the steal,
To steal on the road is more genteel."

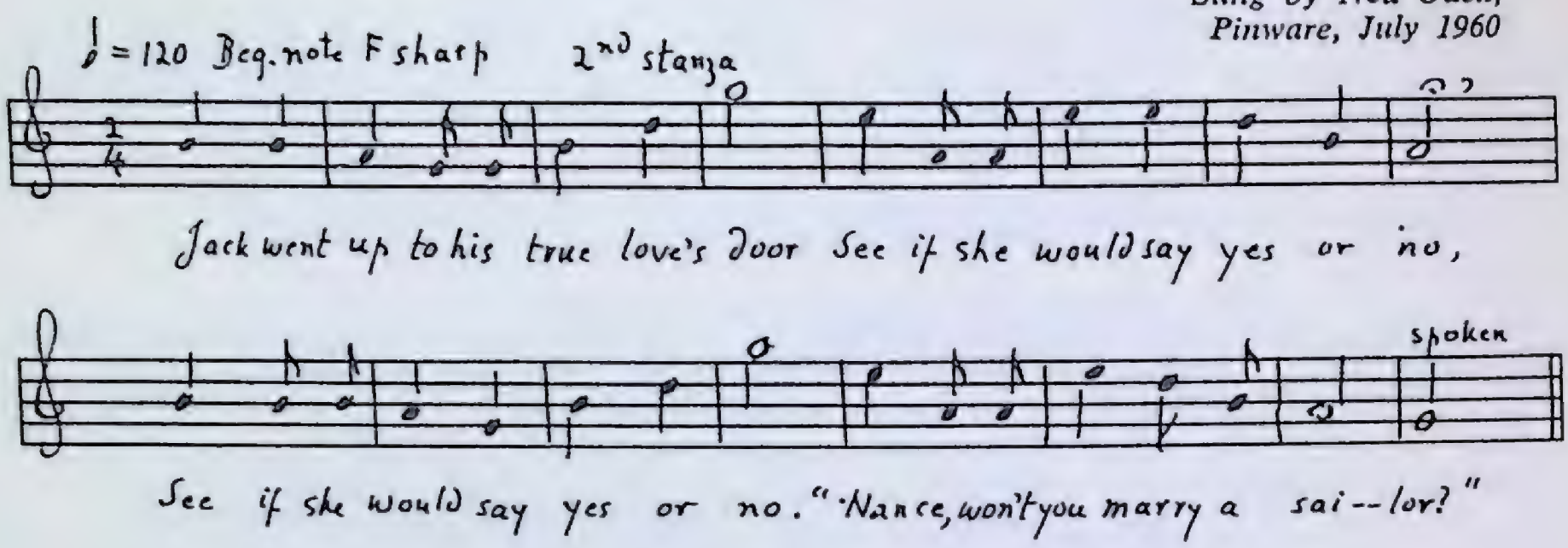
10. The boys began then me to strip
Unbutton my buttons one by one.
They took my coat and weskit off.
They left me shivering in me buff.

11. The girls did run; one cried, "Miss Arms,
Heavens, look at Dicky's front."
Miss Beal she then looked shy at me,
And wouldn't accept of my company.

12. Come all young men where ever you be,
A warning now just take by me,
To keep your feelings from getting hurt.
Don't never go courtin' without a shirt.

65 Jolly Jack

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. I'm Jolly Jack just come on shore
   You see it is my fortune,
   For I got lots of gold in store,
   Long time I plowed on the ocean.

2. Jack went up to his true love's door
   [To] see if she would say yes or no,
   [To] see if she would say yes or no,
   "Nance, won't you marry a sailor?"

3. Nance looks up all with a sigh,
   "Think I'd marry you? No, not I.
   I wants a man that's higher now,
   Sure, I won't marry a sailor."

4. Jack shoved his hand in his pocket,
   Hauled out a handfull of gold,
   Saying, "Nance, won't you marry a
   sailor bold?"

5. Nance looks up all with a smile—
   All that money her heart beguile—
   "I was joking all the time."
   "If you were joking, I was in jest;
   I see it's the money you love the best,
   So, Nance, you won't get your sailor."

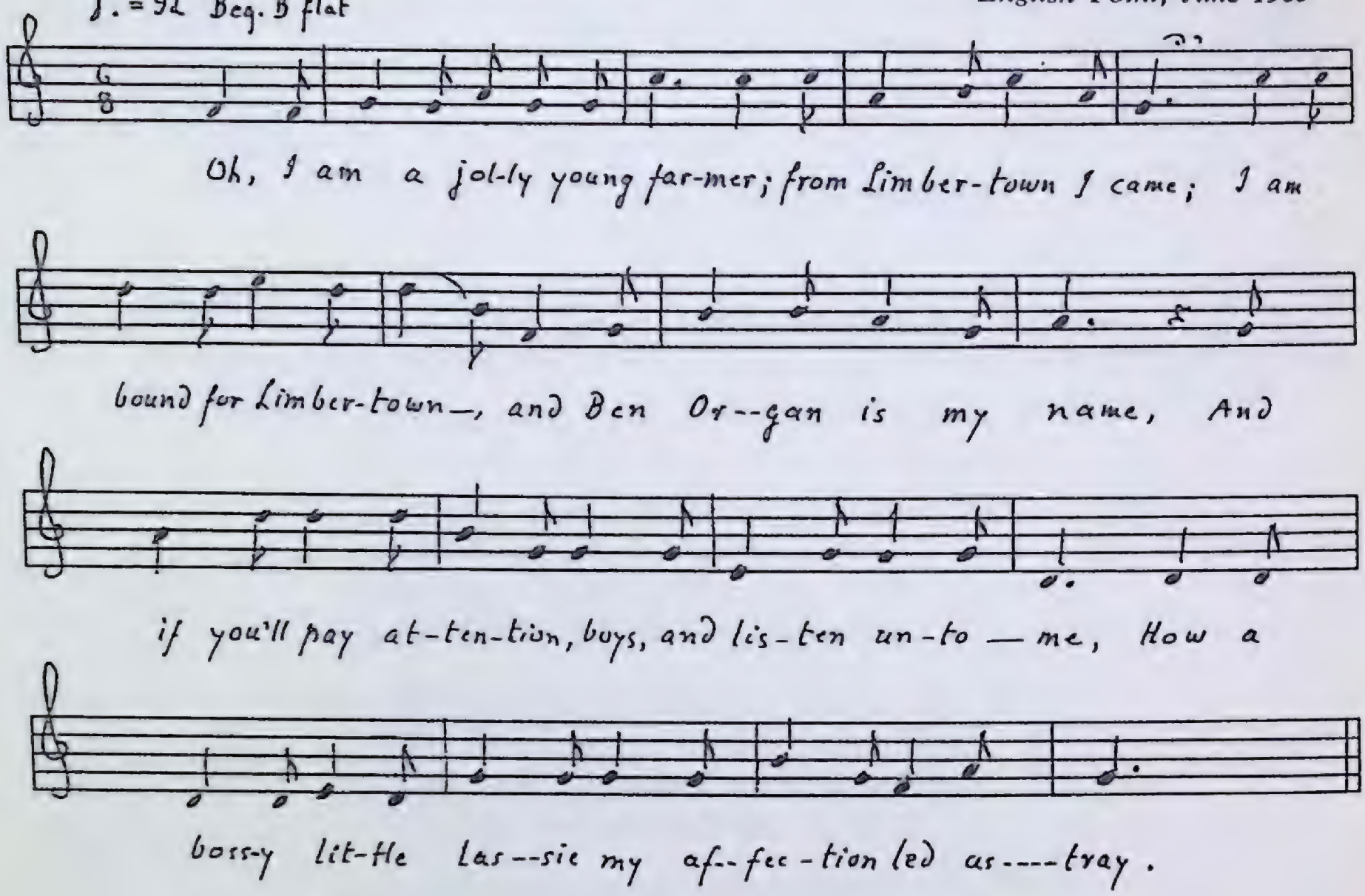
6. Jack puts up in a pub so fine—
   Lots of gold and silver coin—
   Leaving Nance a fretting fine,
   The day she refused the sailor.

This belongs to a clutch of ballads that tell of a young man, whom a girl repulses because he was poor, only to try in vain to marry him when

she finds that he is rich. "Jolly Jack" began as an English broadside and then went into oral tradition in England. It is rare in America; no text has been reported from the Maritimes (For bibliography, *see* Laws II, p. 160, and the Brown Collection, 2: 339). The Labrador text is rather close to that in the Brown Collection.

Water Creases

Sung by Stanley Trimm,
English Point, June 1960



1. Oh, I am a jolly young farmer; from Limbertown I came;
   I am bound for Limbertown, and Ben Organ is my name,
   And if you'll pay attention, boys, and listen unto me,
   How a bossy little lassie my affection led astray.

2. 'Twas on the first of April when I arrived in town;
   I had been quite a stranger there and wandered up and down,
   Till I lost myself entirely in a place I knew not where;
   In a very curious place in a corner of the square.

3. I met a fair young damsel come tripping down the way,
   So long as I remember her I'll never forget the day;
   She had some apples in her hand, a half a pint of beer,
   Some peaches and a bunch of water creases.

4. I kindly saluted her and this to her did say,
   "I'm bound for Limbertown, Miss, will you direct the way?"
   "O yes sir, O yes sir," she speedily replied,
   "Take a turn to the left, and go down the other side."

5. I smiled and I thanked her as we walked side by side;
   I thought how very nice she'd be for a farmer's bride;
   So I gave her introduction, half in hearnest, half in joke;
   Then I entered matrimony and these very words I spoke:

6. "I've a farm of forty hacres, of horses, cows and geese;
I have a little dairy, Miss, filled with butter, milk, and cheese,
And if you'll love and marry me you'll be ruler of all these,
And we'll spend our time in these and water creases."

7. "O yes sir, O yes sir," she speedily did say,
"But I have to buy a wedding hat and some little bills to pay."
So I handed her a sovereign, her little bills to pay,
And she left me with a bunch of water creases.

8. I received the following letter and I read it with surprise,
"Young man for disappointing you I mean to apologize;
Now if you takes a woman in partnership for life,
You be sure she's a maid or a widow, not a wife.

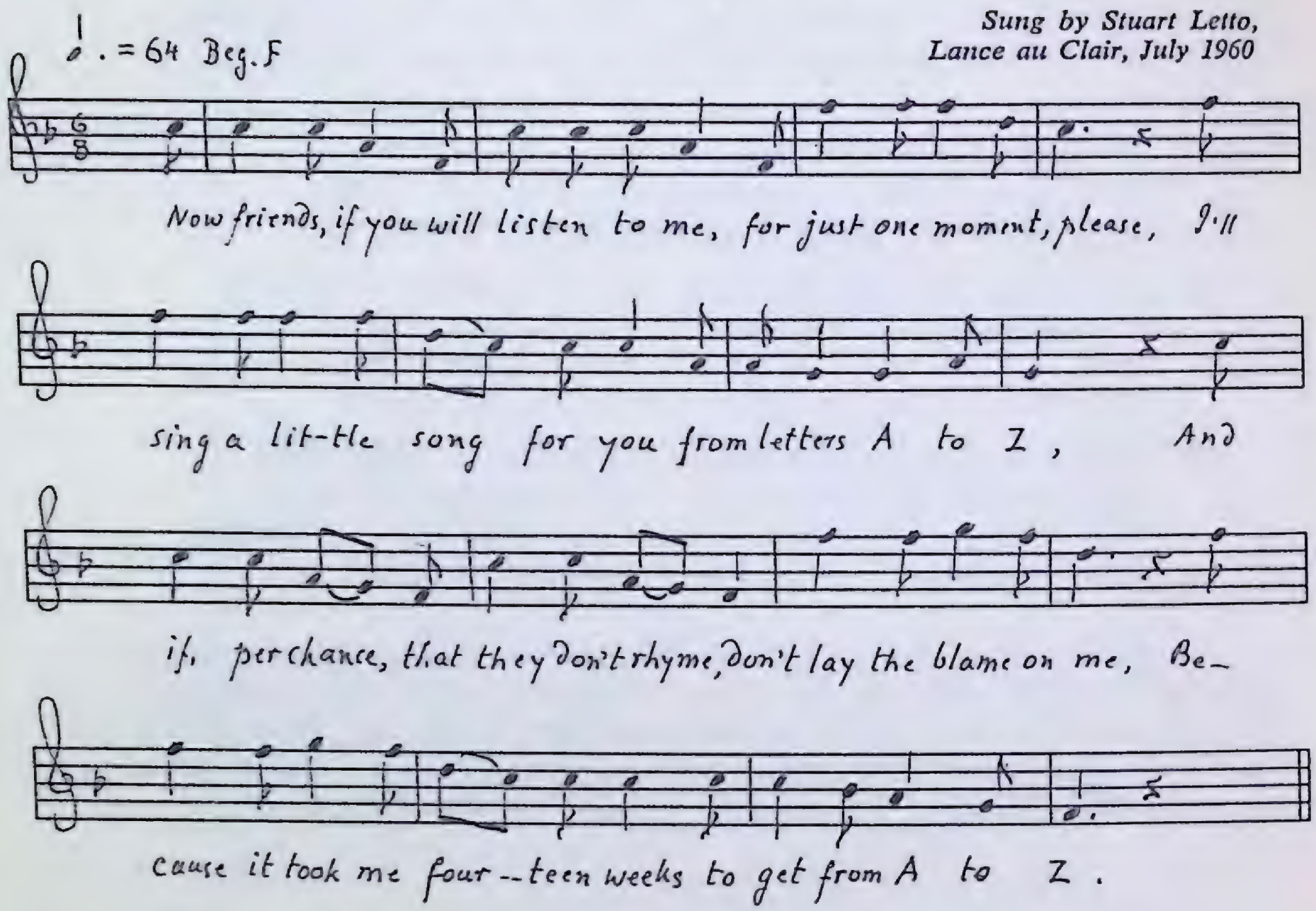
9. "I've a husband of my own, sir; his name is Willie Grey,
And when I can afford it, sir, your sovereign I'll repay,
But to think that I could marry you upon the first of May,
Sure, you must be just as green as water creases."

(*See* Gavin Greig No. 137 for a fuller version.) This song was popular in Scotland around 1900. In the Greig version the young man is Morgan, not Ben Organ; he is from Bedfordshire bound for Camberwell. He meets the girl at a dairy farm near Dunstable. There are several vendors' songs concerning water cresses, but they have nothing to do with this textually or musically.

67

Air Force Alphabet

Sung by Stuart Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



Now friends, if you will listen to me, for just one moment, please,
I'll sing a little song for you from letters A to Z,
And if, perchance, that they don't rhyme, don't lay the blame on me,
Because it took me fourteen weeks to get from A to Z.

A is for those Air Force boys, with hearts so brave and true;
B is for the Battlefield, we're bound to win it, too.
C is for our Country, lads, in hope 'twill always stand;
D is for the Duty that we pledge unto her land.

E it stands for England, a nation brave and strong;
F it stands for Freedom, the time now won't be long.
G it stands for Glory, where each shall meet his fate;
H it stands for Heat that meets them in the fiery place.

I stands for the Iron and steel to which we must cling;
J is for the Justice, lads, that it will surely bring.
K it stands for the Khaki suits our soldier boys do wear;
L is for the Lovers wait their sweethearts over there.

M is for the Many things that we must do without;
N is for the Navy lads; they guard the deep blue route.
O is for the Officers who stand first in command;
P is for the Precious lads that form the army band.

Q is for the Questioning that waits for everyone;
R is for the Round-up time, when it's too late to run.
S is for the Satisfaction we are sure to share;
T is for the Time when we will fly right over there.

U is for the Union Jack which flies so high and true;
V is for Victory; we're bound to win it too.
W is for the Wayward boys, who'll soon be homeward bound;
X is for the Kisses the girls will pass around.

Y is for the Yellow Japs, that laugh will be on them;
Z is for the Zefry lines that we won't need again.
Of all the letters in my song the one that beats them all
Is V for Victory, the letter that won't let the old flag fall.

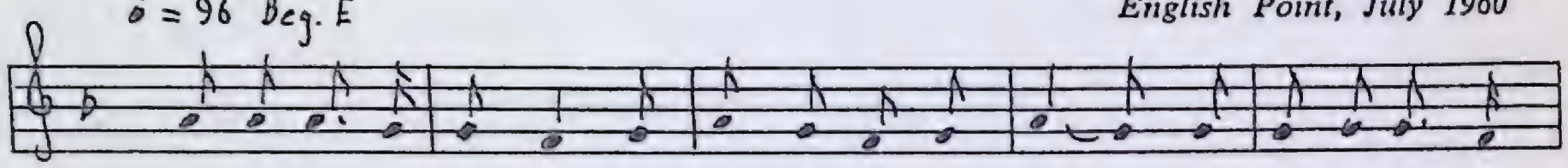
Alphabet songs and rhymes have always been very popular, especially among the folk. They occur among the English as far back as the Middle Ages. At first, alphabet songs were mnemonic devices to teach the alphabet. "A is for Apple" was the beginning of the famous one in the old primers. Some were cumulative and developed a connected sequence of action. Very popular in New England and the Maritimes were "The Sailor's Alphabet" and "The Lumbermen's Alphabet." These songs enumerated tools and techniques characteristic of their crafts. The one commonly began "A is for Anchor," and the other "A is for Ax." There is much variation in the alphabet songs, for it was easy for a singer to make a change anywhere; they usually kept such songs current by inserting new names as they occurred. It took considerable ingenuity to fit a verse for each letter, especially towards the end of the alphabet. Some end with a confession of failure such as:

XYZ, these last few letters I can't put in rime,
So fare you well, darling, I'll tell you in time.
The train's at the crossing; the whistle do blow,
So fare you well, darling, to the woods I must go.

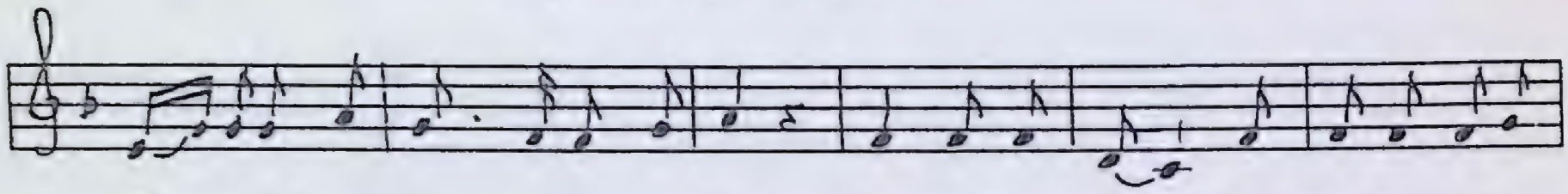
This song and the one that follows are based on the old alphabet songs; so tradition lives and grows. "The Air Force Alphabet," according to local singers, was composed in the Canadian Air Force during World War II; unlike the older songs, it does not use a refrain.

The Army Song

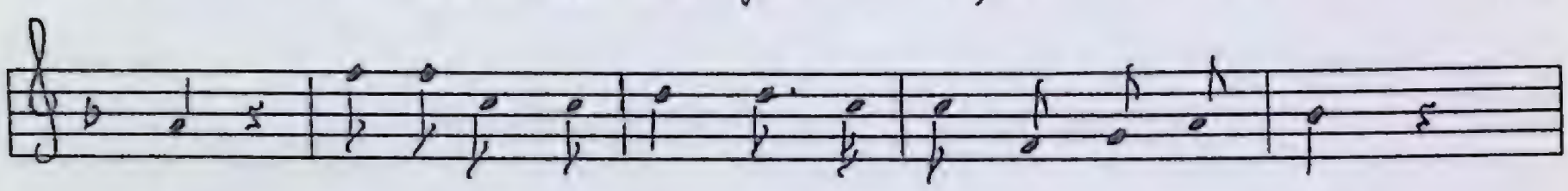
Sung by Stanley Trimm,
English Point, July 1960



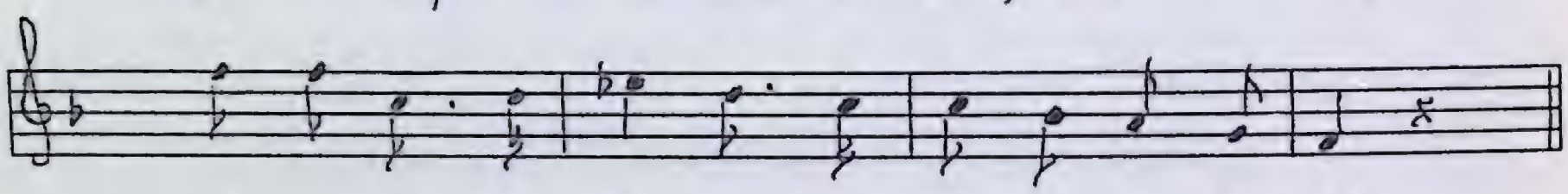
A is for the Ar--my that's not a-fraid to di---- e; B is for the



Banner and we mean to wave it high. C is for Christ who saved our soul from



hell; D is for the De--vil, a lad you all know well,



D is for the De--vil, a lad you all know well.

A is for the Army that's not afraid to die;
B is for the Banner and we mean to wave it high.
C is for Christ who saved our soul from hell;
D is for the Devil, a lad you all know well,
D is for the Devil, a lad you all know well.

E is for our Enemies who tries us to upset,
And *F* is for the Fountain and in you must get.
G is for the Gospel that preach so very plain;
H stands for Heaven; come jump on board the train,
H stands for Heaven; come jump on board the train.

I is for Ignorance in every town you see;
J is for Jesus who died to set us free.
K is for the Kingdom that's promised unto thee;
L is for the Load of sin from which you may be free,
L is for the Load of sin from which you may be free.

M is for the Mist that stands before our eyes;
And *N* is for the Number was taken by surprise.
O show Eternity because it has no hend;
P is for the Promises we mean them to extend,
P is for the Promises we mean them to extend.

Q is for the Queer folks who says there is no hell;
And *R* is for the Right folks who know their souls are well.
S is for the Sinner that's always going about;
T is for the blessed Truth we mean to sing and shout,
T is for the blessed Truth we mean to sing and shout.

U is for Unity; we have it in our band;
And *V* is for Vanity; sure that will never stand.
W is for William, the lad got saved from Hell,
And if you come, fall down at the X you will get saved as well.
And if you come, fall down at the cross you will get saved as well.

Y is for You and I hope you all will know
Z is for the zig zag road that leads to pain and woe.
A and stands for something, whatever it may be,
But the name of this peculiar song is the Army A B C,
But the name of this peculiar song is the Army A B C.

This is the title the Labrador singers give this song; it is the Salvation Army Alphabet. Several Labrador singers knew it but could tell nothing of its origin beyond the common belief that it was over fifty years old. I have not been able to locate it in published form. The music director of the Salvation Army has no record of this song.

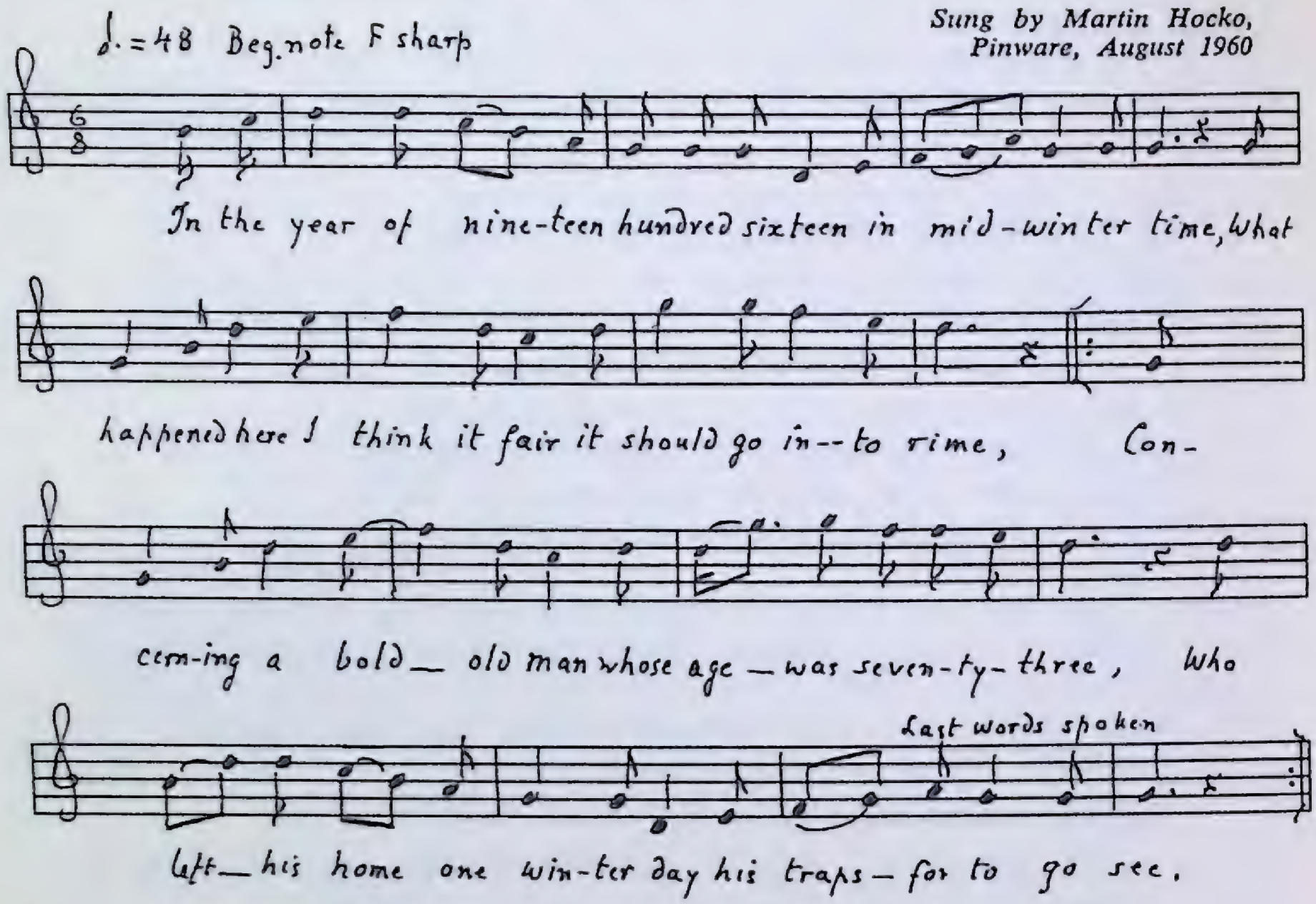
Z pronounced zed.

A and: ampersand. The old alphabets usually ended with A *per se*. These two characters suggest that the song is British.

69

Carcasho

Sung by Martin Hocko,
Pinware, August 1960



1. In the year of nineteen hundred sixteen in mid-winter time,
   What happened here I think it fair it should go into rime,
   Concerning a bold old man whose age was seventy-three,
   Who left his home one winter day his traps for to go see.

2. But when returning home again, sure cloudy came the day,
   Which caused this brave old hero for to stray and lose his way.
   O'er hill and plain he wandered long to find some sheltered spot,
   To spend the long and dreary night behind some tree or rock.

3. But fortune it proved kind to him as night was coming on;
   He got into some brushwood that grew beside a pond.
   'Twas there that night he had to fight—if what I hear is true—
   With Labrador's wildest beast the savage carcasho (carcajou).

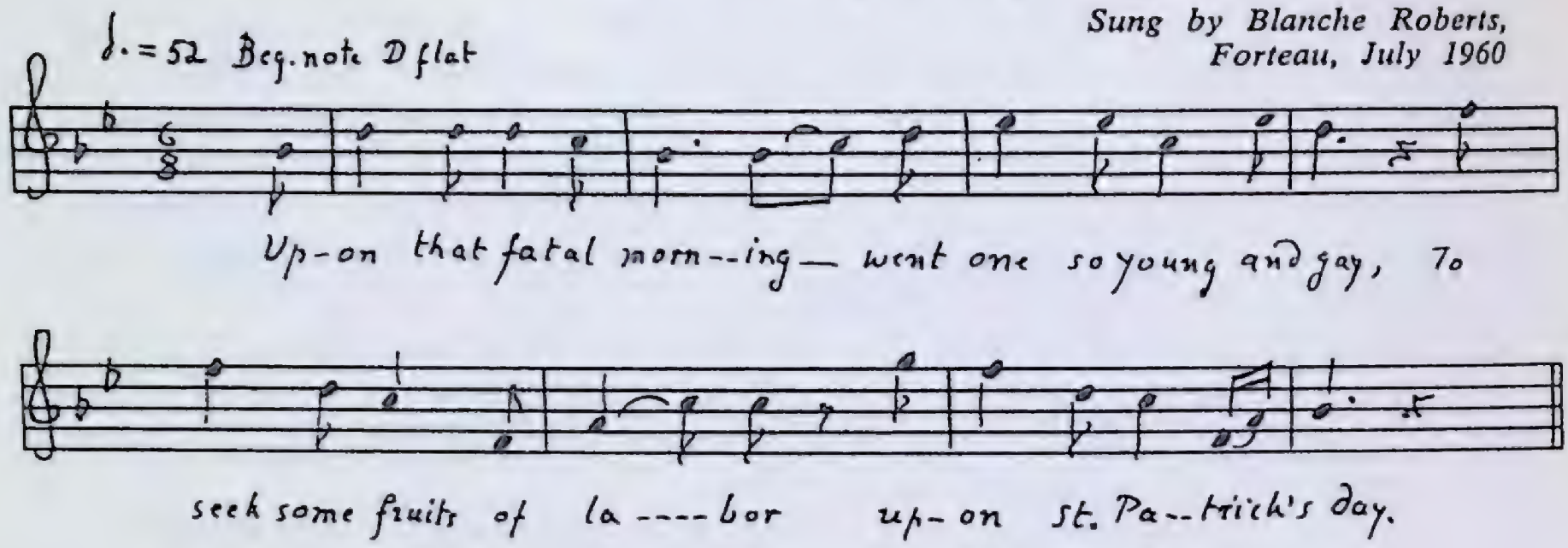
4. Next day the search gang found him as he sat there alone.
   They put him on their native sled and took him to his home.
   Now to conclude and finish there is one thing don't forget,
   He is a French Canadian; his native place Lelette.

This is a local song composed immediately after the event it celebrates. According to the singer, this song has remained unchanged from the beginning. The singer was able to add a bit to the story the song tells. The 73-year-

old man had a string of traps in the country, about thirty miles. He'd go in regularly to tend them. On this day he lost his way in the gusty snow storm that set in and, as the song tells, found shelter in a brush thicket; there during the night the fight with the wolverine took place. The wolverine is the largest member of the weasel family; it is ferocious and smart, the most troublesome animal of the Labrador, for it robs traps of catch and bait though seldom is it caught. One wonders about the fight; the wolverine is not known to attack man except when cornered or to protect young (*See* the article and magnificent pictures in *The Beaver,* Spring 1961). The absence of detail is characteristic of local songs. Everyone knows the story, and consequently the narrator is inclined to evoke the situation through an allusion or hint rather than dramatic build-up through details. *Carcasho, carcajou* is French Canadian for wolverine.

The Droving Song

Sung by Blanche Roberts,
Forteau, July 1960



1. Upon that fatal morning went one so young and gay,
   To seek some fruits of labor upon St. Patrick's day.
   He left his home that morning in vigorous youth and bloom,
   But little did he ever think he was slipping to his doom.

2. He left his home that morning to join his comrade friends
   Without a thought of warning of how the day would end.
   As time seemed weary walking, one's courage seemed to lack,
   Came a time of their departing and he was turning back.

3. As the daylight of the evening was a-settling in the west,
   When weary, worn-out travellers return to home and rest.
   His loved one still was watching, waiting for his return
   With anxious fears which caused the tears upon her cheeks to burn.

4. A search went out that evening; their hearts beat strong and fast
   Upon the snow his tracks were marked until they reached the last.
   They called aloud but no resound or echoes answered back,
   But there unreached beneath them he lay silent in the crack.

5. As they approached him nearer, their hearts were strong and brave,
   And there they saw his snow-white form down in the watery grave.
   As each put forth their efforts then, all lighted by the moon,
   They drew him on the snow-white bank and bore him to his home.

6. There was no one there to help him nor hear his silent moan,
   No one to lend a helping hand, nor carry the tidings home
   To his loved one who was watching, waiting for his return,
   Now anxious fears which cause the tears upon her cheeks to burn.

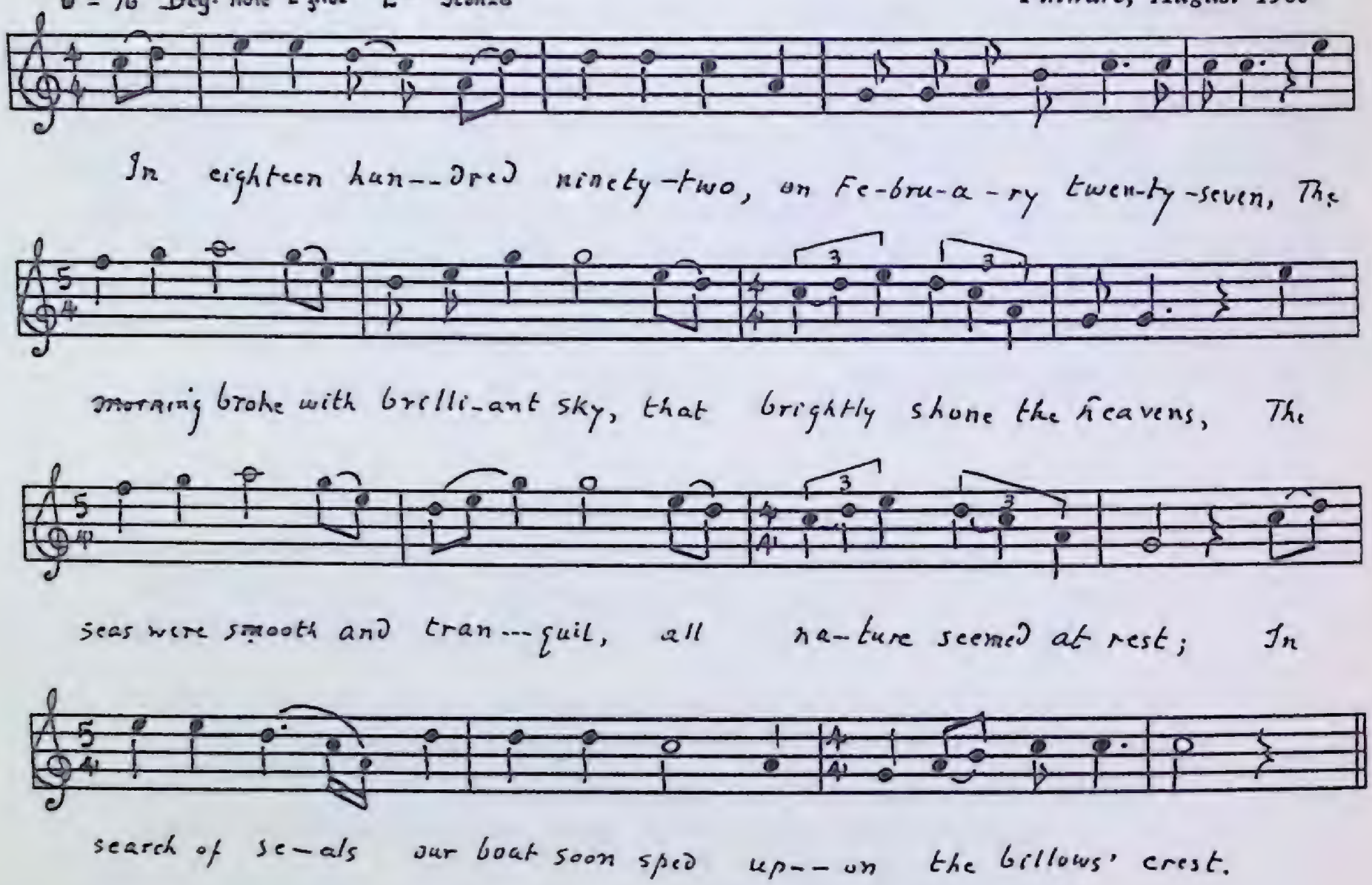
7. On the morning of his burial, of the sad and mournful day
   As the funeral bells gave warning of the dreadful tragedy
   As his companions, brothers, friends their last respects they gave
   Which duty proved to show them as they circled round his grave.

8. His toiling now is over; his work on earth is done;
We trust that he has landed on a bright and happy shore.
His sorrows they are ended; all tears are wiped away,
And he'll be well attended on that eternal day.

The only information I could get about this song is that it referred to an accident that had taken place years ago near Forteau, Labrador. A young man fell through a crack in the snow-covered ice and succumbed to cold and exposure before he was found. No one remembered his name. Blanche Roberts had the song from her grandfather, Abram Roberts (84), who has known it all his life. A song like this is not basically about the protagonist, but rather it voices the feelings and attitudes of the whole community toward the perils of woods and sea.

71 Trinity Bay Tragedy

Sung by Martin Hocko,
Pinware, August 1960



1. Ye hardy sons of Newfoundland, that tread life's rugged way,
   That know the key of many years, that now have passed away,
   Draw near while I relate you an awful tragedy
   That did befall our hardy sons down north at Trinity.

2. In eighteen hundred ninety-two, on February twenty-seven,
   The morning broke with brilliant sky, that brightly shone the heavens,
   The seas were smooth and tranquil, all nature seemed at rest;
   In search of seals our boat soon sped upon the billows' crest.

3. That morning when we left our homes and lanched (launched) out from the land,
   We little apprehended what dangers were at hand
   We bade good-bye to those we loved, as we ofttimes done before,
   Not thinking in our eager chase we'd see those friends no more.

4. Now same for to go pleasantly as we skimmed o'er the bay,
   Till bellows swole in frenzy wild and struck us with dismay.
   Our small boats reeled to wind and sleet, whilst each man plied his oar,
   With eager hopes at every stroke for to regain the shore.

5. Yet some they had succeeded in reaching of the land.
   The sight was most appalling to see that icy hand,
   Combined with frozen icicles, with gusts of wind and snow,
   That fell upon those stalwart limbs and laid their victims low.

6. What awful sound is this we hear, comes floating o'er the lea?
It is no sound of merriment; it is no revelry!
It's borne upon the northern blast across the stormy sea;
It is the cry for human help; it comes from Trinity.

7. But, alas, that help is not at hand and they are doomed to die
That awful death by freezing on cold ice-fields to lie;
No human thought can picture the anguish that they felt
Not till the vital spark had fled and life became extinct.

8. Next morning dawned with ghastly form and frowningly they looked down
On that awful ravages with corpses strewn around,
But yet there's some with frozen limbs that struggled through the night,
For their life sake one effort make and landed at Heart's Delight.

9. They left to tell the doleful tale, while kind friends gathered round,
And many a pitying glance was cast and silent tears flowed down;
One of those being the doctor's son so quickly called away
In the ocean deep in the long last sleep in the unconscious sea.

10. The mother cried in frenzy wild, her widowed hopes are o'er,
The father of her smiling babe on earth she'll see no more;
Bold death with its untimely grasp has taken them away,
Until the sea shall yield its dead on that great judgment day.

11. And may the God of mercy that died the bold to save
Extend His richest blessings to each mother and her babe,
And may they bow submissively unto His holy will,
For He is the great Omnipotent that bids the sea be still.

This ballad describes a sea disaster that took place in Newfoundland in 1892. By way of contrast and explanation I append an account of the tragedy as written by a historian, D. W. Prowse, and printed in his *History of Newfoundland* (London, 1896), p. 520.

> "Saturday, the 28th of February 1892, is a dark day in the annals of Trinity, a day to be remembered and mourned. The morning sky ushered in a lovely dawn, the sky was clear, a soft, bright, balmy air blew from the land over the treacherous sea, the light breeze scarcely ruffled its bosom. From Trinity and every harbour adjacent, boats were out by early dawn in pursuit of seals, which had been seen the previous evening. From Trinity, Ship Cove, Trouty, English Harbour, Salmon Cove, and other small places, the daring ice hunters set off with high hopes and buoyant spirits to chase the wary seal; in this most exciting and dangerous pursuit the Newfoundlander recks not of danger; difficulties and perils that would affright one unaccustomed to the ice fields are mere sport to the hardy native. On this eventful day seals were few and scattered; in the fierce excitement of the chase many went far out in the bay, heedless of the coming tempest; a few of the older fishermen, especially those from Trinity, more wary, and probably less vigorous, noticed the first signs of the storm, and before the icy blast came down with full force they were under the lee of the land and could row in. Two hundred and fifteen men were out that day; the majority got safe to land after a tremendous struggle for their lives; the rest of the heroic fishermen in spite of their exertions were finally overpowered; with strong arms they rowed for their lives, but the freezing icy tornado

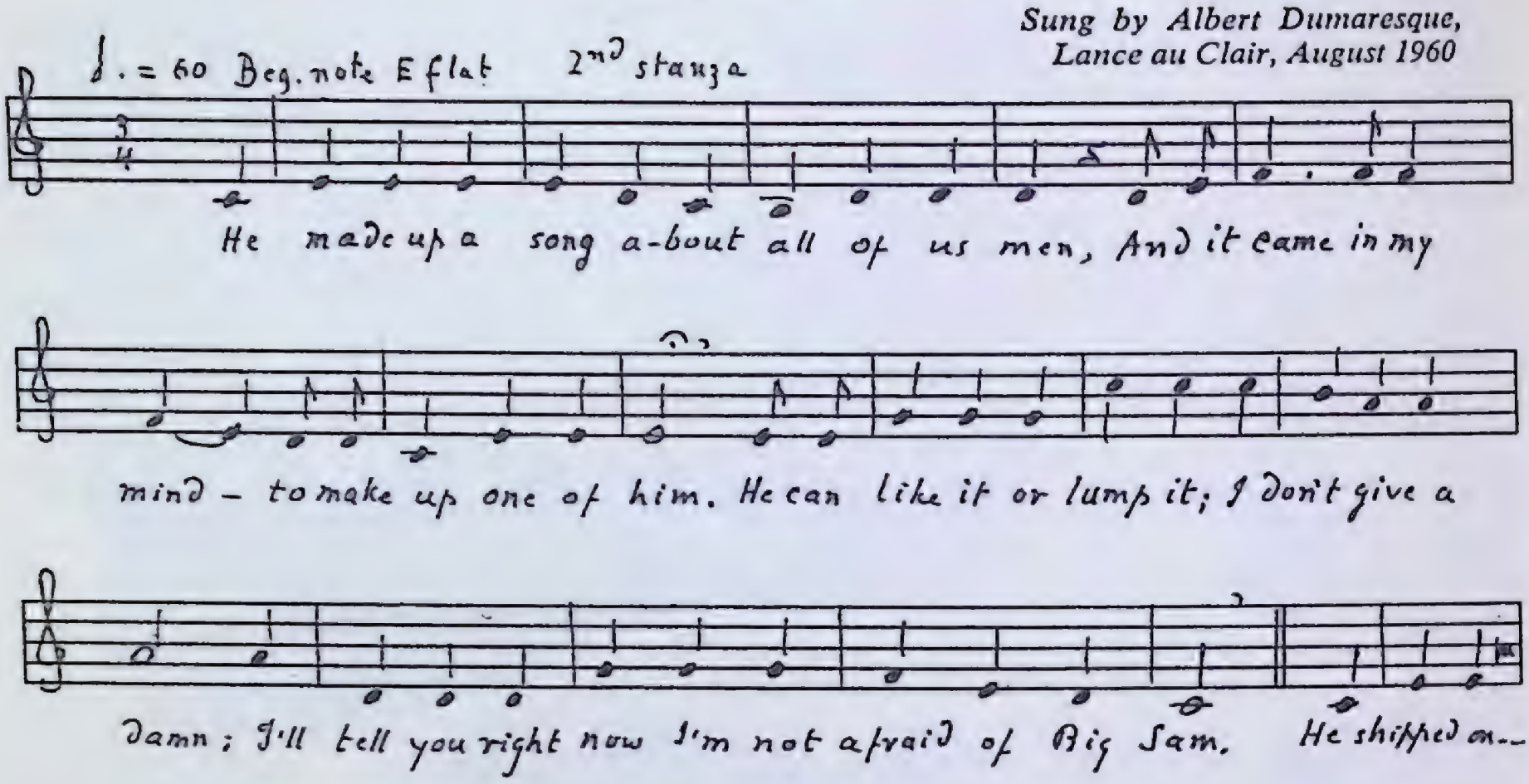
swept down upon them and paralyzed their efforts; they had done all that men could do against the blizzard; they fought with the gale while instant death appeared on every wave. One bold crew from English Harbour, seeing all their attempts to stem the tempest were in vain, made for the ice; so chilling was the blast that one young fellow became paralyzed with the cold before they reached the ice. However Newfoundlanders in a difficulty are never without resource. Thy climbed onto a pan higher than the rest, where they made a rude shelter; their boat was broken up to make a fire; with this and some seals they managed to live through that awful night. Thirteen fishermen were found frozen to death in their little punts; eleven others were driven up the bay and perished in that awful dark cold night of death . . . a gallant crew from Heart's Delight saved the sixteen men on the ice; the generous Captain Fowlow put out in the schooner and succoured some and brought them home to their agonized families. Charity flowed in to the widows and orphans . . . sympathy was called forth for the mourners, for those, alas, whose sorrow for the dead will never die, who all life long will grieve over the death and destruction of that dark day of storm."

I have quoted this at length so that the ballad may be studied against a contemporary account.

The fantastic icebergs constantly haunt the straits

Big Sam

Sung by Albert Dumaresque,
Lance au Clair, August 1960



1. If you listen to me I will sing you a song;
   It's about a young man and his name is Sammy;
   I guess you all know that he's not overgrown;
   He's got lots of gab and he lives in the Cove.

2. He made up a song about all of us men,
   And it came in my mind to make one of him.
   He can like it or lump it; I don't give a damn;
   I'll tell you right now I'm not afraid of Big Sam.

3. He shipped on the Plant the thirteenth of May,
   And started cuttin' fat the very same day.
   And that was a job that he could do well,
   The first few of days he worked to a fell.

4. He was covered with grease from cuttin' loose fat,
   And he said to the skinners I'm fed up on that,
   And not too much more before I tell Jack,
   If he won't get a helper, he won't see me back.

5. He cut up the pelts of four thousand seals,
   The more that he cuts the better he feels.
   He said, "I feel fine; I've cleaned up my iron."
   He said, "They'll soon be all cut up but I don't give a darn."

6. He talked a lot about everyone's checks;
   He figured it up on billys and digs;
   He counted on toughies a hundred to one.
   He said that he'd seen it, but he didn't say when.

7. He gets in the long boat when he's feelin' fine,
   And empties her out in a very short time,
   Gets up on the wharf and says I am through,
   And sings out to Jack for something to do.

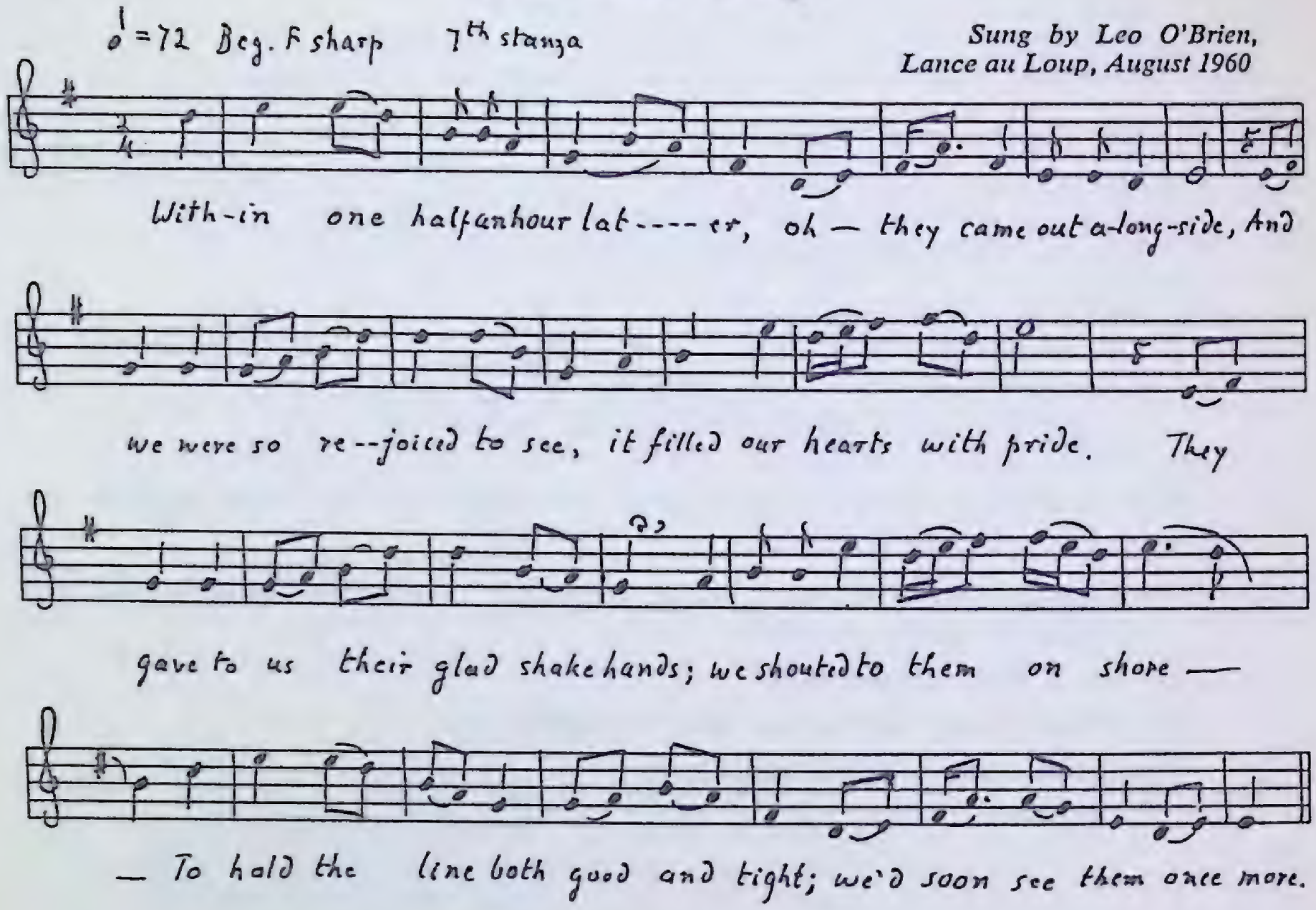
8. The *Danny R* is comin' with cods heads and gobs.
   He says I'll get down cause she haven't got much,
   Gets up on the wharf and says, "That's my last;
   I'll work here no more, the work is too fast."

9. And now my song is come to an end.
   I hope you'll not ask me to sing it again.
   Excuse my mistakes if it's not very good;
   I hope that my song has been well understood.

This is another local song of some antiquity. No one could explain the allusions, or identify Big Sam.

3. plant: whale or seal plant on shore where the carcasses of the animals were processed.
3.4. to a fell: unstintingly.
5.3. iron: sharp spade-like tool for cutting fat.
8.1. gobs: cod tongues and lips.
9. the usual formal signing off.

The Slob Song



1. On the fourteenth of December in the middle of the year,
   We left our home in Point Amour and for Forteau we did steer.
   We loaded our boat with furniture, as you may understand,
   And then we soon got ready and returned for home again.

2. But in our sad misfortune, as you soon shall hear,
   Our craft got caught into de slob in de cove of Launce Amour.
   Night came on; we could not see, as you may understand.
   And very soon we did get caught no distand from de land.

3. Night was getting cold and de sky it did look wild,
   As you heard de women on de shore how bitterly they cried;
   It was a gloomy sight to see, as you may understand,
   Our trust we laid to God above and de people on de land.

4. The men dey stood on the shore a-making of the plan
   To see what would be the quickest way to get us to the land.
   They quickly launched a small boat and with a heavy line
   To push their way out through the slob they all were inclined.

5. The names of these three heroes was Eller, Stuart, and John;
   To see how nobly they did work to get their boat along.
   They said they would not return until they us should reach,
   For their line they had it fastened to a rock upon the beach.

6. Within two hours working they very soon came near,
And we were so rejoiced to see, it filled our hearts with cheer.
We knew that we would soon be saved back to the land that we adore,
To see our loving friends again on the coast of Labrador.

7. Within one half an hour later, oh they came out alongside,
And we were so rejoiced to see, it filled our hearts with pride.
They gave to us their glad shake hands; we shouted to them on shore
To hold the line both good and tight; we'd soon see them once more.

8. Four men and three women they held the line that night,
While those of us in the boat we pulled with all our might.
We soon came to our landing place; each one was glad to see
That we were safely brought to the land and free from misery.

9. We landed all our furniture and laid it on the snow;
We very soon hauled up the boat, to the houses we did go.
The light keeper, he did follow on to his home at Point Amour,
For his wife and girl were anxious to know if we were on the shore.

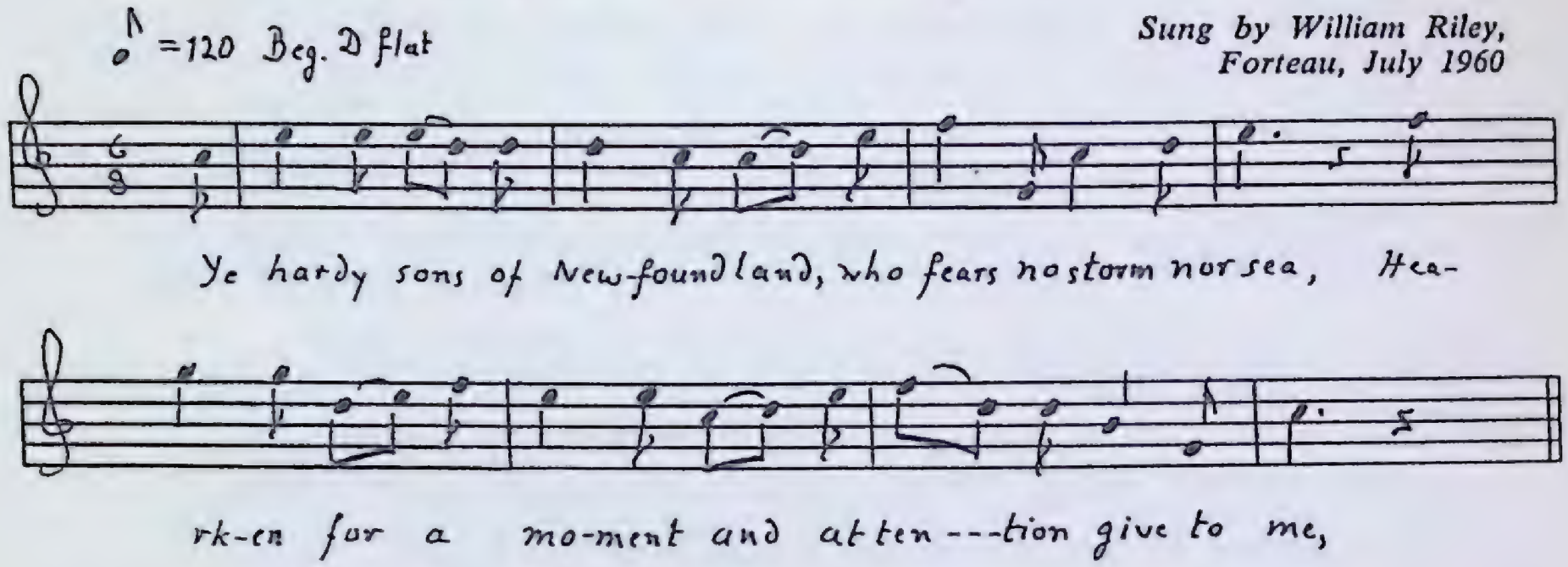
10. Now to conclude and finish I am going to end my song;
Point Amour I was shipped to; Launce au Loup I do belong.
From that I'll take a warning to keep clear that slob on shore,
For it is so mighty thick, boys, on the coast of the Labrador.

This was composed by Leo O'Brien in 1928; it has passed into tradition down the coast of Labrador and here and there on the west coast of Newfoundland. 'Slob' is ice floating in large pieces through which a boat can proceed only with difficulty.

1.2. Point Amour: the point of land just down from Forteau; it is the closest point to Newfoundland.

2.2. Launce: cove or small bay.

Wreck of the "Regulus"



1. Ye hardy sons of Newfoundland, who fears no storm nor sea,
   Hearken for a moment and attention give to me,
   While I explain in anguish plain—it fills hearts with dismay—
   'Twas how the *Regulus* she was lost in Petty Harbour Bay.

2. Dey left dere homes with happy hearts and with a cheery smile;
   They cast dere lines and got up steam and steamed from old Belle Isle.
   As she drew up near Cape Race, it blew a heavy gale;
   Her main shaft broke and left her disabled to the seas.

3. A word from de Cape was soon expressed and sent without delay
   How some poor ship and mariners lie helpless in de bay.
   The tug, *John Green* (Briggs?), soon got up steam and to the ship did go
   And got on board a hawser de *Regulus* for to tow.

4. They towed her for about a mile, though wind and seas did roar,
   But soon dat towline parted, and she drifted towards de shore.
   While all on board did shout,
   De port light of de *Regulus* did suddenly go out.

5. The tug, *John Green,* gave up de cruise and went to St. John's town
   To bring de news to de widows: de *Regulus,* she went down.
   May God de ruler of de land and guardian of de sea,
   Help dose poor orphan widows in sorrow for to weep.

This is a local song, characteristic of the many wreck songs to be found in Labrador and Newfoundland. I have found no printed version. Petty Harbour (1.4) is just south of St. John's. The steamer evidently left Belle Isle, north of Newfoundland, and met her mishap off Cape Race on the southeast corner of the Island and then turned back as far as Petty Harbour where she was lost.

Whaling station, Hawk Harbour

75 "Bold Princess Royal"

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, August 1960

1. On the eighteenth of June we left Liverpool strand,
In the *Bold Princess Royal* bound to Newfoundland.
We had forty noble seamen to bear our ships company,
With the wind from the eastward to the westward steered we.

2. We had not been sailing many miles on the sea,
When a tall, lofty frigate we chanced for to see,
Came bearing down on us, we chanced for to spy
At the top of her riggin' black colors did fly.

3. "O Lord," says our Captain, "and what shall we do?
For he is a bold pirate and he'll sure bring us to."
"O no," said our First Mate, "that never can be so;
We will shake out our cross reefs and from them we'll go."

4. It was not long after and long side she ranged,
With a loud-speaking trumpet, "Where last from you came?"
Our Chief Mate stepped aft and he answered them so,
"We have come from fear Nothing and we're bound to Dreadno.

5. "Back your main topsail, your t'gallants also,
Your royals, boys, and stern sails and from them we'll go."
They fired shots from their broadside, but it did not prevail,
And the *Bold Princess Royal* soon showed them her tail.

6. And now those bold pirates, fast from them we're gone,
Let e-ver-y man take a bumper of rum,
Come down to your dinner, lads in peace ye shall lie,
While the bumpers of rum like soft water do fly.

This is an old shanty (forebitter or forecastle) as the sixth stanza would indicate, though it may not have started as such. Miss Creighton quotes her singer to the effect that this is the true story of a ship that carried passengers between Halifax and Newfoundland. The wide variety of ports mentioned in the various versions indicates a long history for the song in tradition. She is said to hail from Liverpool, Gibraltar, New England, America, London, and to be bound for Newfoundland, Callo, Cairo, Rio Grande. Often one destination is named in stanza one, and another in response to the pirate's question. But one did not tell truth to pirates.

(For bibiiography *see* Laws II, p. 155, to which add Stan Hugill, *Shantys from the Seven Seas* (London and New York, 1961), p. 421; Sharp and Williams, *Folksongs of England,* 2:40: BFSS 1: 62; 103. 2: 145.)

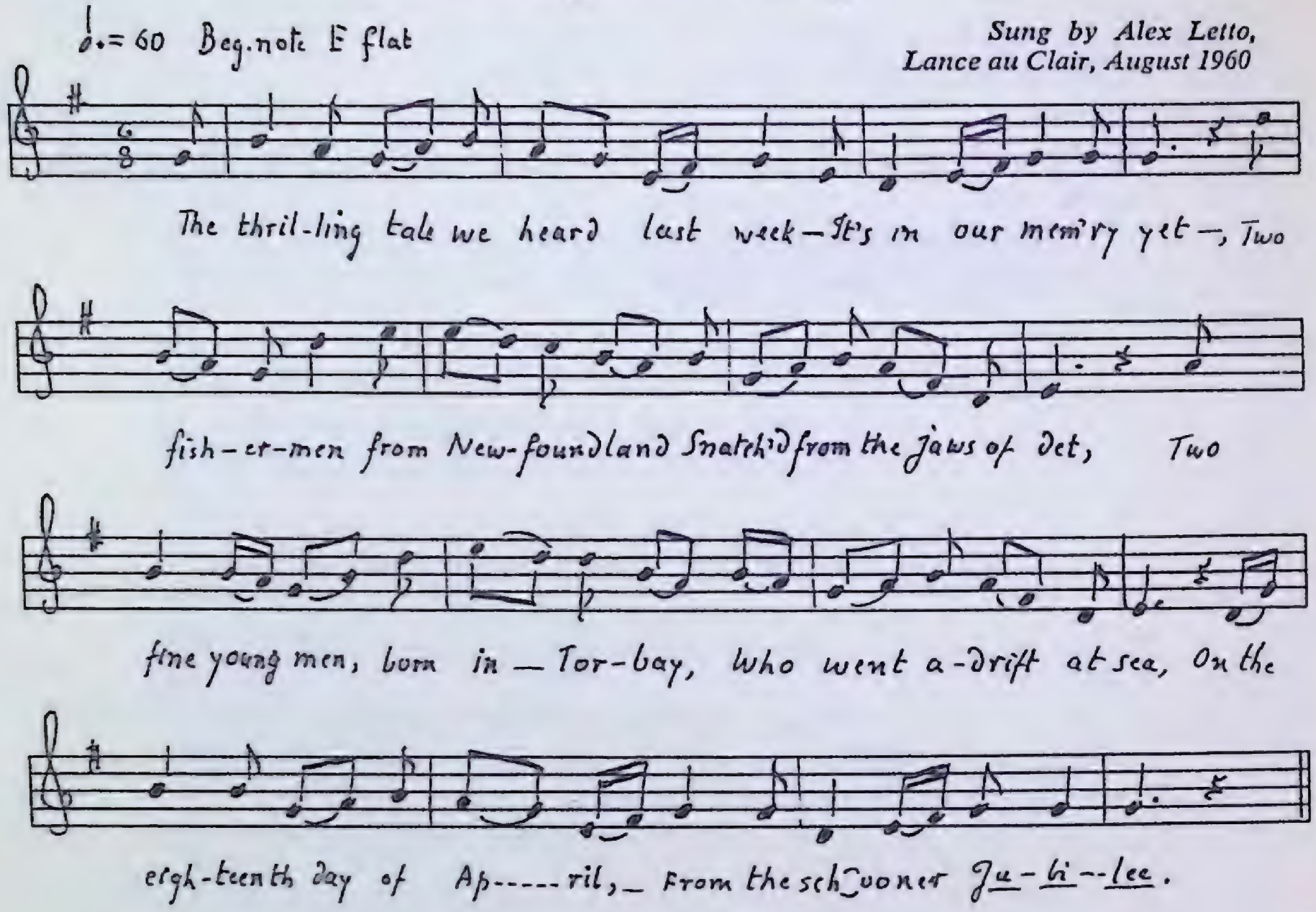
1.1. eighteenth of June: fourteenth of February, eighth of October, fourteenth of April are the more common dates given in various versions.

1.2. "Bold Princess Royal": Her name in all versions except the Brady Broadside, Harvard, where she is the "Royal Apprentice" St. John's, Newfoundland, and in Chappell, where she is not named; there the name of the song is "Buxter's Bold Crew."

4.4. Usually two ports are named, e.g., America to Bordeaux. The Newfoundland version suggests the spoofing that occurs in the Labrador text.

> *"For the captain being witty he answered him so,*
> *'We're out from Cape Faroe bound down to Cairo,'"*

Flemings of Torbay



1. The thrilling tale we heard last week—
   It's in our mem'ry yet—
   Two fishermen from Newfoundland
   Snatched from the jaws of det [*sic*].
   Two fine young men, born in Torbay,
   Who went adrift at sea,
   On the eighteenth day of April,
   From the schooner *Jubilee*.

2. They left to prosecute their voyage
   Near the Grand Banks stormy shore,
   Where many a hardy fisherman
   Was never heard of more.
   And that in April on the Banks
   They chanced to drift away,
   And they lay exposed in an open boat
   For many a stormy day.

3. Tossed on the seas all those long days,
   While bitter was each night.
   No friend to speak a kindly word,
   No sail to heave in sight.

At length a vessel hove in view
And saw the floating speck,
The *Jessie Maurice* was her name,
Coal-laden for Quebec.

4. The crew all stationed in the bow,
All anxious her to hail,
When the Captain eyed her in the fog,
Just aft the weather rail.
Three hours or more while winds did roar,
The *Jessie* sailed around,
To see if any tidings
Of the dory could be found.

5. Our Captain then, a kind-hearted man,
Who just came on the deck,
The orders gave to hard a port
And shape her for the wreck,
Likewise our brave commander
Gave orders too to launch
The jolly boat that hung astern
Of good old oak so staunch.

6. A sling was soon made fast below
And in those men were placed;
Those tender-hearted mariners
Their work did nobly face.
No signs of life were in those men,
As they were placed in bed,
But still the captain held out hopes
The vital spark not fled.

7. The first that spoke was Peter,
The elder of the two;
He told the Captain who they were,
Part of the *Jubilee's* crew,
How that in April on the Banks,
They chanced to drift away,
And they lay exposed in an open boat
For many a stormy day.

8. The news was soon dispatched at home
To wives and children dear,
To say that *Jessie* picked them up
And banished every fear.
Although they lay in hospital
From their friends far away,
Please God they'll soon return again
To gladden sad Torbay.

9. Long live the *Jessie's* noble crew,
Likewise her Captain bold;
His name should be recorded
In letters of bright gold.
May Captain Fern long be spared,
Who nobly did his part,
A crown of glory must await
His kind and tender heart.

This rare local ballad was composed by John Burke of St. John's *c.* 1890. The only surviving printed versions, so far as I can discover, are in Creighton, p. 251, and Greenleaf, p. 285. In her note Miss Creighton quotes "The Evening Mercury" for May 31, 1888, which gives a verbatim account of this affair from a Quebec paper. The Nova Scotia version is in thirteen stanzas, and the Newfoundland one in sixteen, but they give no additional details.

2.5. They were fishing from a dory set down by the mother vessel, "The Jubilee," and, as sometimes still happens today, became separated from her in a blow.

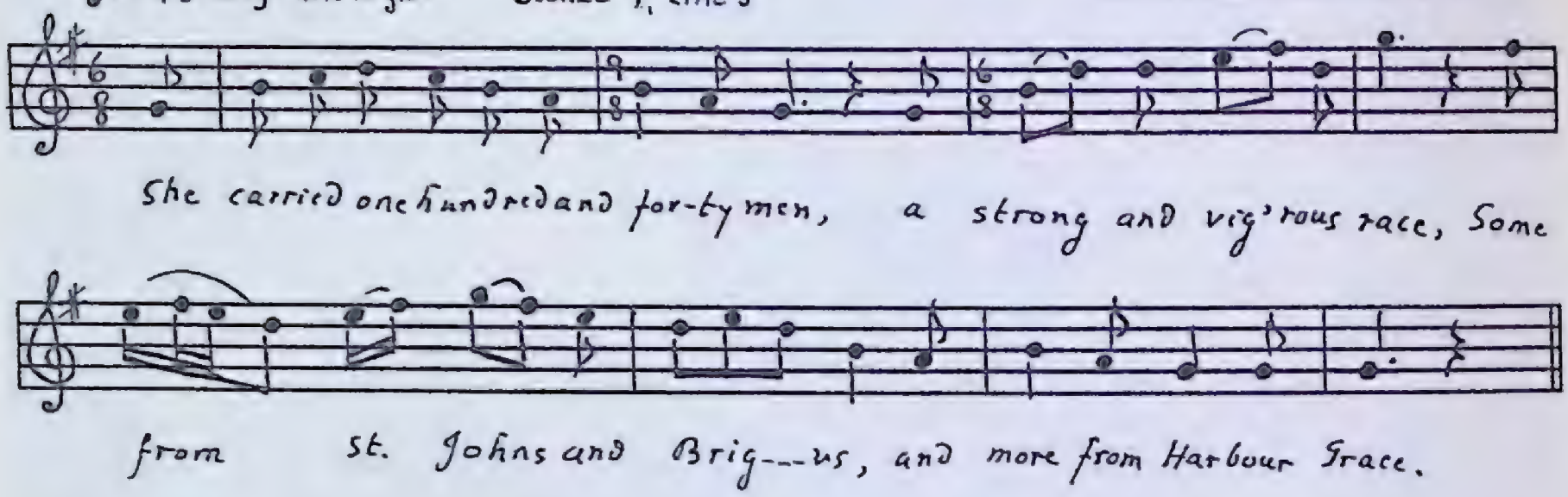
4.6. This seems to contradict 3.7. Perhaps it means that they sighted the dory and then lost her; the N.S. text has the same reading.

10.5. The captain's name is not mentioned in the N.S. version.

Sealskin stretched for drying

"The Southern Cross"

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, June 1960



1. She got up steam, the twelfth of March and shortly did embark,
   To try her fortune in the Gulf in charge of Captain Clark.
   She carried one hundred and forty men, a strong and vig'rous
   race,
   Some from St. John's and Brigus, and more from Harbour Grace.

2. She reached the Gulf in early morn, the whitecoats for to slew,
   When seventeen thousand prime young harps were slaughtered by
   her crew.
   All panned and safely stowed below, with colors waving gay,
   The Southern Cross she left the ice, bound up for home that day.

3. She passed the Channel homeward bound the operator said,
   And looking to have a bumper trip and well down by the head.
   The last of March the storm came on with blinding snow and
   sleet;
   The *Portia* bound for western ports, *The Southern Cross* did meet,
   When Captain Connors from the bridge he saw the ship that day
   Thinking she would shelter up in St. Mary's Bay.

4. St. Mary's Bay she never reached, as news came out next morn.
   She must have been all night at sea, out in that dreadful storm.
   No news came from *The Southern Cross* now twenty days or
   more,
   To say she reached a harbour around the western shore.

5. The *S. S. Kyle* was soon dispatched to search the ocean round,
   But no sign of the missing ship could anywhere be found.
   She searched Cape Race and every bay until she made Cape Pine,
   But of the ship or wreckage the Captain saw no sign.

6. *The Southern Cross* out twenty days, she now is overdue;
   We hope, please God, she'll soon arrive and all her hearty crew,
   But put your trust in Providence and trust to Him on high
   To send *The Southern Cross* safe home and fill sad hearts with joy.

7. All things do happen for the best, but if they're called away,
The brave lads on *The Southern Cross* out in the storm that day.
We trust they reach that heavenly land and rest with Him on high,
Where cares and sorrows are forgot, but all is peace and joy.

This is another local song commemorating a disaster at sea. A version very like this one is in Greenleaf, p. 281, reprinted in the (Gerald S. Doyle) *Old Time Songs and Poetry of Newfoundland*, third ed., p. 57. It is interesting that the Greenleaf version is also from Labrador (Fox Harbour, 1927).

1.4. Brigus and Harbour Grace are Newfoundland towns on Conception Bay.

2.1. morn: 'March' in the other text is the better reading.

2.3. panned seal skins flattened and piled for easy transport over the ice and for stowing in the vessel.

3.1. channel: light and radio station outside of Port aux Basques. This stanza is confused. The other text reads:

"She passed near Channel homeward bound as news came out next day
To say a steamer from the Gulf she now is on her way.
'No doubt it is the Southern Cross,' the operator said,
'And looking to have a bumper trip and well down by the head.'"

7.2. No trace of her ever was found nor of any of her men.

78 George's Banks

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960

1. Ye hardy sons of Newfoundland that have a mind to roam,
I hope you'll be advised by me; don't never leave your home.
'Twas in the year of seventy two . . .
We were forced to leave our native home on the shores of Newfoundland.

2. We first set sail for Canada, left Newfoundland behind,
A-seeking for employment, we wandered up and down;
The work a being kind of scarce and a Gloucester did appear,
We shipped on board of the *Morning Glow,* for Georgie's Banks did steer.

3. We arrive out on those Georgie's Banks, November the twenty-two;
It's my intention to relate the hardships we went through.
The wind it blowed most furiously all mixed with showers of snow,
And varying from the east-northeast most violently did blow.

4. The hardships of those Georgie's Banks no mortal can pen down,
With circle lines, and shifting sands and breakers all around.
And ships there all around us; they sinking all around.
They was twenty-two of the *Jubilee's* crew on Georgie's that night went down.

5. To see dose poor lone fishermen as dey go passing by,
To see dem in dere youth exposed and hear dere dying cry;
The terror do run in my mind; I tink I see dem yet,
While de hardships of those Georgie's Banks I never can forget.

6. 'Twas early the next morning, we had a shift of wind;
We cut our cable to the bow, left Georgie's Banks behind;
'Twas by our captain's order we quickly crowded sail;
For three long days and nights, my boys, we ran before the gale.

7. Our captain being a good man; we had a noble crew;
We tried her under double reefs, but nothing could she do.
We saw a light revolving white, as you may understand,
'Twas Sarne's Point; we made Cape Race on the shores of Newfoundland.

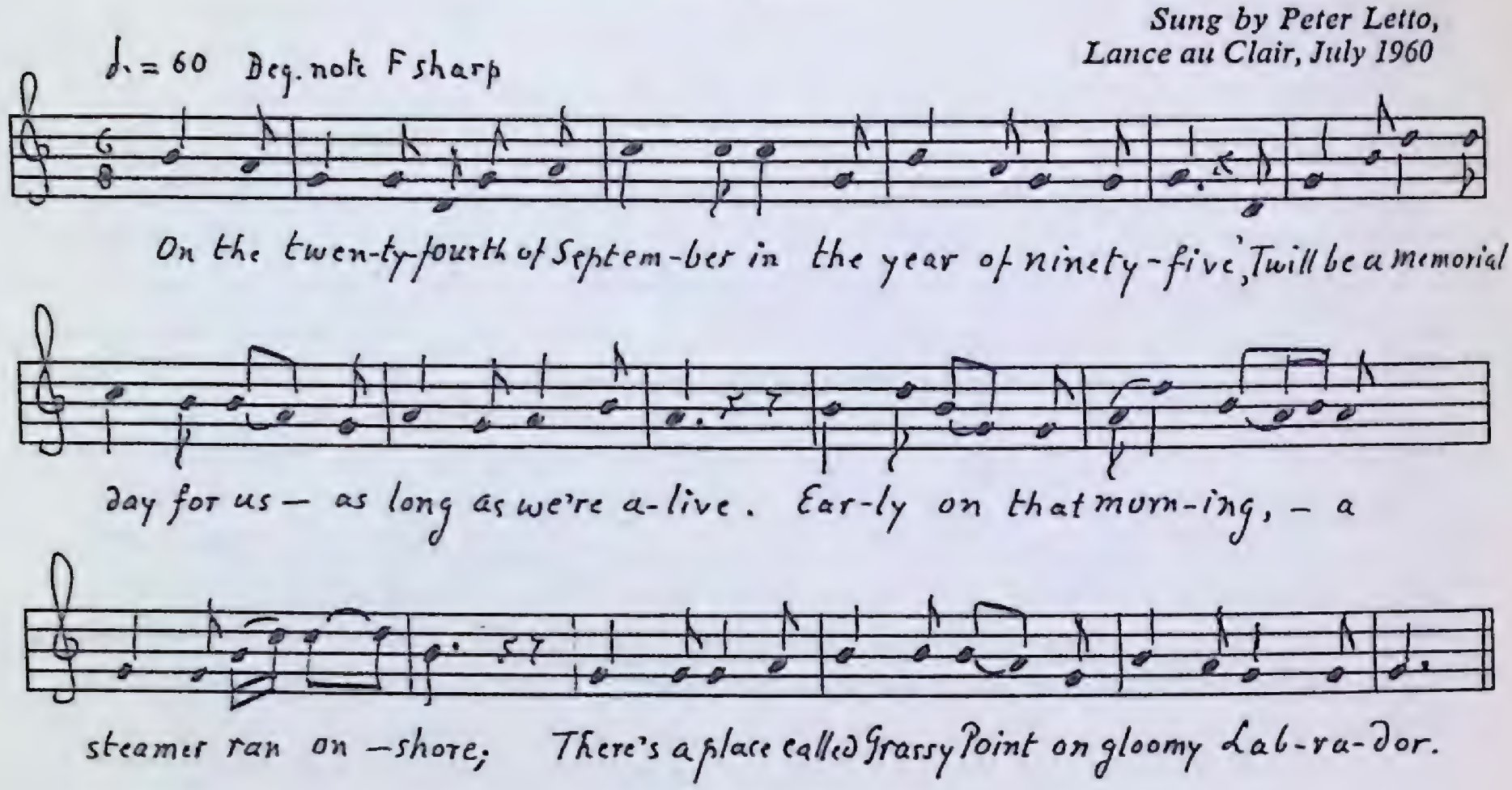
8. Our Captain then gave orders to round our good ship to,
And out of eighteen seamen bold remained but five and two,
For dey have been washed overboard, as you may understand;
They met a deep and a watery grave near the shores of Newfoundland.

9. 'Twas early the next morning we arrived all to Cape Spear,
And for the town of St. Johns our goodly ship did steer,
Where we found friends, kind-hearted men to listen to our sad
tale,
While all relate the hardships great of the cold November year.

George's is the roughest spot of fishing water in the world, and all the songs about George's are tragic songs. This one, which the singer called "George's Banks," I have not found in print. The singer reported that he had known this song all his life and that it is a family song, but he had no idea of its history beyond this. Folk expression is usually understatement; this largely explains the casual tone, the general expression of songs like this. No life was harder or more dangerous than that of a Banks fisherman in winter, but in this song little of the terrible ordeal is spelled out in detail. Toward the end we are told that out of eighteen men eleven had been lost! What we do not realize is that these songs are to these people highly evocative; from the clues the song gives, they can picture the whole story. For an outsider to be equivalently moved, he would have to be supplied with a detailed context.

"Mariposa"

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. On the twenty-fourth of September in the year of ninety-five,
   'Twill be a memorial day for us as long as we're alive.
   Early on that morning, a steamer ran on shore;
   There's a place called Grassy Point on gloomy Labrador.

2. She steamed along at half speed, the tide being running fast;
   We'd turned her bow far from her course, the course that was her last.
   She was heard to strike—once, twice, and thrice, and then they knew no more,
   Until the rocks burst through her bow, the rocks of Labrador.

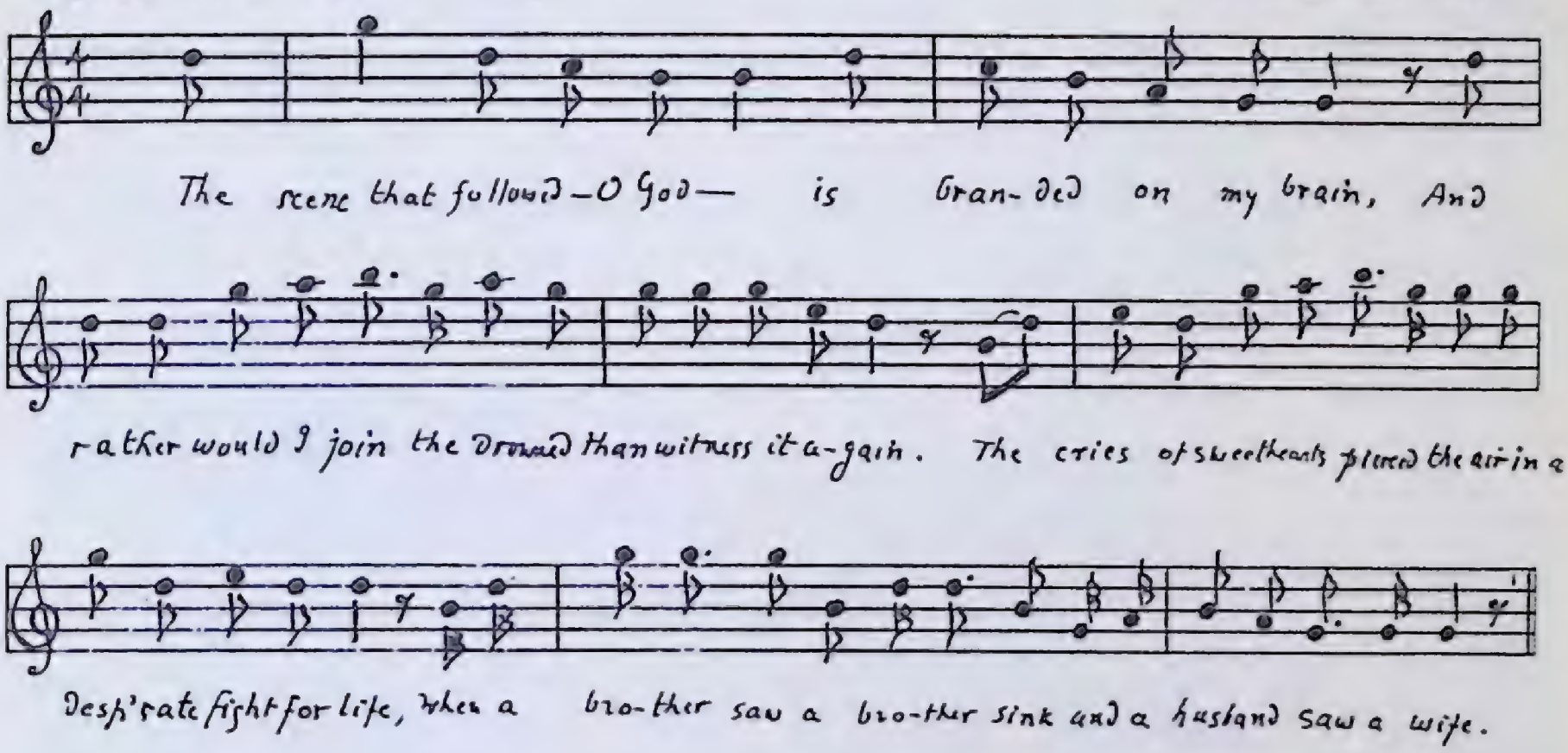
3. Her name was the *Mariposa*; she steamed from old Quebec,
   With a large and general cargo and sheep all on her deck.
   Her trip was uneventful like many a trip before,
   Until she was plunging through the fogs on pitiless Labrador.

4. The people crowded to the wreck, her cargo tried to save,
   And many in that brave attempt there met with a watery grave.
   A portion of her cargo is gone up and down the shore,
   Honestly and hardly earned by the people of Labrador.

This is another local wreck song; it is generally remembered today in lower Labrador. I recorded several versions, all basically the same. There are still stories of the good things that were recovered from this wreck. I was told that lumber for a number of houses was 'salvaged' from the "Mariposa." The general attitude toward wrecks was summed up for me by one man, who said, "If the good Lord sees fit to wrack a vessel, we hope it'll be hereabouts; we can use anything on board."

The Wreck of the "Maggie"

Sung by Abram Roberts,
Forteau, July 1960



1. At ten forenoon November five the *Maggie* sailed away
   From her happy home near Brooklyn in Bonavista Bay.

2. Light winds did waft her on her course; light hearted was her crew,
   And Friday evening off the Narrows the city came in view.

3. Our hopes ran high; our hearts were glad; we soon would tred the shore,
   And turn to catch the fruits of toil upon the Labrador.

4. The city lights did seem to greet and welcome us to town,
   When Captain Blunden cried, "My boys, there's a steamer bearing
   down."

5. Like a raging monster fierce that seeks her prey to get,
   She bore straight on us and we hoped her course would alter yet.

6. We shouted aloud in a wild despair—too late—an awful crash!
   Next moment o'er our shattered craft the hungry waves did dash.

7. The scene that followed [then]—O God—is branded on my brain,
   And rather would I join the drowned than witness it again.

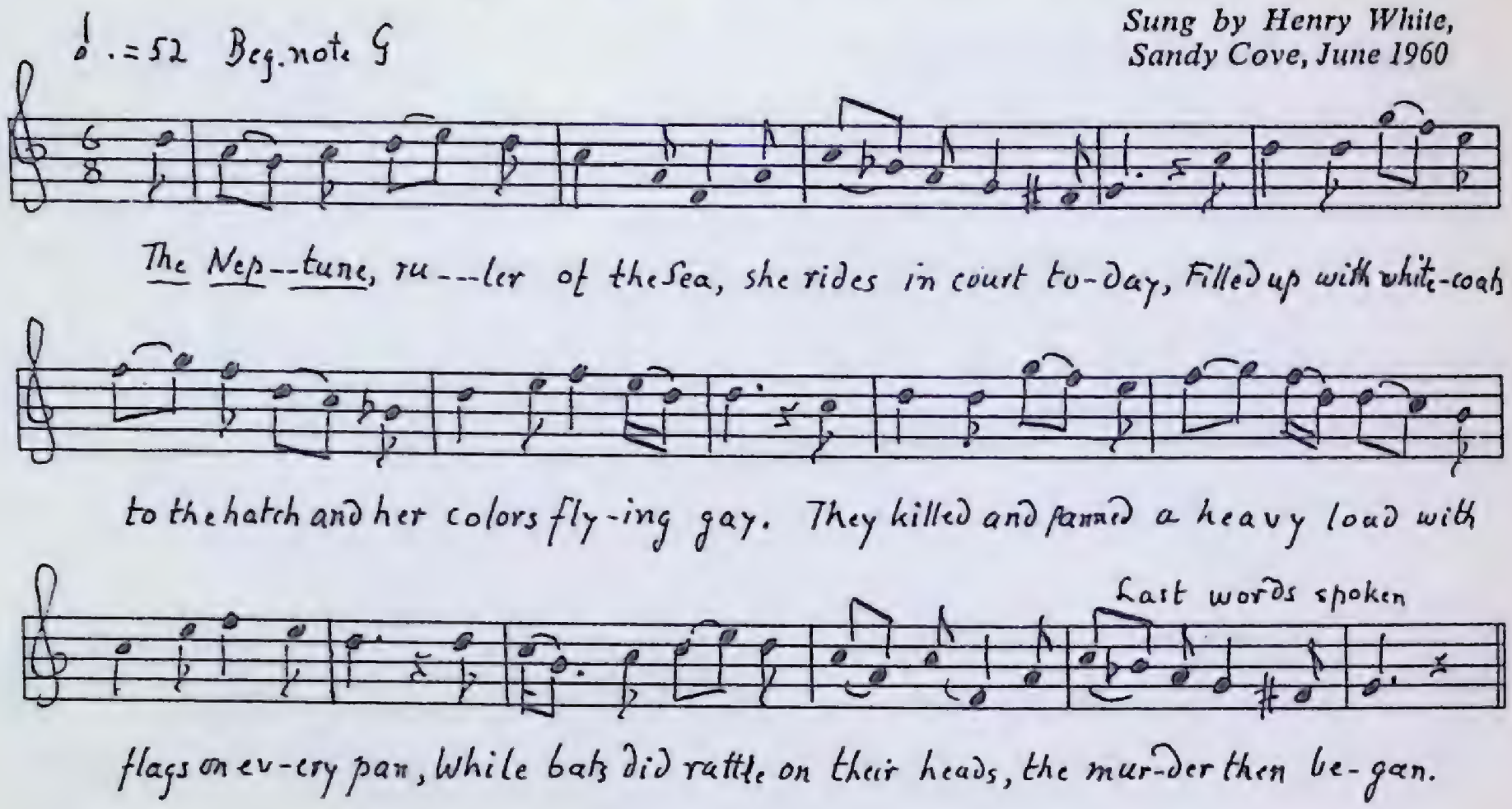
8. The cries of sweethearts pierced the air in a desp'rate fight for life,
   When a brother saw a brother sink and a husband saw a wife.

9. And the name of the steamer *Tiber* will fall in days to come
   On the ears of the Brooklyn people like a sound of a funeral drum.

Mr. Roberts, now 84, has known this song all his life. He learned it 'from a sailor.' It refers to the wreck of the schooner "Maggie" making into St. John's with a catch of seals and being run down by the steamer "Tiber."

81 "Neptune," Ruler of the Sea

Sung by Henry White,
Sandy Cove, June 1960



1. The *Neptune,* ruler of the Sea, she rides in court today,
   Filled up with white-coats to the hatch and her colors flying gay.
   They killed and panned a heavy load with flags on every pan,
   While bats did rattle on their heads, the murder then began.

2. And not till after the hold was full did they give up the gray,
   And then with hatches battened down they bore off for home next day.
   'Twas over the rail you could wash your hands; she was so deep in fat,
   With thirty thousand prime young harps got slaughtered with their bat.

3. And here's a truce to Captain Kane and may he live to see
   Many springs to fan the fat and fly his long burgee.
   And may he live for many a year to load the *Neptune* twice,
   Those hardy sons of Newfoundland who trod the frozen ice.

This ballad celebrates a good sealing voyage and proves that not all sea songs are tragic. I have not been able to find this one or the one before it, in print, though both are well established in tradition.

1.2. white-coat: a harp seal less than a month old; after that they shed baby hair and get a new dark coat.

1.3. panned: spread out fresh skins, stacked on the ice with a flag marker, to be collected and brought to the vessel when killing is over.

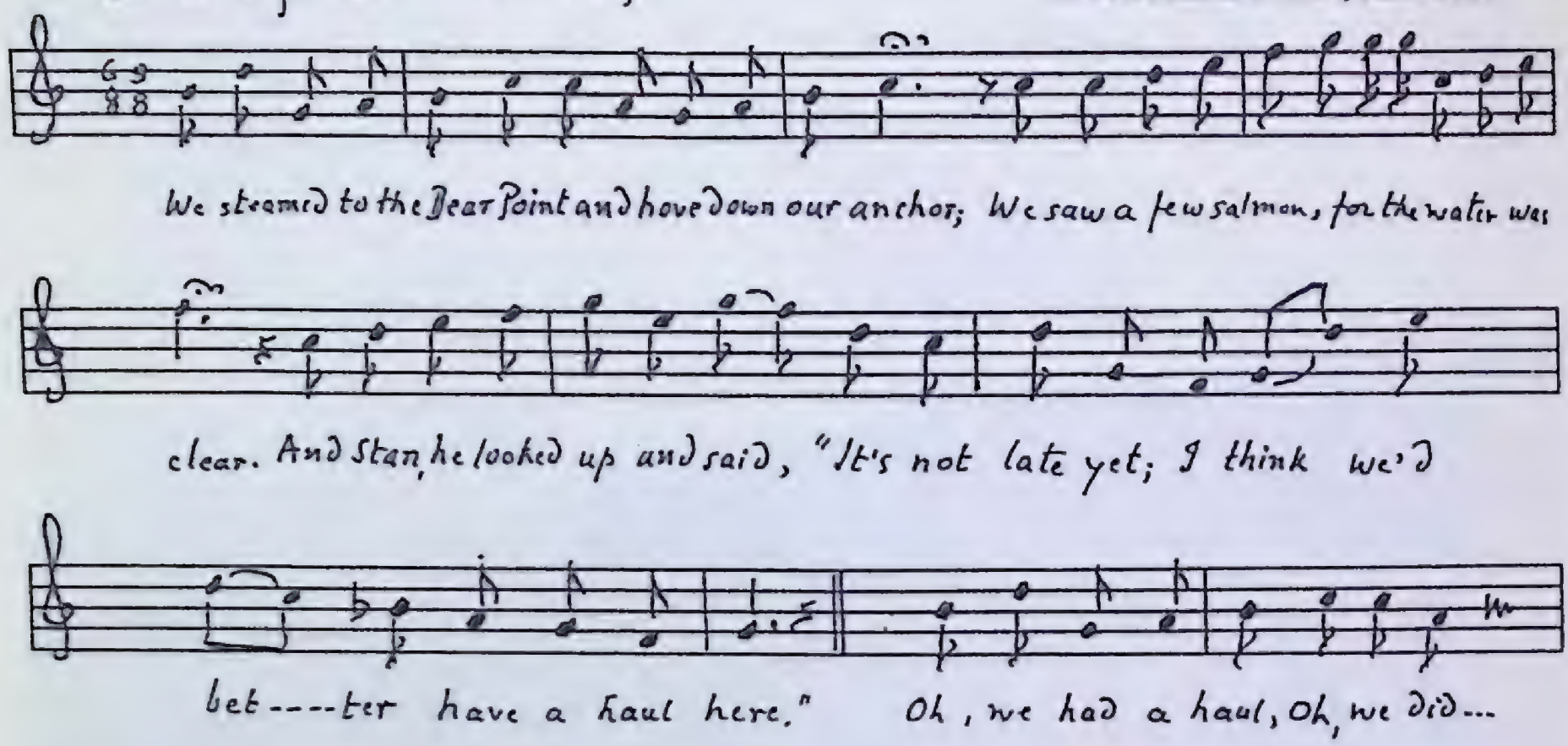
1.4. murder: kill. A common usage especially in reference to killing seals.

2.4. Young seals were killed by being kicked on the snout in such a way as to break their necks, or by being struck on the nose with a stubby bat. The bulls were usually shot.

A typical family wharf; Point Armour is in background

Game Warden Song

Sung by James Noseworthy,
Green Island Brook, June 1960



1. Come all ye good people who lives in our settlement,
   I pray pay attention and listen to me.
   It's about a game warden,
   And what a fine trick he played upon we.

2. On the eighth of July, if I'm not mistaken,
   We got ourselves ready on a trip for to go;
   We took a man with us all for to go gunning,
   To cover things over, so no one would know.

3. We steamed to the Bear Point and hove down our anchor;
   We saw a few salmon, for the water was clear.
   And Stan, he looked up and said, "It's not late yet;
   [And] I think we'd better have a haul here."

4. Oh, we had a haul, Oh, and we did get little.
   It was our intention to search the brook round.
   We steamed to the island; we saw a few salmon.
   Oh, that was the place we put our nets down.

5. The water was low and no salmon was coming;
   If we could see one, how glad we would be.
   The first one we saw was Jud and his canoe.
   We knowed darn well he was after we.

6. Oh, now dere was someting had to be happen,
   Or else der was someting quick to decide.
   We den turned around wid our cross-handed paddles,
   We whacked her out and up tru de tide.

7. We landed our salmon widout hesitating,
But to lose all our nets we could not afford,
And when we got back to the place where we left them,
The game warden had just hauled the last in on board.

8. Oh, Stan he spaked up and he said, "You have got us."
I looked across and I started to grin.
"Oh, no," said Jud quickly, "I will not tell on you.
I'll take your nets from you; give me a tow in."

9. We pulled to our boat and de anchor pulled up,
To give him a tow, we thought for de best.
But when we arrived at the point of Jack Tickle,
He asked for a salmon for his brakfast.

10. We give him de salmon widout hesitating,
Not thinking de story he ever would tell.
De very first boat went out to St. Anthony,
He sent out a letter to Magistrate Wells.

11. A few days later we saw a boat coming;
It was de *St. Barb* wid all our supplies.
We den looked across and we saw a man coming,
And dat was old Gorman to inform his boys.

12. She steamed up a distance a place for to anchor;
De chain it was cleared and de anchor was lowered.
We den looked across and we saw a boat coming;
So fast as he could sure, he went on board.

13. A few minutes later we saw a boat coming;
Oh, she did come fast, for de tide it run free.
And dat was Judge Hodge and a gruff spoken ranger.
Sure dey was a bringin' a summons for me.

14. Dey pulled in de beach and de summons pulled out,
As soon as I saw it I knowed it was mine.
I took it and read it and de answer I gave dem:
"Sure, I'll be on board in a few minutes time."

15. Oh, I went on board and de court it was opened,
And Jud in de corner wid noting to say,
When Magistrate Wells look over his glasses,
Saying, "Thirty days in jail or ten dollars to pay."

16. We paid him de money widout hesitating.
Jud said to himself, "Half of dis will be mine."
When Roland got up and he tells his whole story,
'Bout Jud ketchin' rabbits in de close season time.

17. A few questions was asked and Jud was soon cornered,
But Magistrate Wells didn't give him no slack.
When Jud he got up and he tells his whole story,
He blamed it all on his own little Meg.

18. The other man's case is yet to be settled;
He might have paid more, but I guess 'twas the same,
And when it was over and all cleared away,
We went in the brook, and we come back again.

19. Come all ye good people, goes out for law breakin',
Don't trust de game warden whoever he be,
For if he says no, he's only just lyin',
For he'll do for you as he done for me.

This is a very local song, found in the region to either side of Green Island across from Forteau. The people of Newfoundland and Labrador have been 'free' so long that they find it very hard to submit to laws—laws against smuggling, especially of liquor, laws of salvage, and game laws.

3. Netting salmon in fresh water is illegal. The fish go up the fresh-water streams to spawn. Steamed: propelled by an engine rather than sails or oars. Words tend to be more conservative than their referents: we *sail* in a steamboat, and now we *steam* in a gasoline boat.

6.4. whacked her out: drove at full speed.

9.3. tickle: a narrow passageway in the water through which the tide runs.

11. The "St. Barb." is a freight boat that travels the lower Straits.

11.4. inform: instruct.

13.3. ranger: police officer. In Newfoundland and Newfoundland–Labrador, law enforcement in the outports was in the hands of the Rangers; they functioned like the Canadian 'Mounties.'

16.3. Roland was the other man involved in the affair. It is characteristic that they fight back by counter accusation and counter charge. The point is that the game warden was a local man; had a Ranger caught them, they would have submitted without rancor, putting it down to bad luck.

17.2. give him no slack: no let-up in his pressing questions. Nautical. If you keep your rope taut, your tow will keep coming; give it some slack, and the tow may take charge.

18.4. typical ballad understatement. He means that they went back to the brook and netted a boatload of salmon and that they let news of it, but no evidence, get to Jud.

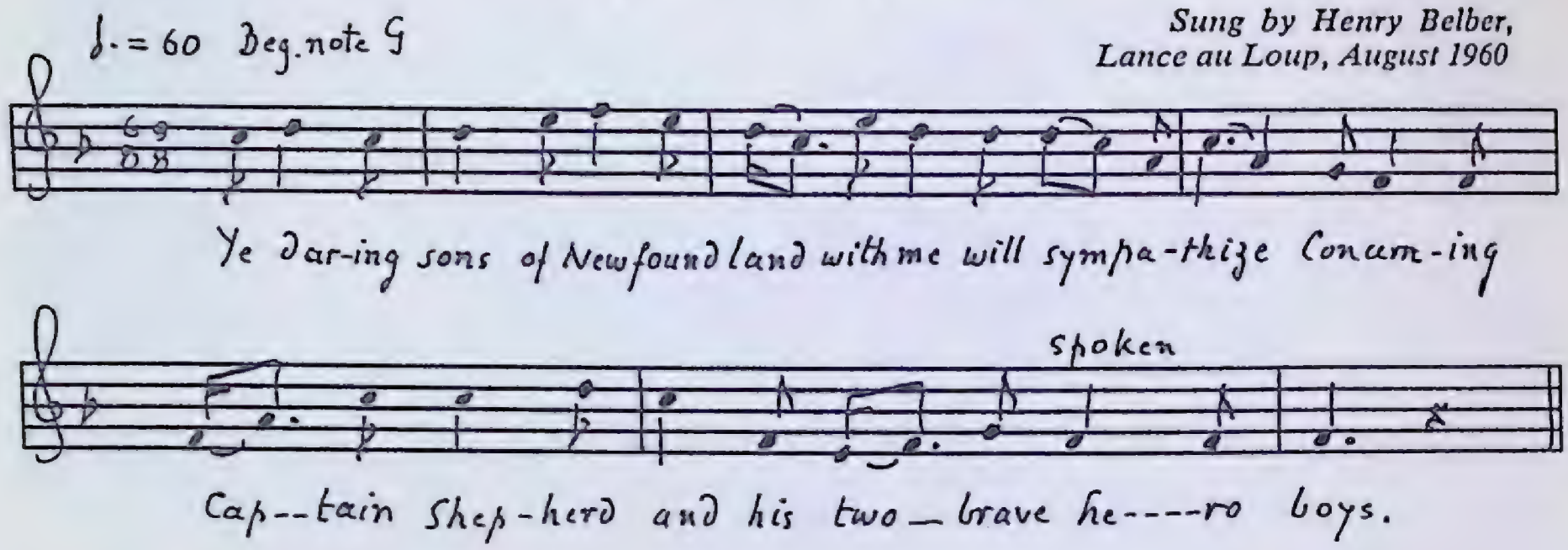
19. Here is the tradition of Renaud of Montauban, of Gamelyn, of Robin Hood and the rest, but here the perspective of distance that makes romance and the type of situation that makes for the heroic are lacking. The singer said that the song "shamed the warden out of his job."

Henry Belber, singer

83

Captain Shepherd

Sung by Henry Belber,
Lance au Loup, August 1960



1. Ye daring sons of Newfoundland with me will sympathize
   Concerning Captain Shepherd and his two brave hero boys.
   Who toiled around their native home to maintain der families dere,
   Until at last dey made a trip to the little Isle of St. Pierre.

2. To try his fortune in de Gulf where many had luck before;
   This hero, led with great success, soon reached his native shore,
   And on his passage homeward bound as the winds did loudly blow,
   And for to make a harbour in Bonne Bay he had to go.

3. Now when de people saw dat craft it filled dere hearts with glee;
   They said she was some smuggler that just came in from sea.
   Two special plicemen [policemen] jumped on board and quickly dived below
   To search this little vessel and prove her overthrow.

4. For worry Captain Shepherd could scarcely take his rest,
   Of thinking of his family all home in sorrow and distress.
   "We'll take dis vessel from de wharf, a prisoner I'll not be."
   De lines dey quickly den uncast, de chains slipped from her bow.

5. Up speaks our gallant captain saying, "Boys, she's ours now."
   Those sworn-in specials down below saw dey were in a snare
   To frighten Captain Shepherd they began to rant and swear.

6. They boldly struggled to de deck but soon dere courage failed;
   They said, "Another minute, Cap, with you we will not sail."
   They went ashore determined yet dem prisoners yet to take,
   But, boys, I want you all to know dey made a great mistake.

7. Here comes de party from St. John's on Captain Shepherd's trail
   To take him as a prisoner straight back to St. John's jail,
   But as de wheel of fortune turned, as sometimes is de case,
   Captain Shepherd lost his little craft quite near his native place.

8. But dat did not discourage him, as it would so many men;
He said he'd wait quite patiently for de magistrate to come.
Dey searched all round his dwelling, upset de baby's crib;
Dey searched in every corner where a bottle could be hid.

9. But no success to dere request I want you all to know.
With nothing but dere prisoner back to St. Johns dey go.
And now dis brave, undaunted man lies in his peaceful home,
And he has another schooner and he claims her as his own;
So when dis bright fall opens up and all tings do go well,
I hope dis brave, undaunted man will have a drop to sell.

This song, like the preceding one, reflects the attitude toward the law of men on the frontier. It is a local song of the prohibition era, known today along the west coast of Newfoundland and lower Labrador.

1.4. St. Pierre: an island off the southeast coast of Newfoundland belonging to France. During prohibition it became a wholesale warehouse supplying the rum-runners all along the coast.

2.4. Bonne Bay is a village just north of Cornerbrook, Newfoundland.

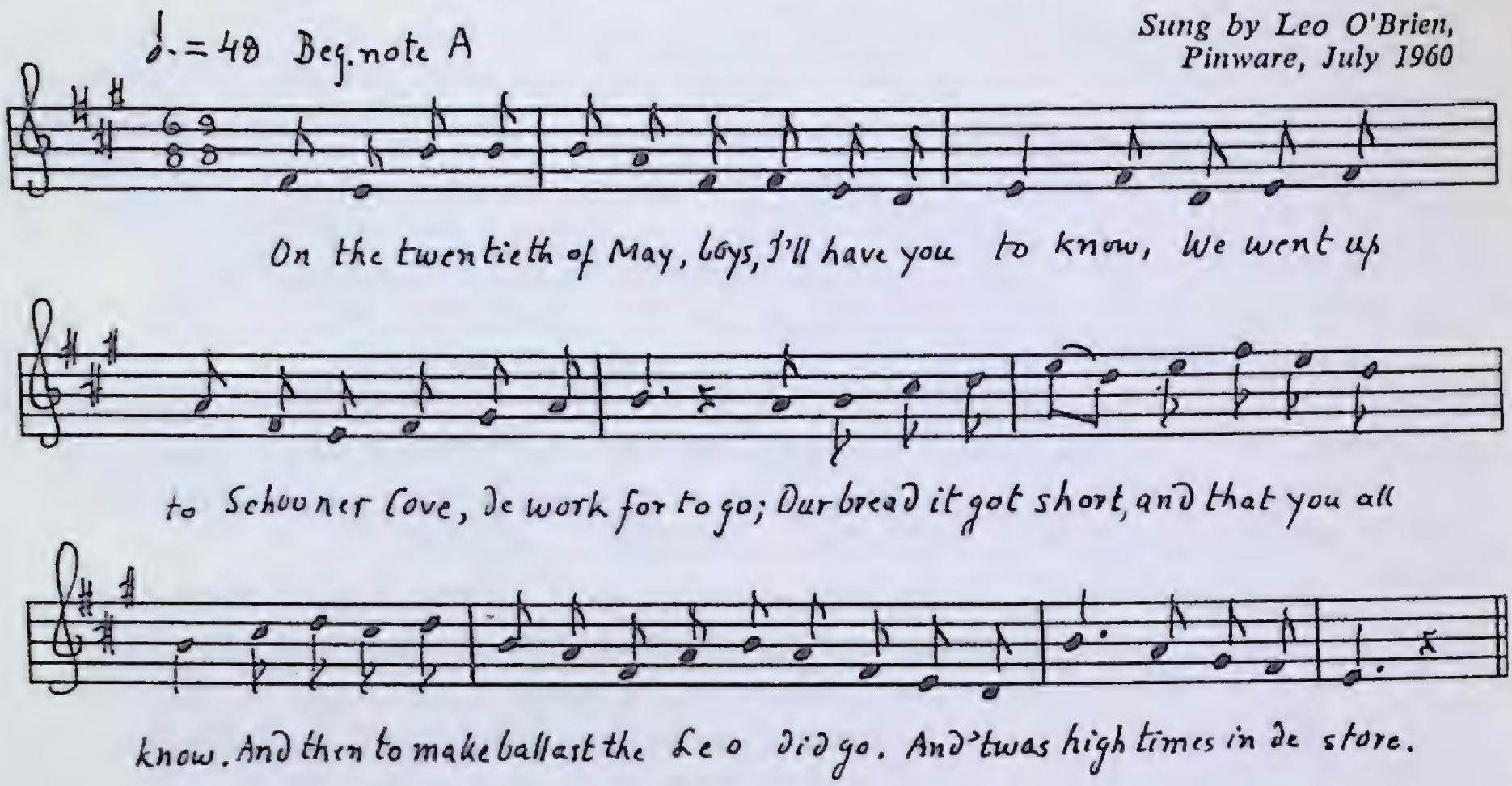
7.4. And the cargo went down with her to be retrieved at a later date?

8.4. They had to have at least one bottle as evidence.

9.3. brave, undaunted hero: not only the songmaker's appraisal but the community's.

84 High Times in the Store

Sung by Leo O'Brien,
Pinware, July 1960



1. On the twentieth of May, boys, I'll have you to know,
   We went up to Schooner Cove, de work for to go;
   Our bread it got short, and that you all know.
   And then to make ballast the Leo did go.
   And 'twas high times in de store.

2. Oh, Paddy sat down on the step of the door,
   While Jim in de house, like a bull he did roar.
   "You won't get no bread then," Jimmy did say,
   "Two meals for a man is enough for a day."
   And 'twas high times in de store.

3. Then Leo got up rushed out through de door,
   While Jim in de house more louder did roar.
   He said to Condula, "That's all you may do,
   Give bread to the hungry in Launce au Loup."
   And 'twas high times in de store.

4. Now for to conclude and finish my song;
   It's just about de bread, boys,
   And that's why it's not long.
   And now to finish, these words I will say,
   "They are two sturdy old fellows, gives nothing away."
   And 'twas high times in de store.

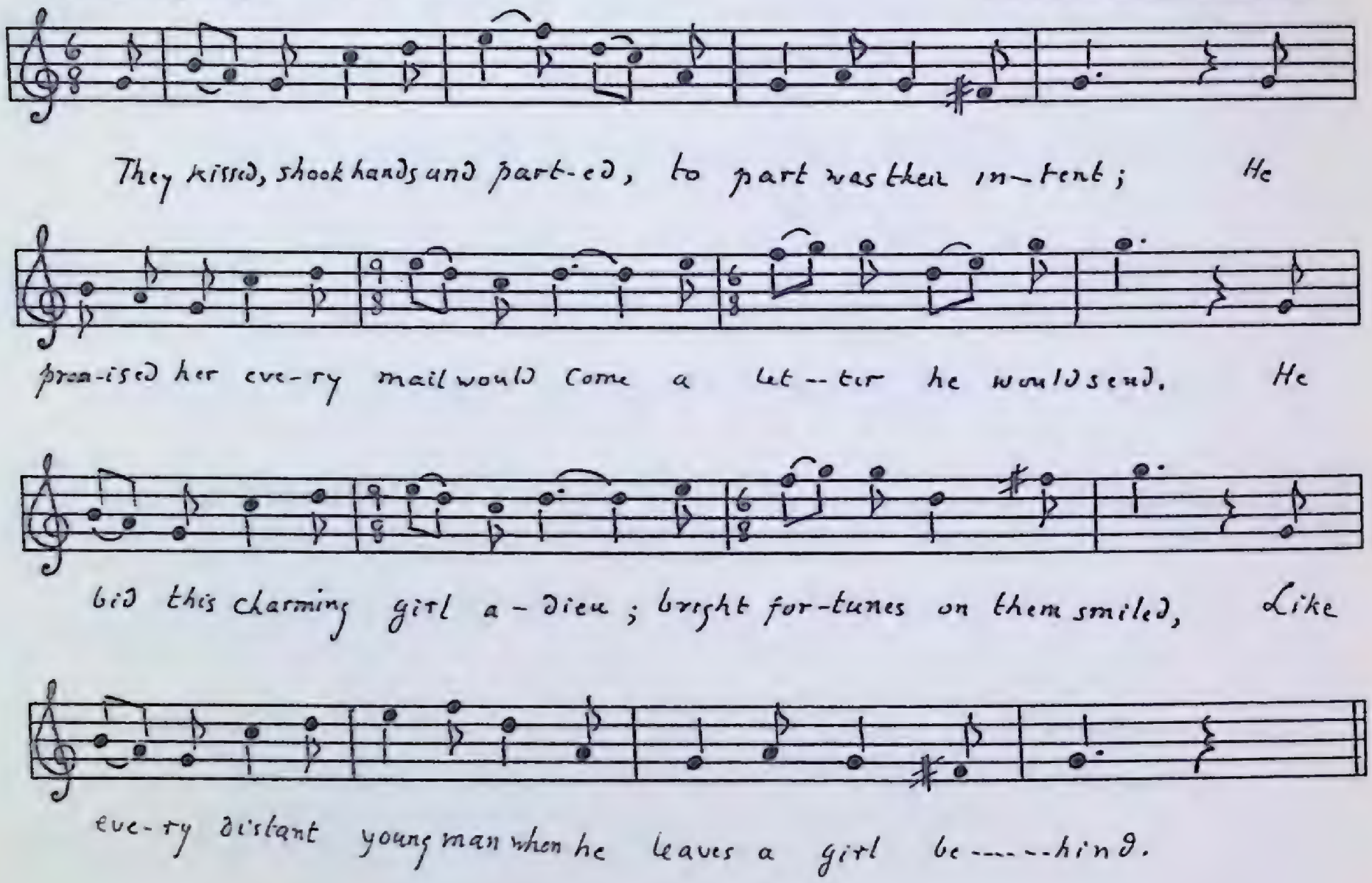
This is a local gripe song, deriding the close-fisted store-keepers. Mr. O'Brien was the only singer I could find who knew the song. Since he has

written songs all his life, I suggested that he had written this; he denied it, saying that he had heard it from a man at Schooner Cove, which is a small hamlet near Lance au Loup and the location of the song. The singer could add nothing by way of explanation for the situation.

85

Bound for Canada

Sung by Leo O'Brien,
Lance au Loup, June 1960



1. "My dear, I'm bound for Canada; I'm going to leave my native land."
   The tears rolled down his father's cheeks as he took him by the hand.

2. "Do stay at home, dear Willie, you'll get employment here;
   You know your mother's heart will break, if you do go away,
   Think on your aged father, for his locks are turning gray."

3. "Yes, I'll think on him," said Willie, "and that ye need not fear;
   I'll think on my aged parents and likewise Sally dear.
   I'm here just now in St. John's town, employment I cannot find;
   I must away, I cannot stay, I have made up my mind."

4. With rosy cheeks and streaming eyes she kissed her own true love;
   She looked so pure as the angels, and simple as a dove.
   Her light blue eyes and rosy cheeks, her eyes were dim with tears;
   She looked so pure as the angels and her age scarce nineteen years.

5. "Since we must part," said Sally, "remember me each day;
   It's to your good care and prosperitee; it's every day I'll pray.
   Remember the happy hours we spent a rambling side by side,
   And many a promise you gave to me that I would be your bride."

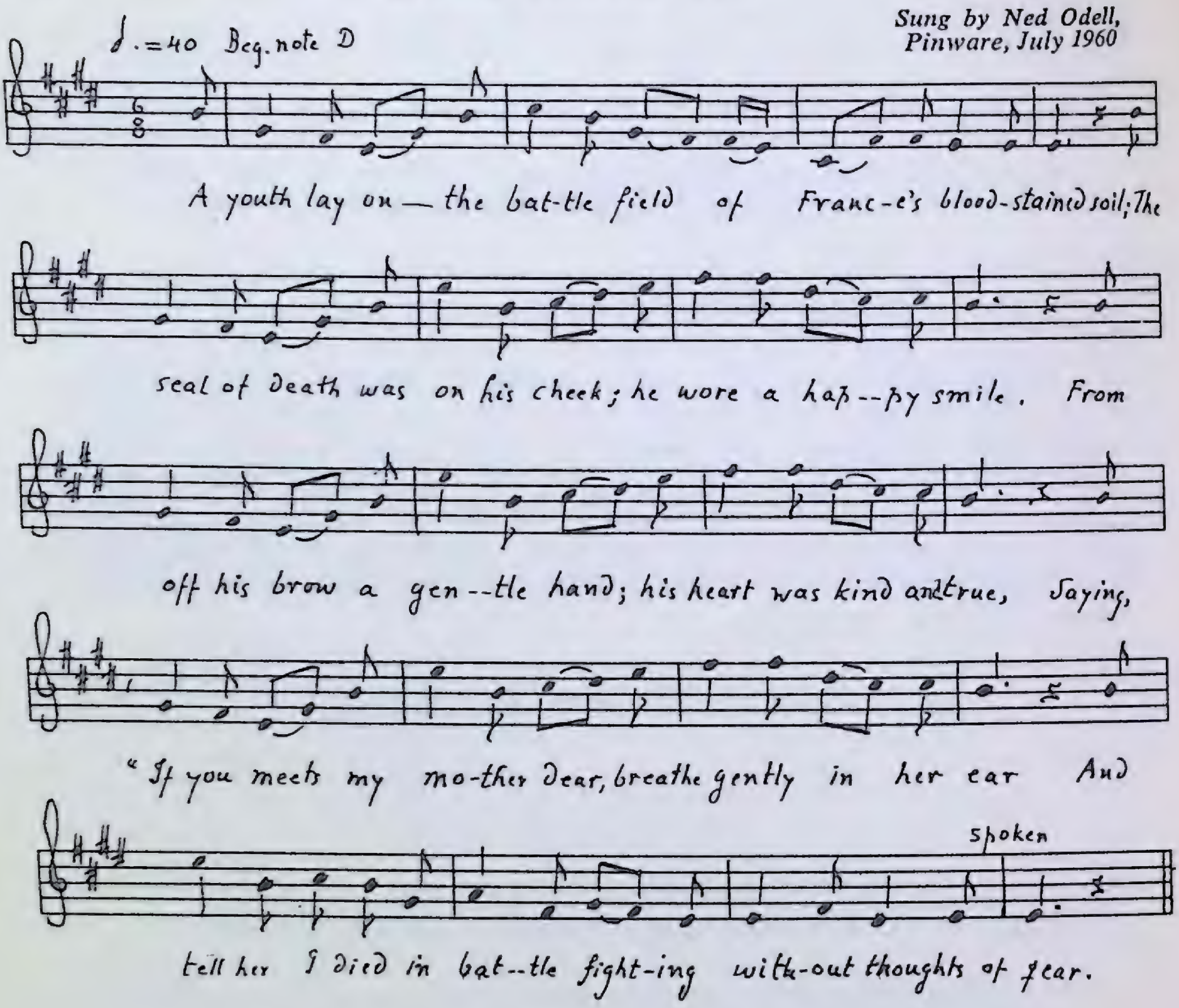
6. "The promise I did make to you, it's in my bosom stands;
   I do intend to return again once more to Newfoundland;
   I don't intend my time to spend along away be sure.
   How can I stay three years away from the girl that I adore?"

7. They kissed, shook hands and parted, to part was their intent;
   He promised her every mail would come a letter he would send.
   He bid this charming girl adieu; bright fortunes on them smiled,
   Like every distant young man when he leaves a girl behind.

This song was first popular in Newfoundland in the 1860's or '70's. Now it is rarely found. Newfoundland was desperately poor, and to eke out a living the men went to sea or to the United States and Canada to find work (cf. "George's Banks," p. 204, stanzas 1 and 2). A trip to Canada then was more arduous than one to Europe now. This song illustrates the tendency among folksong makers and singers to build emotion around a core of narrative. Seldom does one find pure lyric. "A song without somethin' happen is like a puddin' without raisins," one informant said, when questioned about this. It is interesting to compare this song with that collected by Greenleaf in 1929 in Newfoundland. This one is shorter; lines have been rearranged; more clichés have crept in.

Blood-Stained Soil

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. A youth lay on the battlefield of France's blood-stained soil;
   The seal of death was on his cheek; he wore a happy smile.
   From off his brow a gentle hand; his heart was kind and true,
   Saying, "If you meets my mother dear, breathe gently in her ear
   And tell her I died in battle fighting without thoughts of fear.

2. "You give to me dat little book, a *Bible* she gave me,
   That day she kissed me when I left St. John's to cross the sea.
   That rocky icicle German heart I ofttimes saw her form;
   I pressed her photo to my breast at last and took my stand,
   To face the foe of the British race, God bless old Newfoundland."

3. A red-cross nurse was summoned as the soldier's voice grew weak;
   She gently raised the water glass and tend on him some sip;
   Once more he opened wide his eyes and whispered very low,
   Saying, "Sister dear, send back my love to dear old Newfoundland,"
   A place he knew in childhood, he loved the best on earth;
   Once more he opened wide his eyes and whispered very low:

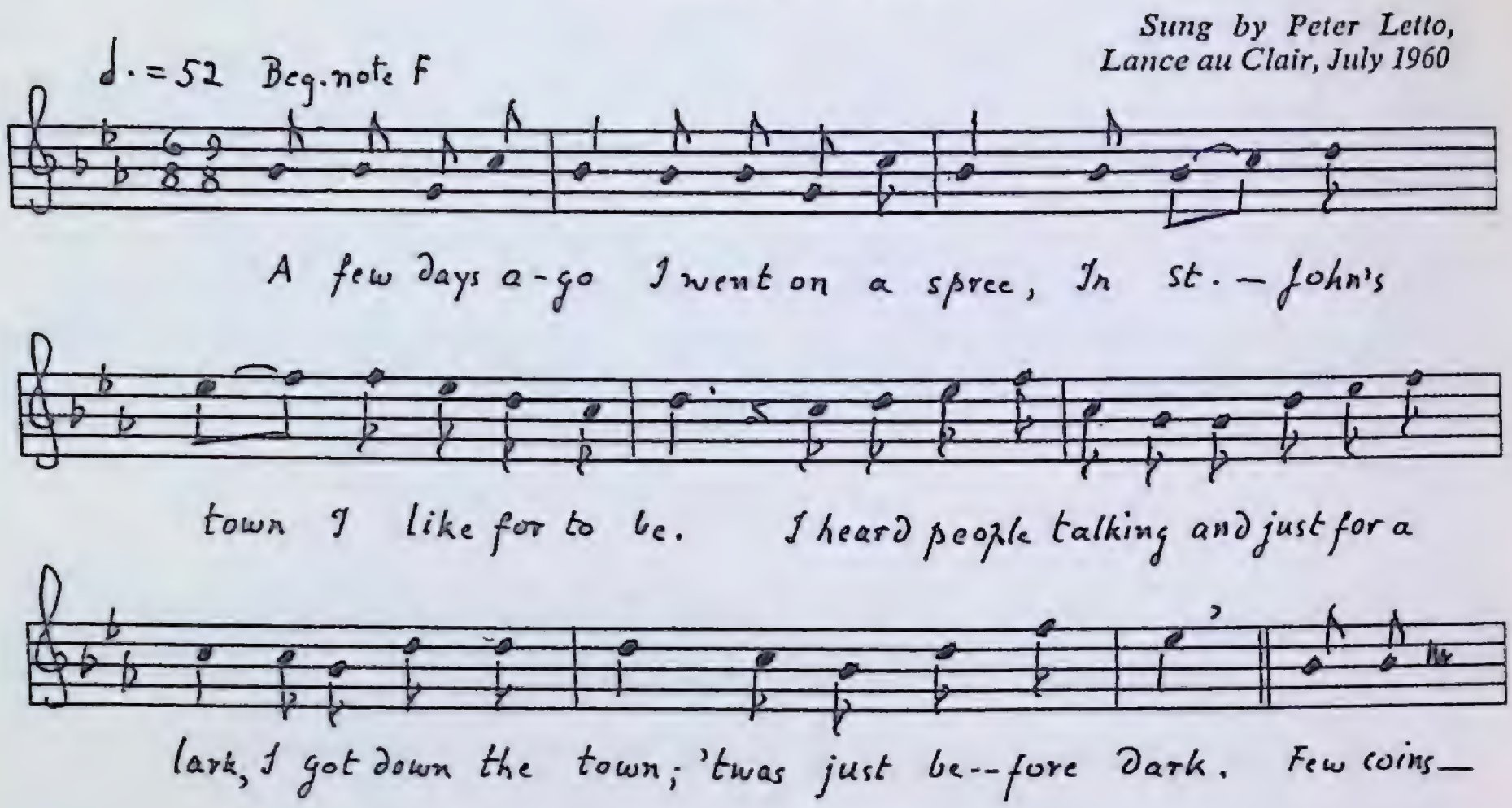
4. "'Twas ofttimes we rambled down by the main river side;
'Twas on the river bank one day she said she's be my bride;
'Twas right after that I had to go to face my foe,
And now my bones on France's soil forever must lie low."
And as his voice was falling, they took him by the hand,
For as he died a gallant son belonged to Newfoundland.

This is a World War I song, made in Newfoundland according to the singer. Now it is infrequently found. It follows the "Bingen on the Rhine" pattern, as so many such songs do: soldier dying, comrade kneeling beside him, sends messages to mother, sister, and sweetheart.

87

St. John's Girl

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. A few days ago I went on a spree,
   In St. John's town I like for to be.
   I heard people talking and just for a lark,
   I got down the town; 'twas just before dark,
   Few coins in my pocket; likewise a few dubs,
   Says I to myself, "I'm right on the job,"
   When some one called, "Charles," and turning around,
   The prettiest girl in town there I found.

SPOKEN:

She said, "Good evening, sir"; and I said, "Good evening, miss." I asked her did she drink. She said yes, she drinked champagne.

2. She was a clergyman's daughter, sure that was no doubt,
   The name of this fair one I could not find out;
   She told me she loved me; It seemed rather strange;
   I called for champagne; she wiped up the change.
   We huddled and cuddled like two turtle doves.
   She asked me to buy her a pair of kid gloves;
   I bought her the gloves; quite smoochy I got.
   Says I to myself, "I'm right on the spot,"
   Says I to myself, "My gold watch I'll pawn."
   To my surprise I found it was gone.
   My gold watch and scarf pin, which ner knocked me down,
   She's been on to me, that fair one from town.

SPOKEN:

I went down the street, and I met my friend Ben.
He said, "Hello, Charles, you look bad."
"Why hadn't I, when I was nearly had?"
"Were you?"—

3. That St. John's girl, that St. John's girl,
I thought she was sweeter than honey;
She had jewels and pearls,
Her hair was all in curls,
'Twas on her I spent all my money.
That dear little miss, she gave me a kiss,
Which set my poor heart in a whirl.
I'll never forget the first time I met,
That dear little St. John's girl.

I have been unable to find anything about this song. All agreed that it is a local song, but beyond that, I could get no information. The touches of a kind of sophistication and self-conscious style suggest that it began as a concert hall song. It is interesting that the spoken sections are retained in tradition. One would expect them to be dropped, since they follow no conventional folksong pattern.

1.5: dubs: coins of little value. Mr. Letto said 'penny.' It seems to be an Indian borrowing, perhaps brought by sailors.

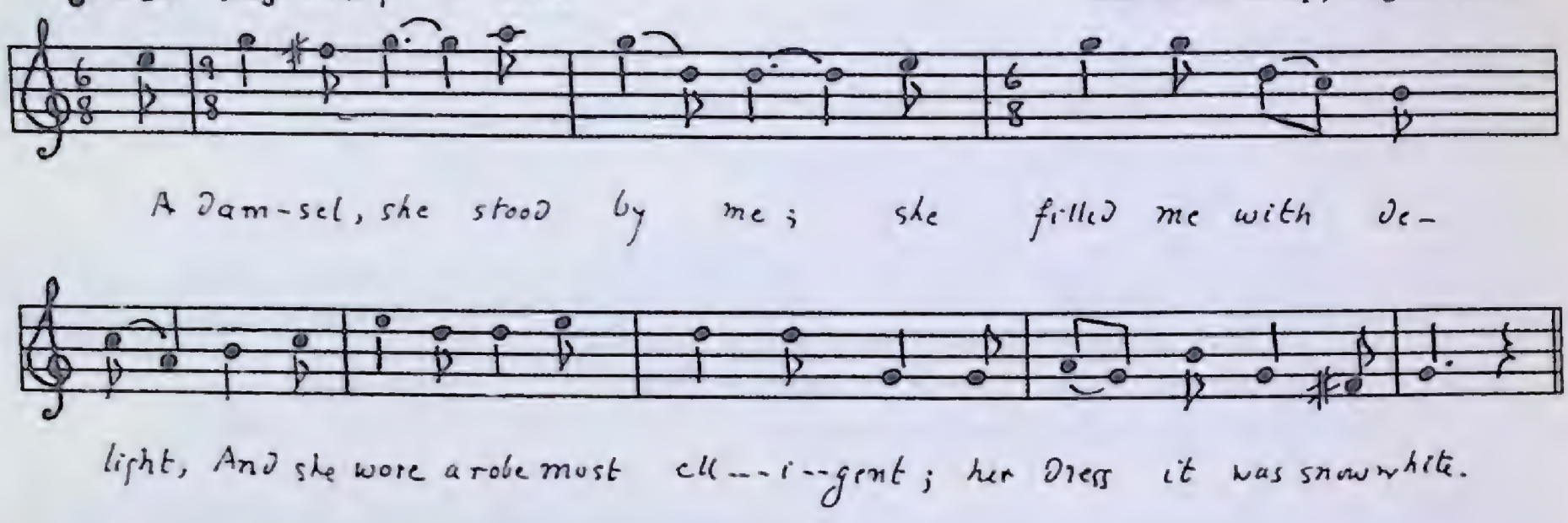
2.7: smoochy: amorous. Smooch is a kiss.

88

Jamaica Girl

(*Gallant Brigantine*)

Sung by Henry Belber,
Lance au Loup, August 1960



1. As I strayed ashore one evening from my gallant brigantine
   In the island of Jamaica, where I has lately been,
   I carelessly did ramble, not knowing where to go,
   Till down by some rich plantation my course I slowly went [*sic*].

2. When tired of my rambling, I sat down for to rest,
   And I sang a song about Newfoundland, the land I love the best.
   Soon as my song being ended, my mind being more of haze,
   And I rose to pick some horanges dat hung down from de leaves.

3. A damsel, she stood by me, she filled me with delight,
   And she wore a robe most elligent [*sic*]; her dress it was snow white.
   Her dress it was snow white, me boys; her spencer's of the green,
   And a silken shawl around her neck, her shoulders for to screen.

4. On dose mossy banks where we sat down, 'twas dere we discoursed
   a while.
   I told her many a curious thing, which caused her for to smile.
   And as I rose to go away, she bid me her address,
   "You may step in and see my husband; he will treat you of the best."

5. "I tank you for your acception; I am a married man.
   Three weeks before I left the shore my trouble it came on.
   And it's all because I married a girl in St. John's, Newfoundland.

The only text of this in print, so far as I can discover, is in Creighton, p. 73, titled "Gallant Brigantine." The Nova Scotia text is a complete one. After chatting with the Jamaica girl, she invites him to "Call in and see my husband, he'll treat you of the best." He tells her that his name is Harry Rysall and that only three weeks before his wife had "brought me forth a fine young son." Then, hand in hand they strolled to her house, met her noble looking man, had dinner with a bottle on the table—all in all, a pleasant afternoon.

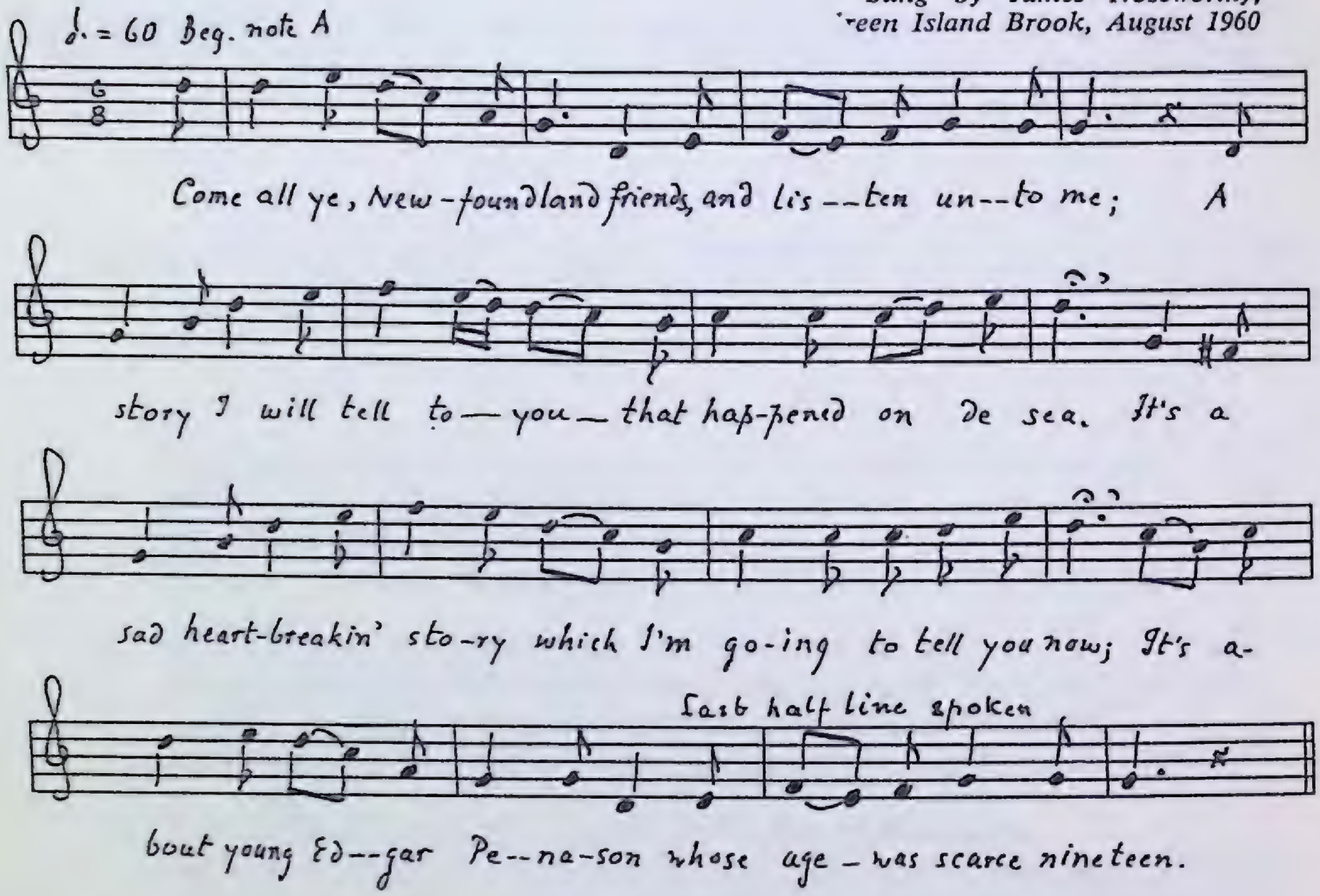
The Labrador singer thought that it was composed in Newfoundland. Internal evidence would suggest rather Nova Scotia; certainly the references to Newfoundland in the Labrador text are intrusive. The reference to the lady's *spencer* in both texts suggests that the song dates from the first quarter of the nineteenth century, since this over-garment was briefly worn by women about that time. There was constant trade between Nova Scotia and the other Maritimes and Jamaica all through the century. Schooners regularly carried salt fish, lumber, and so forth, and brought back rum, molasses, sugar. This song may well be based on an actual experience.

Deck of the "Willow Green"

(*Faithful Edgar*)

A

Sung by James Noseworthy,
Green Island Brook, August 1960



1. Come all ye, Newfoundland friends, and listen unto me;
   A story I will tell to you dat happened on de sea.
2. It's a sad heart-breakin' story which I'm going to tell you now;
   It's about young Edgar Penason whose age was scarce nineteen.
3. It was on one summer's evening de heavens were all aglow,
   As he shipped on board of a vessel, for it was time to go.
4. Good-by to home and loved ones; I'm going to cross de sea,
   And trusting de Lord Jesus, who'll scarcely [*sic*] care for me.
5. Good-by to home and loved ones, and to my Nellie Green;
   With tearful eyes he stepped upon de deck of de *Willow Green.*
6. Three days dey sailed de ocean with . . . greed;
   On de fourth somet'ing happened on de deck of de *Willow Green.*
7. At six o'clock dat evening dey anchored in de stream;
   All hands was drunk but Edgar on de deck of de *Willow Green.*
8. "Come Hector," said de captain, "Now you must drink your part,
   For if you don't drink dis liquor, lad, your life will soon depart."

9. "I will give up my life, sir, for drink I will not take;
I will stand true for Jesus and for my mother's sake.

10. "I have two loving sisters, but brothers I have none;
I have a loving mother, who awaits her darling son.

11. "Besides dere is my Jesus, who bled and died for me,
Was crucified by men like you and knelt to Calvary's tree."

12. "Come, Edgar," said the captain, "we all have loved ones, too.
We curse and smoke and squander, lad, and we are men like you."

13. "You are not a man like me, sir, for drink I never will,
And I am fit for Heaven, sir, but you are fit for Hell."

14. De captain's words grew sadder, and he spoke in an angry tone:
"If you don't drink dis liquor, lad, you'll never reach your home."

15. "I will reach de home of Jesus, for I am ready to go
Where de angels dey are waiting with der garments white as snow."

16. "And you must meet me, Captain, in de land beyond de blue,
Where Jesus waits to save you; He can save a sinner like you.

17. "Now you must kill me, Captain, but please be mighty quick,
And take de message to my love, O, do for mercy's sake."

18. De captain held de wine glass, his hand began to fail,
Dose words had touched de captain's heart, his lips and face grew pale.

19. "I have been a cruel captain, my life I spent in sin,
And if I got to Heaven, He would not take me in.

20. "I have been a cruel captain; my life I will take away.
Good-by to you, young Edgar; my form will soon decay."

21. De captain's face grew whiter; from his shed [sheath?] he drew his knife;
De last good-by was whispered; as he cut de t'reads of life.

22. De captain lay dere bleeding; on de deck of de *Willow Green;*
His life was plunged in punishment; his soul was taken in sin.

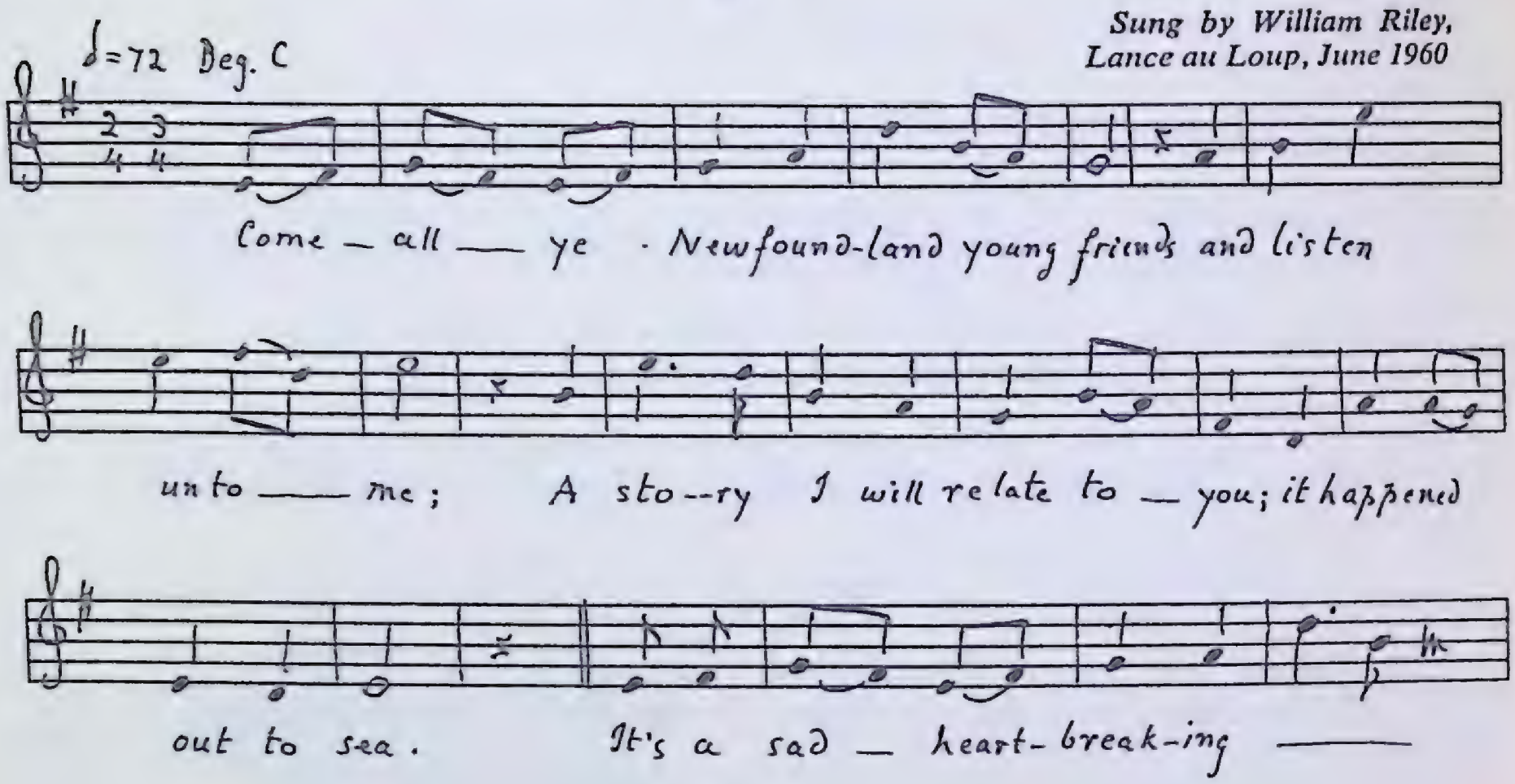
23. Young Hector knelt upon de deck; his voice he raised above,
Saying, "Jesu, keep dose Frenchmen and touch dem with your love."

24. Thirty-three young Frenchmen knelt dat night, and sought forgiveness free;
Dat night was spent in happiness while sailing o'er de sea.

25. Rum is a burning mercy, still it's many a young man's joy.
Causes many a loving mother to mourn for her darling boy.

B

Sung by William Riley,
Lance au Loup, June 1960



1. Come all ye Newfoundland young friends and listen unto me,
   A story I will relate to you; it happened out to sea.
2. It's a sad heart-breaking story, which I am going to tell you;
   It's about young Edgar Spenser and his age was scarce nineteen.
3. He left his home and loved ones; he served the living God;
   He loved the name of Jesus, for he was a mother's love.
4. 'Twas on one summer's evening as the heavens were in blue,
   He shipped on board of a vessel, for it was time for him to go.
5. Good-by to home and loved ones and to my Nellie Green,
   With fateful eyes he stood upon the deck of the *Willow Green.*
6. A crew of jolly Frenchmen a-sailing o'er the sea,
   With one young Newfoundlander, whose heart was gay and free.
7. On the fourth a something happened on the deck of the *Willow Green,*
   About six o'clock that evening we anchored in the stream.
   All hands was drunk but Edgar on the deck of the *Willow Green.*
8. "Young Edgar," said the Captain, "you must drink your part,
   If you don't drink this liquor, lad, your life will soon be short."
9. "I'll give you my life, sir, for a drink I'll never take;
   I'll stand true to my Jesus, all for my mother's sake.
10. "I have two darling sisters, and brothers I have none;
    I have a darling mother who awaits her darling son.

11. "I have a darling sweetheart whose name is Nellie Green;
I promised her I would stand true on the deck of the *Willow Green.*"

12. "Come Edgar," said the Captain, "sure we have loved ones too,
We smoke and swear and drink, lad, and we are men like you."

13. "You are not men like me, for drink I never will,
For I am fit for Heaven and you are fit for hell."

14. The captain's face grew fierce, and he spoke in an angry tone,
"If you don't drink this liquor, lad, you'll never reach your home."

15. "I've clutched the hand of Jesus; I'm ready now to go,
And the angels there are waiting with garments white as snow."

16. The Captain he stood on the deck; his hand began to fail;
These words had touched the captain's heart; his lips and face grew pale.

17. The wine glass from the captain's hand fell down upon the deck,
And his eyes he raised to Heaven saying, "Let the vessel sink,

18. "But save young faithful Edgar and bring him safely o'er
That he might see his loved ones on Newfoundland fair shore.

19. "I being a cruel captain, my life I spent in sin,
And if I go to Jesus, he will not take me in.

20. "I being a cruel captain, my life I'll take away,
Good-by, to you, young Edgar, my limbs will soon be clay."

21. The Captain he stood on the deck, from his side he drew a knife
And a last good-by he whispered as he cut the cord of life.

22. The captain he lay bleeding on the deck of the *Willow Green*
His life was taken in punishment; his soul was plunged in sin.

23. Young Edgar knelt down on the deck; his eyes he raised above.
Saying, "Jesus bless the Frenchmen and teach them of Thy love."

24. There were thirty-three young Frenchmen that night for forgiveness free;
That night was spent in merriment while sailing on the sea.

25. And from his burning misery came many a young man's joy,
Cause there's many a mother to weep and grieve for her poor darling boy.

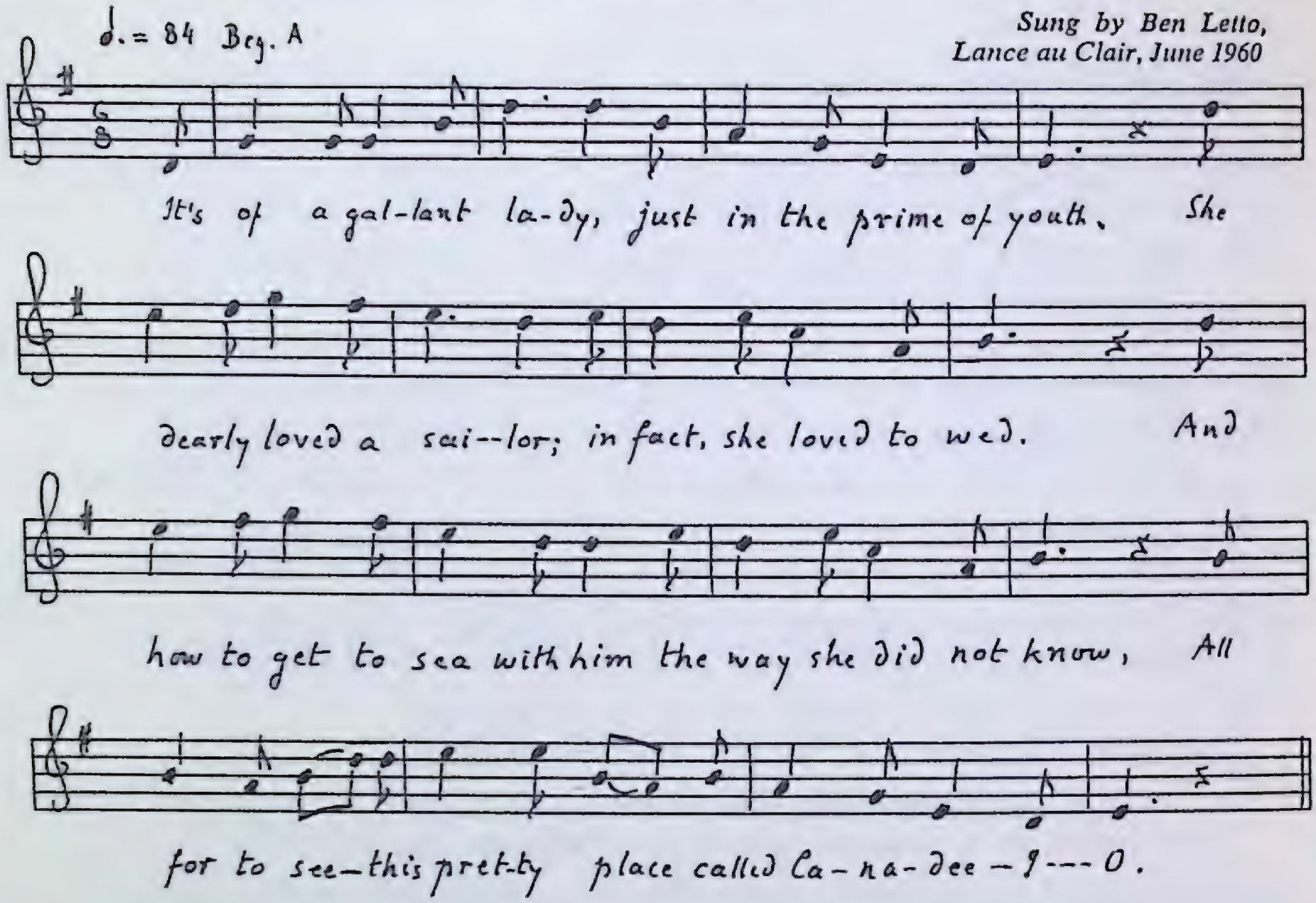
26. A loyal heart brings happiness, a faithful heart brings joy;
There's nothing charms a mother's heart like a good and sober boy.

27. Come all you Newfoundland friends that's going on in sin,
Just think of faithful Edgar on the deck of the *Willow Green.*

Both singers praise this highly as one "that teaches a good lesson." They and their audiences were sure that it is true, i.e., factual. It is very popular in the groups where it is known in Labrador and is always a request number when songs are going around. The banality, sentimentality, and implausibility are not noticed, since they are overshadowed by the big theme, "a little child shall lead them." I have no record of this song elsewhere.

8. and 23.A. Hector: probably mistake for Edgar.

Canadee-I-O



1. It's of a gallant lady, just in the prime of youth.
   She dearly loved a sailor; in fact, she loved to wed,
   And how to get to sea with him the way she did not know,
   All for to see this pretty place called Canadee-I-O.

2. She bargained with a sailor all for a purse of gold,
   And straightway he had taken her right down into the hold.
   "I'll dress you up in sailor suit; your colors shall be blue,
   And you soon will see that pretty place, called Canadee-I-O."

3. When our mate had heard this, he fell into a rage,
   Likewise our ship's company was willing to engage:
   "I'll tie your hands and feet, my love, and overboard you'll go,
   And you'll never see the pretty place called Canadee-I-O."

4. And when the captain heard this: "This thing shall never be,
   For if you drown that fair maid, hanged sure you'll be;
   I'll take her to my cabin, her colors shall be blue,
   And she soon will see that pretty place called Canadee-I-O."

5. They had not arrived in Canada more than the space of half a year,
   Before the Captain married her, and called her his very dear.
   She can dress in silk or satin; she caught a gallant show;
   She was one of the fairest ladies in Canadee-I-O.

6. Come all ye, young ladies, whoever you may be,
To be sure and follow your true love, if ever he goes to sea,
And if your mate he do prove false, your captain he'll prove true,
And you'll see the honor I have gained by the wearing of the blue.

"Canada-I-O" is a well known gripe song (Laws, I C 17), found far and wide among the lumbermen and reworked into "The Buffalo Skinners" to record the discomforts and privations of the buffalo hunters, just as the (gripe) "Canada-I-O" recorded the discomforts of the lumbermen. Mrs. Eckstorm in BFSNE 6, 1930, states that Ephraim Braley wrote the gripe version of "Canada-I-O" in 1854. Her information comes from Mrs. Annie Marston of Maine, who knew Braley and furnished Mrs. Eckstorm with her text.

Braley used as his pattern a version of the song here printed and also called "Canada-I-O." The only common elements are the idea of a journey, the words "Canada-I-O," and the refrain pattern. The present song first appeared in America, so far as I can discover, in *The Forget-me-not Songster* (New York, 1847). According to Frank Kidson, *English Peasant Songs,* this is a broadside of the eighteenth century. The text printed here seems to be the first version recorded from oral tradition in America. A version without tune is printed in *A Pioneer Songster* (New York, 1960), p. 59, from manuscript source. The ultimate source of our song is a still older ballad called "Caledonia." It is printed in Greig, LXXVII, and in Ord, p. 117 (For further bibliography, *see* Laws I: 152; Bulletin 6: 10).

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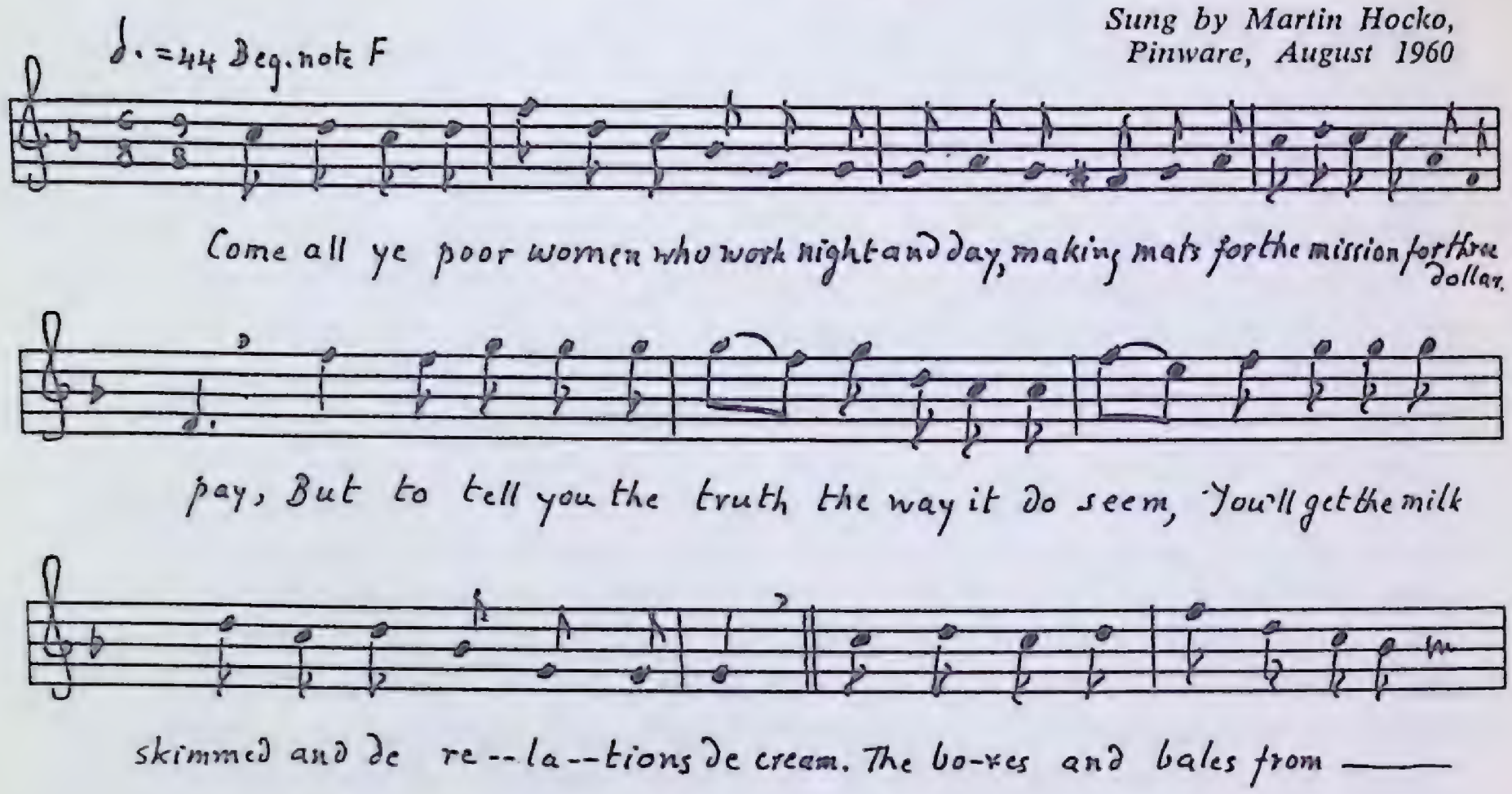
Mission Song

Sung by Martin Hocko,
Pinware, August 1960



1. Come all ye poor women who work night and day,
   Making mats for the Mission for three dollars pay,
   But to tell you the truth the way it do seem,
   You'll get the milk skimmed and de relations de cream.

2. The boxes and bales from St. Anthony come;
   The relations and friends take the best of it home.
   The manager says, "Take the best for yourselves,
   And what is left over I'll put on the shelves."

3. "'Twill do to pay people who labors to keep
   Up the mission; you see her prices are steep.
   The best of what's left I'll put in the bags,
   And give the poor laborers nothing but rags."

4. The women who labors to make mission mats,
   They can't get a rag to go on their backs;
   It's all for small cabbage, it's all hen's eggs;
   The worst of what's left is hung up on de pegs.

5. Relations comes first to get their outfit;
   The friends comes in next for their little bit,
   And them that comes last with work neatly done,
   They must take what is left or else they'll get none.

6. There's Moores, Pikes, and Macys galore
   Who gets the first pick from the old Mission store.
   Smith comes next to fill up the bags,
   And the workers comes last who get nothing but rags.

7. The men who did labor to cut the sheep's barn
Were four or five days working out in the storm;
For cash they were hired, old clothes they got paid,
That friends of the Mission had just overlaid.

8. We must not forget the poor sheep in the pen,
Who gives de fine wool for de people to spin;
To spin on the halves some people do take,
And some gets it out for relationship's sake.

9. The messages also are paid for, they say,
With the clothes the poor ought to get for their pay.
The manager says, "Make out what I owe,
And I'll pay you the bill in the old Mission clothes."

10. So now my poor women don't worry no more,
There is nothing left at the old Mission store.
The mats that ye made, keep them for yourself,
And let the old Mission rags rot on de shelf.

11. The Manager's gone only Heaven knows where,
To Carboneer first and to Boston, I hear,
To live with the Doctor and Mrs. Grenfell,
And advertise widely the Mission and tell

12. The good she is doing by clothing the poor
With the clothes that is brought to the old Mission store.
But if she would only tell the square thing,
She would certainly bring nothing home in the spring.

13. Now blue denim story is going around;
There's duck, buck and coats and hats by the score
Sent by the donors to give to the poor;
We do not condemn the missions all round,
For most of the stations are perfectly sound.

14. And gives to the poor unable to work
With holts from the lazy, the bum and the shirk;
But the station at Red Bay fell short of its plan,
Introduced by its founder, that wonderful man,

15. Whose life and example I will always boast.
The poor and the needy he helps on the coast.
"Inasmuch as you did it to those," says the Book,
You cannot alter that by hook or by crook.

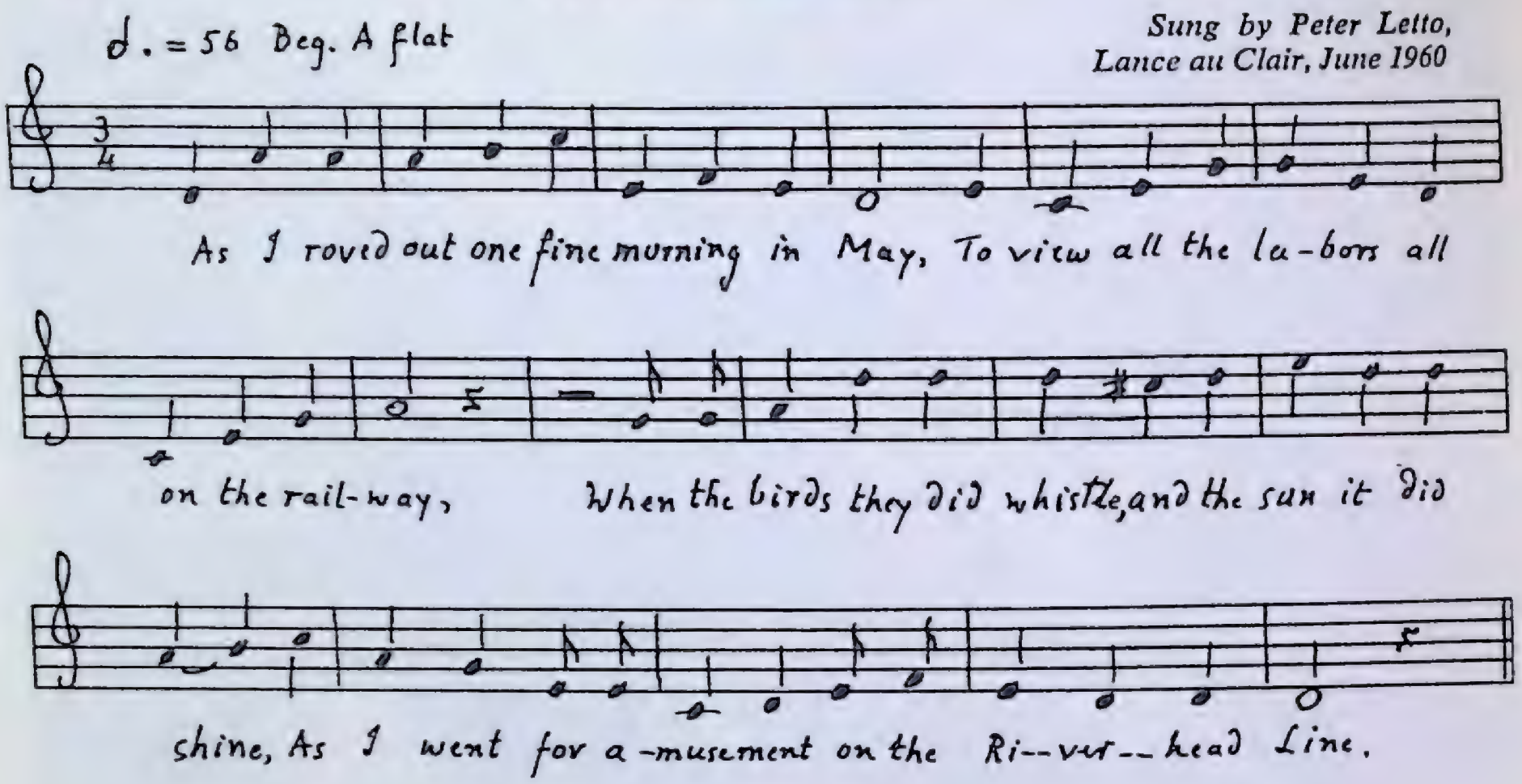
16. Look well at the verses that comes just before;
Adhere to them strickly [*sic*] at the old Mission store.
I was hungry and naked and needy and poor;
Not a bite nor a rag did I get from your store.

17. Depart ye, depart ye, for I know you not,
Your friends you remembers, but me you forgot.
And now in conclusion I'll finish this rime;
I hope to see poor people paid for their time,
Sent for the poor, the aged and the spent;
They are not to be charged five hundred per cent.

This is a local song known in the Red Bay region. The Mission referred to is the Grenfell Mission at Red Bay. No one at the mission or around Pinware remembered the circumstances; all agreed that it was a personal gripe. Northern Newfoundland and Labrador have long known the unselfish, dedicated work of Wilfred Grenfell and his followers centered at St. Anthony. Food, clothing, medical supplies, and unstinting service have been given freely over the years. This is a local gripe song that not at all expresses the feelings of the people in general toward the Mission. I was told that this song was composed at Redbank by a man who had been dismissed from his job at the Mission because of misconduct.

Grand Bruit

Riverhead Line



1. As I roved out one fine morning in May,
   To view all the labors all on the railway,
   When the birds they did whistle and the sun it did shine,
   As I went for amusement on the Riverhead Line.

2. I met an old man from the head of the Bay,
   Who spent his late summers down on the railway.
   "Good morning, old Man, and isn't it fine?
   How do you like the people on the Riverhead Line?"

3. The old man gazed on me with fear and surprise;
   I could tell by the anger that stood in his eyes:
   "I'll tell you about them, since I have the time;
   They're the red roaring devils on the Riverhead Line.

4. For boiling your kettle they'll charge you five cents,
   And fifty to stick up your camp by the fence.
   For sewing on a button they'll charge you one dime;
   Sure those are the rules on the Riverhead Line.

5. "As for the molasses—O my, ain't it bad,
   And as for the pork, it would drive you mad,
   As for the flour, it's like the slack lime.
   It would give you consumption on the Riverhead Line."

6. Now I'll go home to the head of the bay,
   No more down from Cartage, no more will I stray,
   I'll set myself down in the place that is mine,
   And go no more wandering to the Riverhead Line.

I have collected this gripe song twice in Newfoundland (Avalon). Both songs are longer and better than this. One is called "The North Shoreman's Line" and the other "The Shoal Harbour Line." The singer of the second song said that it referred to a railroad they were building forty years ago.

6.2. Cartage: Colliers, in both Nfld. versions.

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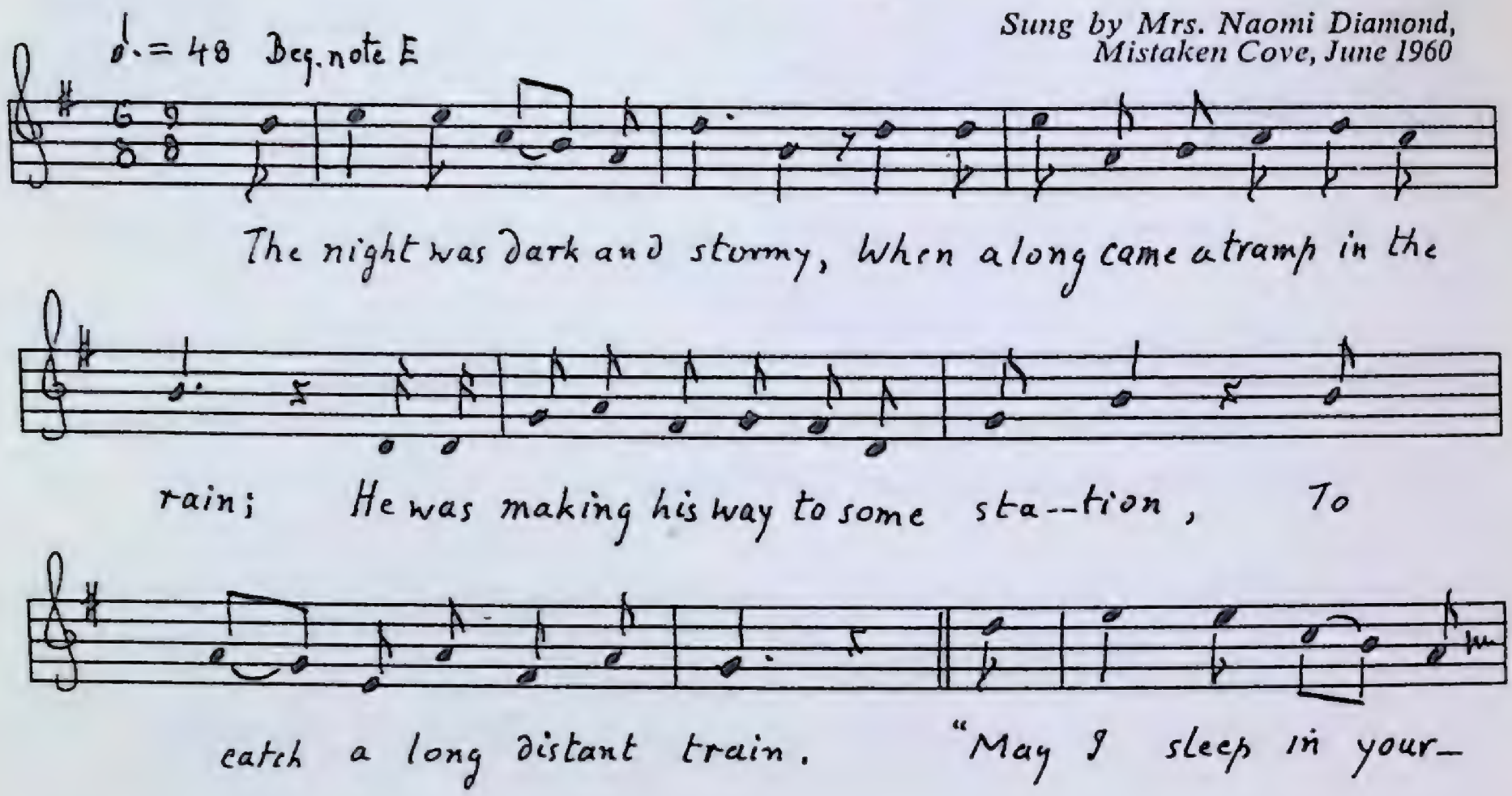
The Tramp

Sung by Mrs. Naomi Diamond,
Mistaken Cove, June 1960



1. The night was dark and stormy, when along came a tramp in the rain;
   He was making his way to some station, to catch a long distant train.

2. "May I sleep in your barn, tonight, Mister; it is cold lying out on the ground,
   And the cold north winds they are blowing, and I haven't no place to lie down.

3. "I have no tobacco, no matches; I am sure I won't do you no harm;
   I have a sad story to tell you; it runs through my heart like a charm."

4. It was three years ago last summer; I shall never forget the sad day,
   When a stranger came out from the country; he said that he wanted to stay.

5. This stranger be fair, tall, and handsome; he look like a man I'd like well.
   He wanted to stay in the country, said he wanted to stay for his health.

6. My wife said she'd like to be earning some money to fix up our home.
   So the talk—it was finally finished—that the stranger would stay at our home.

7. One night as I came from my workshop—I was whistling and singing with joy,
   Expecting here loving welcome from a dear loving wife and my boy.

8. But what should I find but a letter; it was placed in the room on the stand,
   And the moment my eye fell upon it, I had taken it up in my hand.

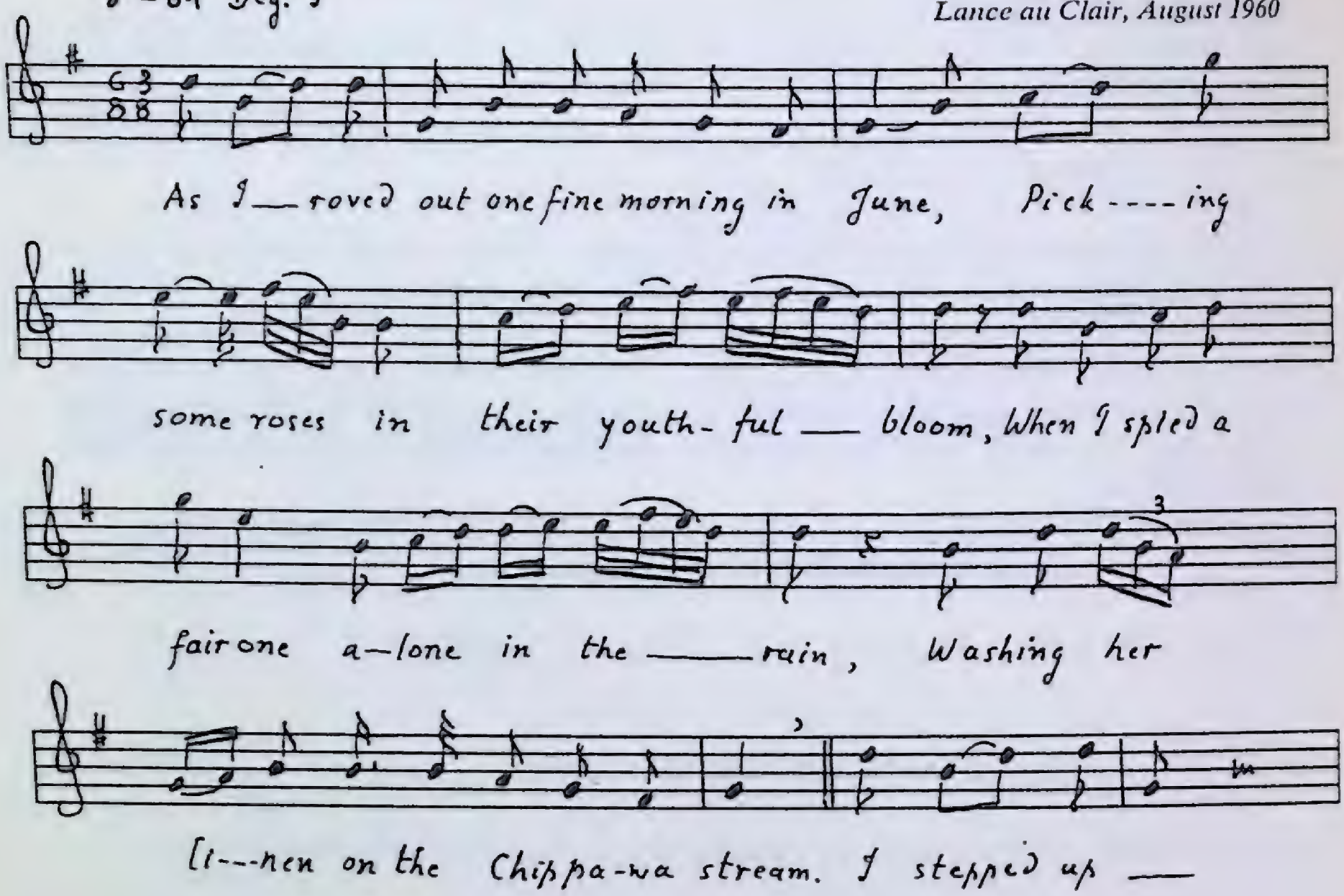
9. This note says my wife and the stranger had gone and had taken my son,
   And I wondered if God up in Heaven only knowed what the stranger had done.

This is the usual text of this folk-popular song. It was common around the turn of the century, especially through the south (*See* George Milburn, *The Hobo's Hornbook,* for this and allied tramp songs). The song was recorded early and widely circulated. Both the printings and the recordings have kept it alive and have dispersed it widely. Randolph 4: 364, and Brown Collection, 3: 420, give bibliography and texts. This is the first text from the Northeast.

Chippawa Girl

♪ = 84 Beg. G

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, August 1960



1. As I roved out one fine morning in June,
   Picking some roses in their youthful bloom,
   When I spied a fair one alone in the rain,
   Washing her linen on the Chippawa stream.

2. I stepped up to her and made a low bow,
   And what I said to her I will tell you now:
   "This six months or better, my mind being on thee,
   So let us get married, if you will agree."

3. "To marry, to marry, I'm afraid I'm too young,
   And most of you young men have a false flattering tongue.
   My dad and my mama quite angry would be,
   If I were to marry a rover like thee."

4. I stepped from beside her, well knowing what to say,
   "I wish you a good man, whoever he may be."
   The sky it blows cloudy; I fear it will rain;
   We shook hands and parted on the Chippawa strain.

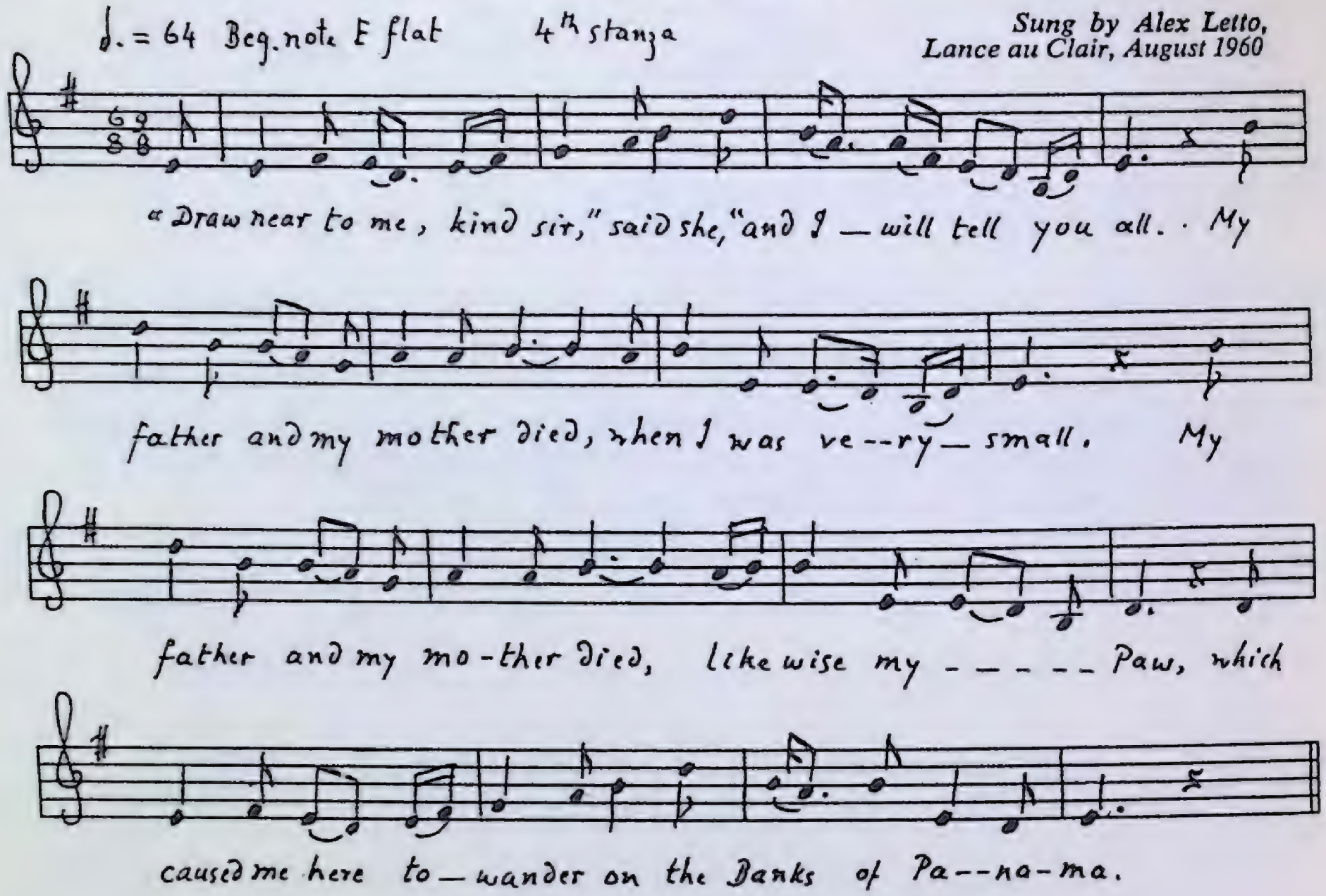
5. "Come back, love, come back, love, you have now won my heart,
   And here is my right hand, from you I'll ne'er part,
   No never shall part, love, till the day that I die
   But always live happy along with you nigh."

6. "Since the last words you've spoke it's quite out of time,
Since the last words you've uttered I have altered my mind;
I think it far better quite single remain,
And go court some other girl on the Chippawa Strain."

7. Some marry for beauty, it's a thing will soon fade;
More marry for riches, get a bold, saucy maid,
But if ever I marry till the day that I die,
It's the girl that proves constant; she's the darling for I.

This song has not hitherto been printed from Newfoundland. It is extremely rare everywhere. Mackenzie has a version (no tune) from Nova Scotia, and E. C. Beck prints one from Michigan. The name 'Chippawa' and the presence of texts among the lumbermen of Michigan suggest that the Nova Scotia and Labrador singers learned the song from local shanty boys who worked the mid-west forests (For bibliography *see* Laws I, p. 225).

Banks of Panama



1. As I roved out one morning in the lovely month of June;
   We looked for camps together to view those fields around.

2. 'Twas there I saw an Indian girl, she was sitting on the ground.
   She did not seem to notice me, until I drew quite near.

3. I said, "My dear young Indian girl, why do you wander here?"
   I said, "My dear young Indian girl, I know you're but a squaw.
   What makes you look so lonely on those banks of Panama?"

4. "Draw near to me, kind sir," said she, "and I will tell you all.
   My father and my mother died, when I was very small,
   My father and my mother died, likewise my . . . Paw,
   Which caused me here to wander on the Banks of Panama."

5. "Oh, that's not all, kind sir," she cried, "a true love once was mine.
   He was a brave young soldier chap; the British told me so.
   He courted me; he flattered me; he said you're but a squaw;
   He left me here to wander on the Banks of Panama."

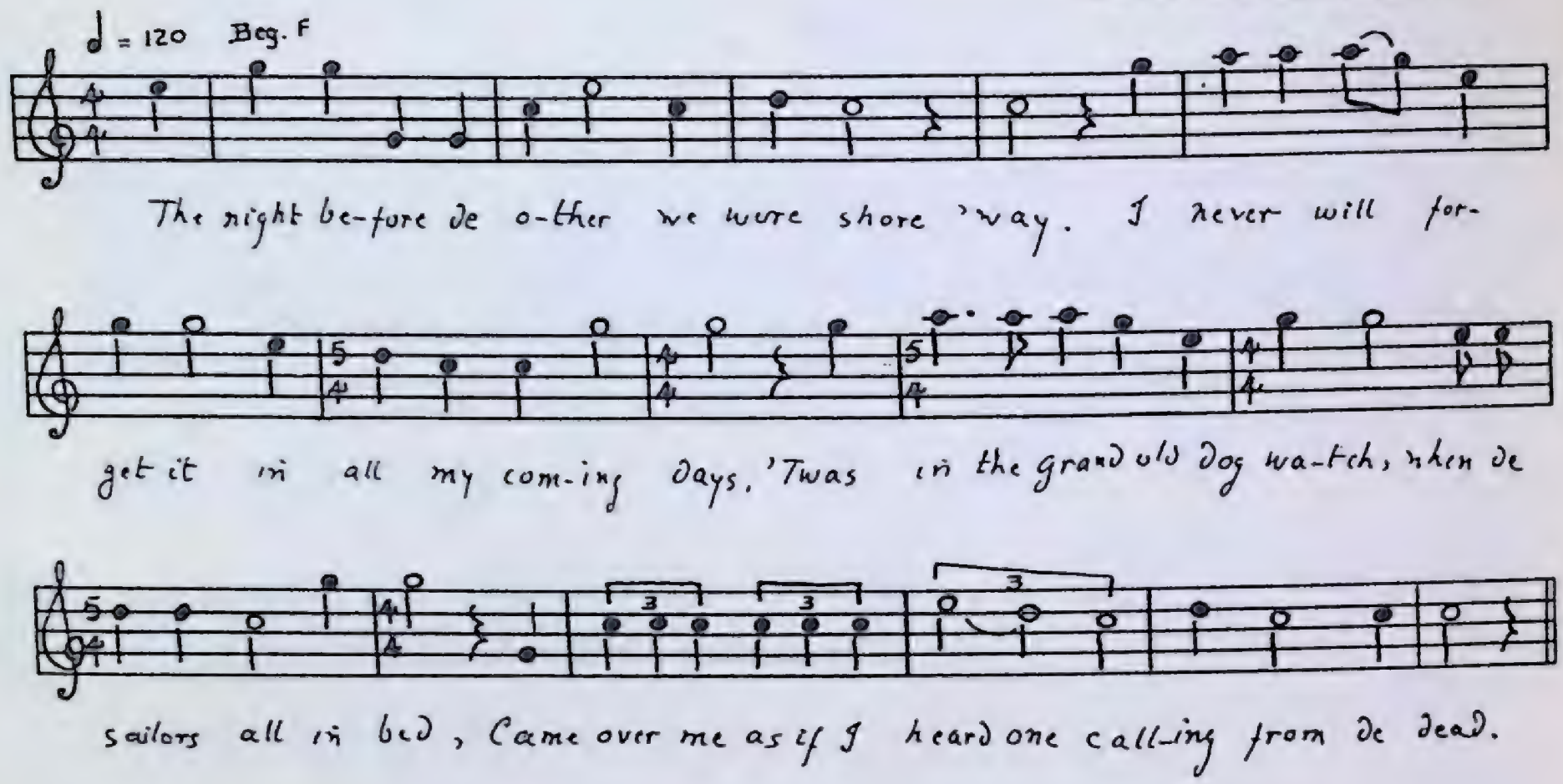
6. I said, "My dear young Indian girl, come home along with me.
   I'll take you to a happier home in a paleface country;
   I'll dress you up in costly robes the like you never saw;
   No more you'll care to wander on the banks of Panama."

7. "O no, O no, kind sir," she cried, "with you I will not go.
I have made up my mind to roam with the reindeer and the doe,
And since this paleface broke his vow and I am but a squaw,
I'll live and die contented on the Banks of Panama."

A six-stanza eight-line text of this from Newfoundland was printed in JAF, 67: 383, and another is to be found in E. C. Beck, *Lore of the Lumber Camps* (Ann Arbor, 1948), p. 169. Laws I lists it, p. 226. Beck thinks that it is a Michigan song; I believe rather that it originated in the East, probably the Maritimes, and that it was carried by the loggers West, as so many songs were. The singer varied in his pronunciation of the place-name between Panama and Pandlema. Note the resemblance between the first stanza of this and that of "Little Mohee."

Ghostly Fishermen

Sung by Henry Belber,
Lance au Loup, August 1960



1. The night before de other we were [off] shore 'way.
   I never will forget it in all my coming days.
   'Twas in the grand old dog watch, when de sailors all in bed,
   Came over me as if I heard one calling from de dead.

2. In over de rail dey mounted in silence one by one,
   A dozen ghostly seamen, just wait till I am done,
   With dere face all washed with sea weed, showing ghostly in de night
   And each man took his station as if he had de right.

3. Dey moved about before men till de land appeared in sight,
   For better I may say so a light-house shone its light
   And dose poor ghostly seamen moved to de rail again,
   And vanished in an instant before de eyes of men.

4. Dose are de same poor fellows, I pray God rest dere souls,
   Dat our poor craft ran under dat night on George's Shoals.

This ballad is based on the old sailors' superstition that the spirit of a man lost from a vessel will board that vessel when it again appears in the spot where the man was lost. This was originally a narrative poem; it was written by Harry L. Marcy and published in *Fishermen's Ballads and Songs of the Sea* (Boston, 1874). When and how it acquired a tune is unknown. The song has existed in tradition for many years in the Maritimes, but not elsewhere (*See* Creighton, p. 254; Doerflinger, p. 180 (NS texts); Greenleaf p. 227). I have several more Newfoundland versions.

The present ballad beautifully illustrates the tendency of the folk to slough off the pedestrian, the explanatory, and the subjective material, and drive toward the drama, letting the story speak for itself. The Labrador version reduces the seven quatrains in the original to three and a half, and gains in intensity and force by doing so.

97

The Cowboy

(*When the Work's All Done This Fall*)

Sung by Henry Belber,
Lance au Loup, August 1960

1. A group of jolly cowboys, discouraged . . . .
For I will tell you something, if you will listen, please.
I am an old cow butcher boy, but I am dressed in rags,
And used to be a good one and take on great big jags.

2. For I have got a home, boys, a good one you all know,
Although I have not seen it, since a long time ago.
I'm going back to Dixie once more to see dem all;
I'm going to see my mother, when de work's all done dis fall.

3. This very night dis cowboy went out to stand his guard;
De weather it was stormy and raining very hard;
The cattle they got frightened and rushed in stampaté [*sic*]
He tried his best to stop dem by riding at full speed.

4. When riding in de darkness most loudly he did shout,
Trying his best to win dem and turn der head about.
His saddle horse did stumble and on him did fall,
And he'll not see his mother, when de work's all done dis fall.

5. His body was so mangled, de boys all thought him dead;
Dey picked him up so gen-ti-ly and laid him on his bed.
He opened wide his blue eyes and gazing all around,
He motioned to his comrades to funeral him on de ground.

6. "Here are all my wages, de wages I have earned,
For I am afraid there the last that I have earned
I am going to a voyage; I hear my master call,
I won't see my mother, when de work's all done dis fall.

7. "Will, you take my saddle; Pete, you take my bed,
Pedro, you take my pistol, straight after I am dead,
And tink upon me kindly as you gaze upon dem all,
And give my love to mother when de work's all done dis fall.

8. Poor Charley died at daybreak, no tombstone at his head,
Nothing but a little board and dis is what it read:
"Poor Charlie died at daybreak; he died all from a fall,
And he won't see his mother, when de work's all done dis fall."

This sentimental cowboy song has been in tradition at least fifty years. The singer learned it from a neighbour when he was a boy (*See* Laws I, p. 132, for bibliography). This is the first recording of the song in the Maritimes (*See* Folkways Record Album No. FH5723). It contains an excel-

lent text, magnificently sung by Harry Jackson. The text is accompanied by additional bibliography compiled by Dr. Kenneth Goldstein.

1.1. discouraged: other versions—discussing plans at ease.

1.3. butcher: puncher. An understandable Labrador substitution.

5.4. funeral: sit near him.

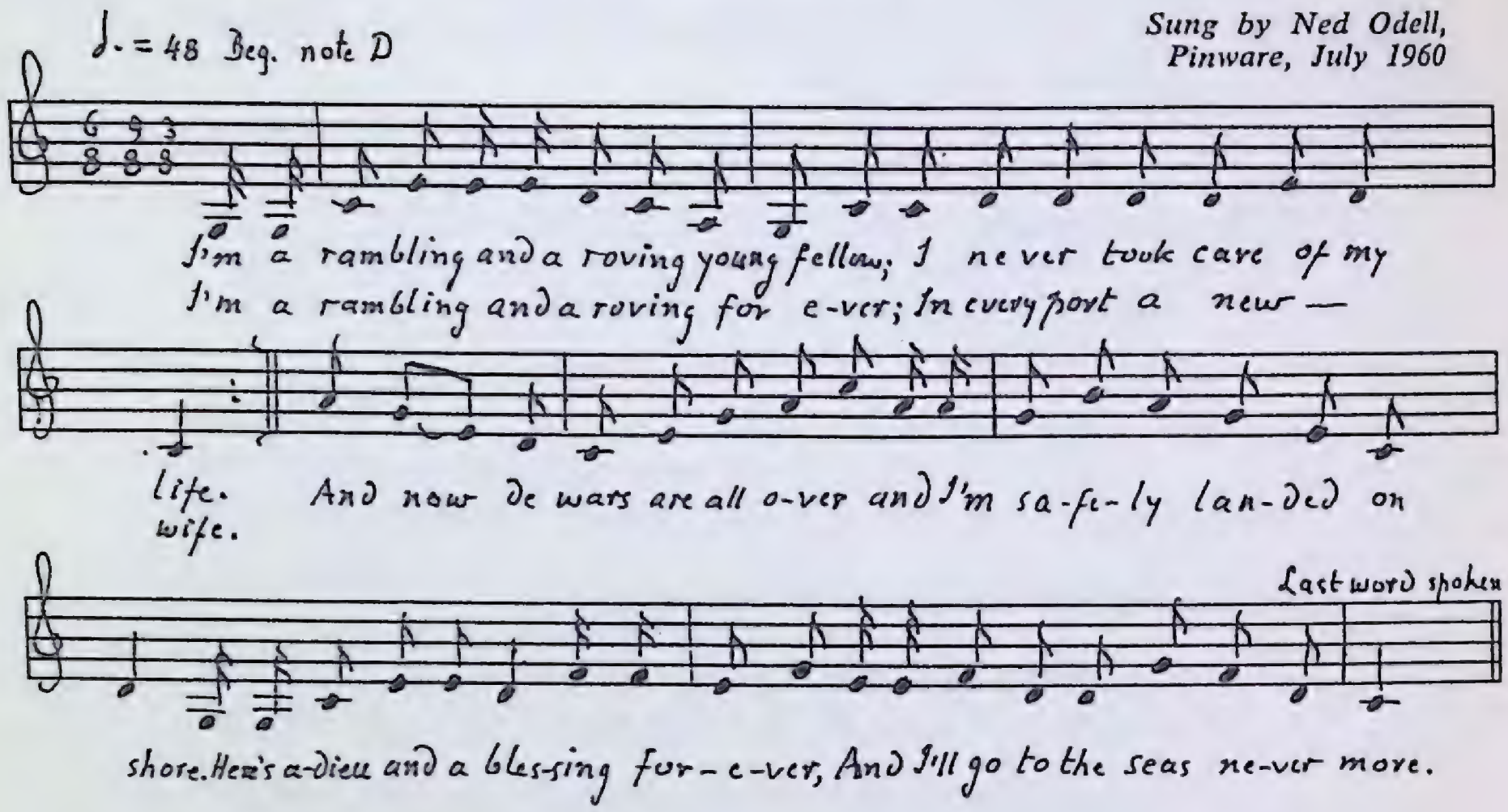
6.3. going on a voyage: going to a new range. Nautical expressions creep in.

8.1. died: was buried.

Jolly Best Lad

(*Tarpaulin Jacket*)

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. I'm a rambling and a roving young fellow;
   I never took care of my life;
   I'm a rambling and a roving for ever;
   In every port a new wife.

2. And now de wars are all over,
   And I'm safely landed on shore.
   Here's adieu and a blessing forever,
   And I'll go to the seas never more.

3. I'll send for my friends and relations,
   I'll send for dem all for to come,
   I'll send for my friends and relations,
   And likewise a keg of good rum.

4. I will send for a keg of good rum, boys,
   And likewise four or five gallons of beer,
   It's all for to welcome de lassie
   That meets me at Tearingdown Square.

5. So when I am dead and am buried,
   And dat puts an end to my life,
   Don't you never go roaming or roving,
   But do a good turn for my wife.

6. Don't you never go cursing nor swearing,
   But one thing more I will crave.
   Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket
   And fiddle and dance to my grave.

7. Get six fair young cowboys to carry me,
   And let dem be all good and drunk,
   And when dey'll go long with my coffin,
   Dey'll let me fall in with a plunk.

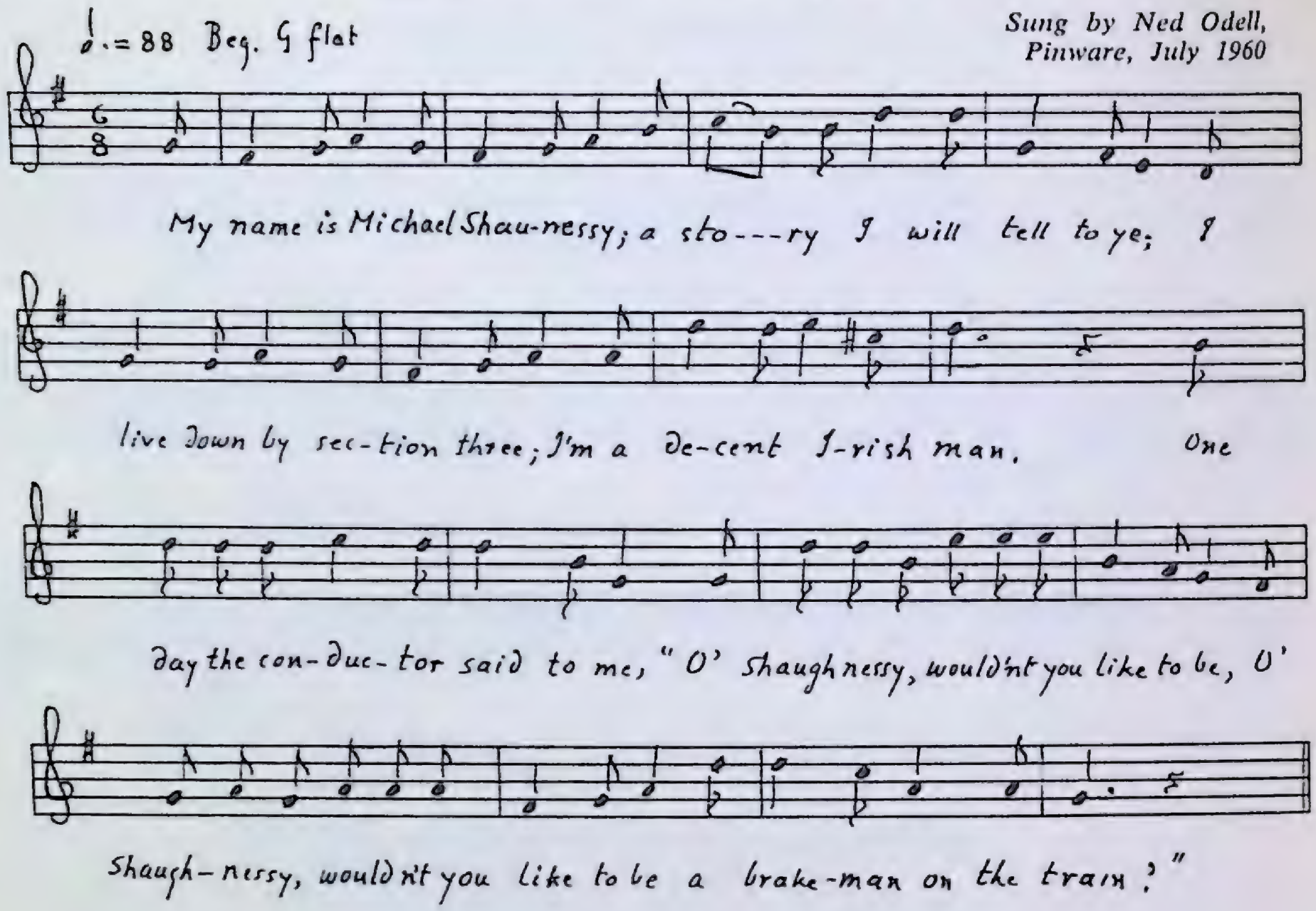
8. Let dem all go a cursing and swearing
   Like kings that are going quite mad,
   And tip the glass over my coffin,
   Saying, "Here goes the jolly best lad."

The source of this is an English broadside; it is rare in tradition. So far as I can discover, the two versions in Greenleaf are the only printed texts. The present text is very close to the Newfoundland versions. All, including the broadside, are pieced with stanzas and lines from "The Unfortunate Rake" and "The Cowboy's Lament."

4.4 Tearingdown Square: Derry-down Fair, in the broadside; Derry down here, in Greenleaf B; terry down fear, in A.

7.1. cowboys: other versions have 'sailors' or 'fellows.'

Brakeman on the Train



1. My name is Michael Shaunessy; a story I will tell to ye;
   I live down by section three; I'm a decent Irish man.
   One day the conductor said to me, "O'Shaunessy, wouldn't you like to be,
   O'Shaunessy, wouldn't you like to be a brakeman on the train?"

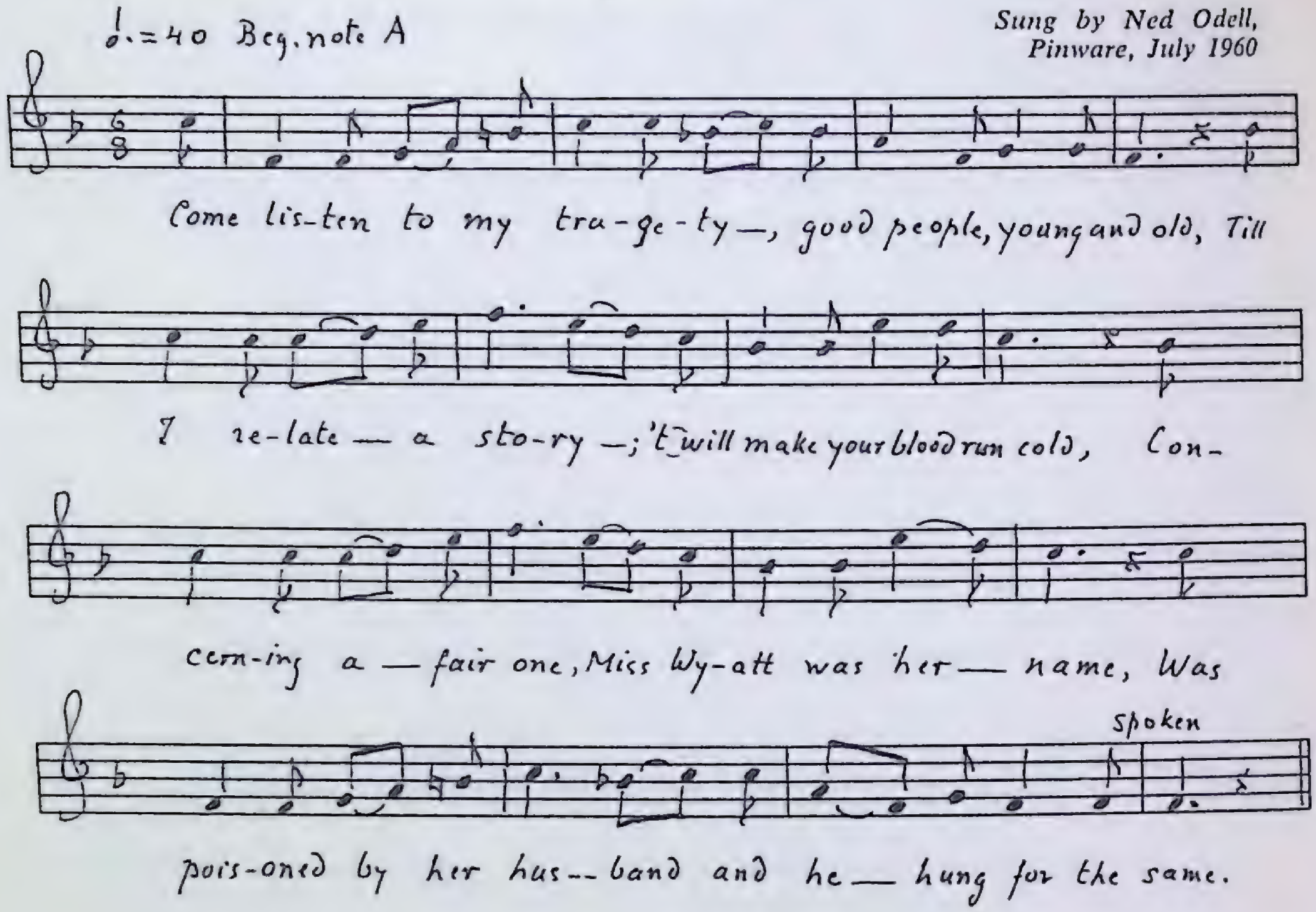
2. He put me out on section ten, where my troubles did begin;
   I was a stranger at the job, which caused my head to ache.
   One would send me for a pin; the other one turned me back again;
   They kept me running from end to end; I'm brakeman on the train.

3. They wave a lantern over my head; it was a signal, so they said
   To keep the engine from going ahead, and I'd be much to blame.
   The cars came tumbling down the hill, it's a wonder to heaven they hadn't been killed;
   They said, "You are a booger, Jack," a brakeman on de train.

4. When we got to Buffalo, Holy Moses, didn't it blow!
   And when we got to California I was frozen through.
   Conductor told me to turn de switch; I turned de engine in de ditch.
   He said you are a son of a bitch, a brakeman on the train.

5. My Sunday clothes in an awful state; the people said 'twas handling freight,
   And a hole in my pants as big as New York and de biscuit shining through.
   And every man I passed by said, "Shaunessy, where'd you get that sty?"
   Which caused my Irish blood to boil. I'm a brakeman on de train.

Henry Green



1. Come listen to my tragety [*sic*], good people, young and old,
   Till I relate a story; 'twill make your blood run cold,
   Concerning a fair one, Miss Wyatt was her name,
   Was poisoned by her husband and he hung for the same.

2. Miss Wyatt she being beautiful, but not of a high degree,
   Young Green being wealthy as plain, as plain could be,
   Saying, "Mary, dearest Mary, if you'll become my wife,
   I'll guard you as a parent all through dis course of life."

3. "Oh Henry, dearest Henry, you have got my consent;
   Before we've long been married I'm afraid you would repent,
   Before we've long been married you making me a disgrace,
   For I am not as rich as you, which ofttimes is de case."

4. They scarce been six weeks married, Miss Wyatt she took ill;
   Great doctors they were sent for to try dere noble skill;
   The doctors they were sent for her precious life to save,
   But it was soon found out by all, she must go to her grave.

5. Her brother, hearing of the news, straightway to her did go,
   Saying, "Sister dear, you're dying, the doctor tells me so."
   Saying, "Sister dear, you're dying, your life is at an end;
   Haven't you been poisoned by the one you thought a friend?"

6. "As I lay on my death bed I knew that I must die;
Before my God I must appear, de truth I won't deny,
My Henery has poisoned me; now brother, for him send,
And tell him I love him still as when he was my friend."

7. Young Henry, hearing of the news, he went his wife to see,
Saying, "Mary, dearest Mary, you was deceived by me."
Three times she called out, Henery," and fell back in a swan (swoon).
He gazed her indifferent and silently left the room.

8. "Now brother, when I'm dead and gone, don't have my Henery hung.
I freely do forgive him." She turned upon her side—
"In Heaven, meet me, Henery." She sweetly smiled and died.

This ballad records the murder in 1845 of Mary Ann Wyatt Green by her husband. The murder took place in Rensselaer County, New York. Immediately after Green was convicted, a printed broadside appeared, from which the numerous oral versions are derived. (For complete details of the murder and the history of the ballad, *see* Louis C. Jones, *Folksongs of Mary Wyatt and Henry Green,* Bulletin 12: 14–18; Louis C. Jones, *New York History,* 17: 192. For general bibliography, *see* Laws I, p. 192.)

The original broadside, reproduced by Jones in Bulletin 12, tells a circumstantial story in twenty-four quatrains beginning with a detailing of their courtship in eight stanzas. The present version is superior in focusing on the central action only. And it avoids the usual shift at the end to the murderer and his 'confession' and advice.

5.4. The broadside tells of his first giving her opium and then repeated draughts of arsenic.

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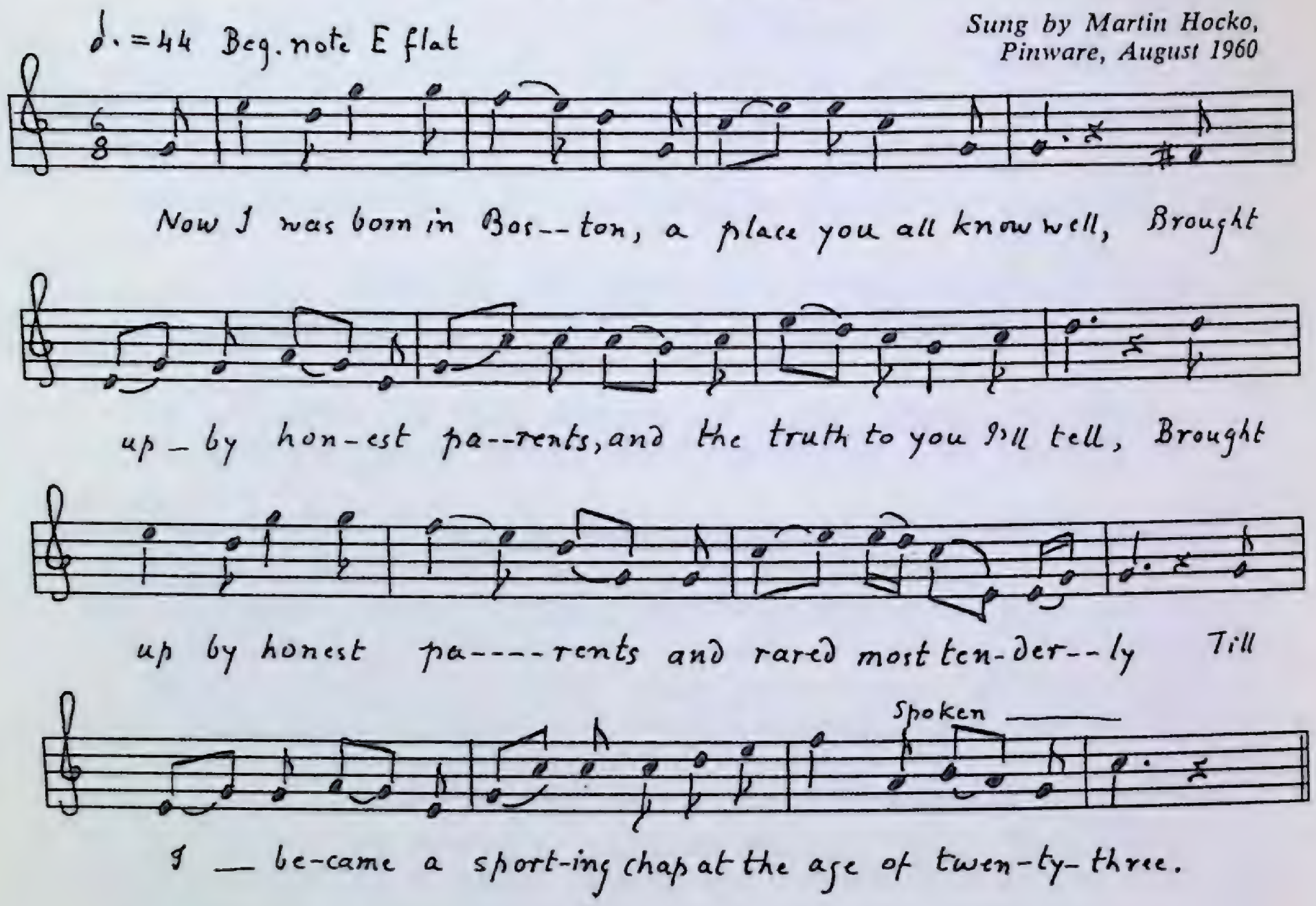
The Boston Burglar



1. Now I was born in Boston, a place you all know well,
   Brought up by honest parents, and the truth to you I'll tell,
   Brought up by honest parents and rared most tenderly
   Till I became a sporting chap at the age of twenty-three.
2. My character was taken and I was sent to jail;
   My parents tried—it was no use—to bring me out on bail.
   The judge he passed my sentence; the clerk he wrote it down,
   And I was down for twenty-one years and sent to Charlotte Town.
3. I stepped on board of an east-bound train on a cold December day,
   And every station I passed by, you'd hear the people say,
   "There goes a Boston Burglar, in irons he is bound;
   For some bad crime or other he is sent to Charlotte Town."
4. To see my aged father a standing at the bar,
   Likewise my aged mother and she drooping down her head,
   A tearing out her old grey locks as the tears came rolling down,
   Saying, "Son, dear son, what have you done, for you're sent to
   Charlotte Town?"
5. There is a girl in Boston, a girl that I love well;
   If ever I gain my liberty it's along with her I'll dwell;
   If ever I gain my liberty, bad company I will shun;
   I'll give up night-walking and likewise drinking rum.

6. Come all ye men of liberty, pray keep this if you can,
Don't never walk the streets by night to break the laws of man,
For if you do, you'll surely rue and you'll find yourself like me;
You'll have to serve your twenty-one years in the penitentiary.

"The Boston Burglar" is a very popular song ranging from Nova Scotia (and now with this version, Labrador) to the southern United States. It was adapted from the English broadside, "Botany Bay," by M. J. Fitzpatrick. The present text is very like that in the Brown Collection.

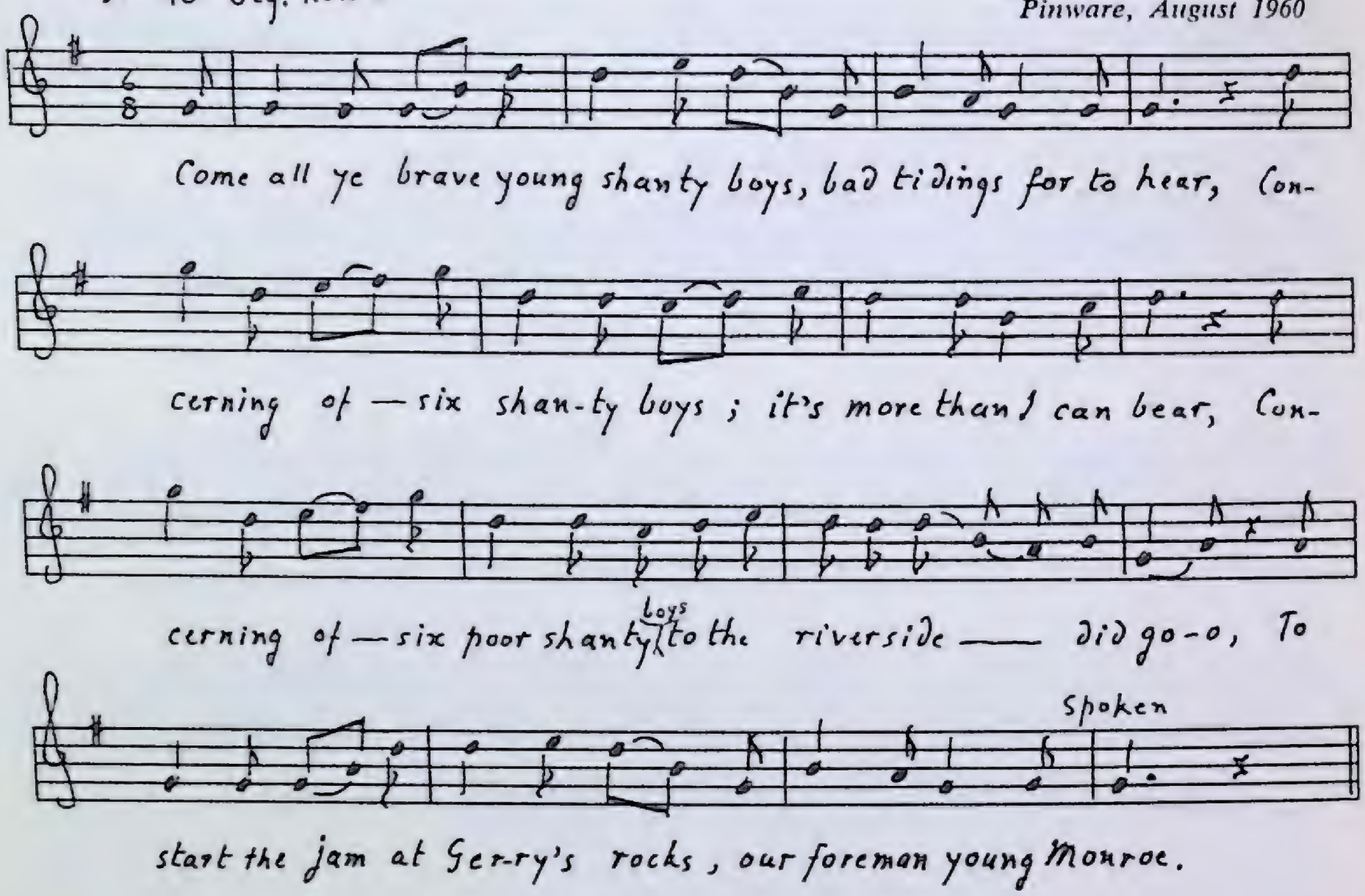
(To the full bibliography in Laws II, p. 175, add: Creighton, p. 206; Brown Collection 2: 554; Sigmund Spaeth, *Read 'em and Weep* (New York, 1926), p. 177; JFSS 18:85 for text and discussion of "Botany Bay.")

The Jam at Gerry's Rocks

(*Foreman Young Monroe*)

♩. = 40 Beg. note D

Sung by Martin Hocko,
Pinware, August 1960



1. Come all ye brave young shanty boys, bad tidings for to hear,
   Concerning of six shanty boys; it's more than I can bear,
   Concerning of six poor shanty boys to the riverside did go-o,
   To start the jam at Gerry's rocks, our foreman young Monroe.

2. It happened one Sunday morning when our boss to us did say,
   "Now ye all be on your guard for the jam will soon give way."
   Those words were scarcely spoken when the logs did roll and go-o
   And carried away those six brave youths and their foreman young Monroe.

3. The rest of our brave shanty boys sad tidings for to hear,
   To search for those dead comerads to the riverside did steer,
   To search for their dead comerads to the riverside did go;
   All bruised and mangled on the beach lay our foreman, young Monroe.

4. They picked him up most tenderly, brushed back his curly hair;
   The true love of our foreman among the crowd was there,
   The true love of our foreman being a girl from Saguenay Town;
   The moans and groans would pierce your heart when her true love was drowned.

5. Young Mary being a nice young girl without another friend,
   Her mother being a widow lived down in garden glen.
   The wages of her true love our boss to her did pay,
   And a lovely collection she received from her shanty boys that day.

6. Young Mary had not long to weep in her lamenting woe.
   Now about three weeks after there came to her a bow [*sic*]
   Now about three weeks after which summoned her to go.
   The very last words I heard her say, "I'll be buried by young Monroe."

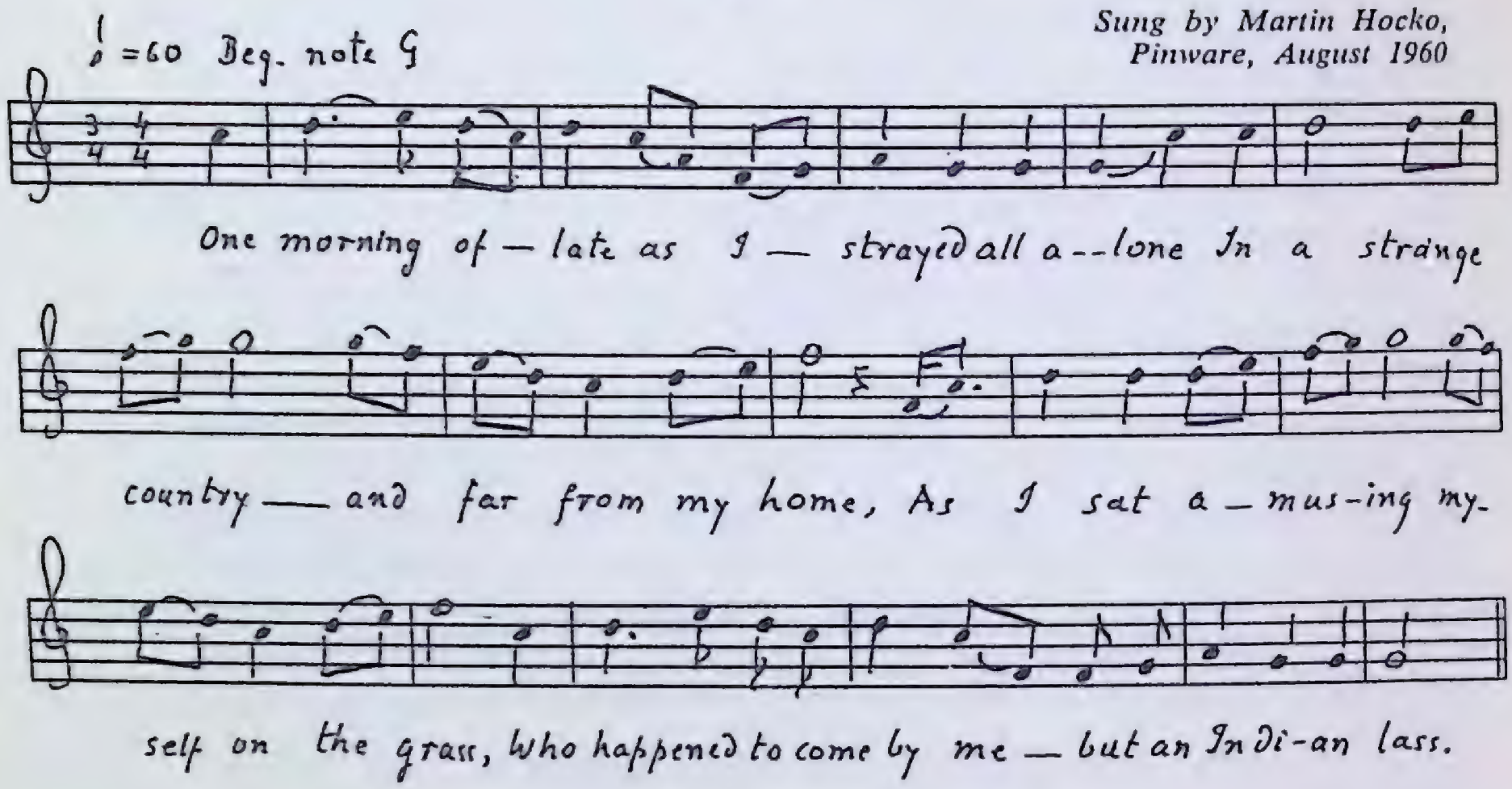
This is so well known that it hardly needs comment (*See,* for general bibliography, Laws I, p. 143; Creighton and Senior, p. 267; Doerflinger, p. 236; Greenleaf, p. 331; Brown Collection (three texts) 2: 501).

The present text is shorter than most, but it tells the complete story. It does omit the statement of the reluctance of young Monroe to work on Sunday. Note the reading 'Saguenay Town,' where most texts, especially the western ones, read 'Saginaw Town'; I am inclined to think 'Saguenay' is the original reading and 'Saginaw' the Michigan corruption (a natural one). Young Monroe's lady in all texts where she is mentioned by name is Clara; here she is Mary.

Little Mohee

A

Sung by Martin Hocko,
Pinware, August 1960



1. One morning of late as I strayed all alone
   In a strange country and far from my home,
   As I sat amusing myself on the grass,
   Who happened to come by me but an Indian lass.

2. She sat down beside me, kept squeezing my hand,
   "I think you are a stranger, not one of this land;
   If you will come with me, I'll take you to my home;
   You may live by yourself in a neat little room."

3. As the sun it was sinking beneath the salt sea,
   As I strayed along with the lass of Mohee;
   Together we rambled; together we roamed,
   Till we came to the house where the cocoanut grows.

4. With modest expression she said unto me,
   "You need not go sailing all on the salt sea,
   You need not go sailing, but stay here with me,
   And I'll teach you the language like the lass of Mohee."

5. "No, no, dearest fair one, that's a thing that can't be,
   For I have a girl in my own countery;
   I will never forsake her for her poverty,
   And I think she's as loyal as the lass of Mohee."

6. The last time I saw her she was walking the strand,
   As the boat passed her by, she waved her hand,
   Saying, "When you go home to your own native land,
   You will think on the Indian that squeezes your hand."

7. Now I am landed on my own native shore,
My friends and relations come round me once more;
They all comes round me and ail that I see.
There is none to be compared to the lass of Mohee.

8. The fair one was handsome; she was modest and mild;
She acted her part unto heaven resigned;
When I was a stranger, she took me to her home,
And I think on the Ind-i-an as I wander alone.

This is the most popular American folksong with an Indian theme. The song is probably derived from the English broadside "The Indian Lass." The original American song probably was a whaling song, and the girl was from the south seas. Mohee < Maui in the Sandwich Islands. The derivation of Mohee < Miami (Indians of the Mid-West) is hardly tenable (*See* the discussion of this song by Phillips Barry in Bulletin 6: 15). Versions of "Little Mohee" have been published from Florida to Nova Scotia and west to Montana. It has not been printed from Newfoundland, though I have collected several texts, one of which is here appended for comparison with the Labrador text (*See* Laws I, p. 224; Brown Collection 2: 340).

Sung by Mamie Sullivan,
Calvert, July 1960

B

1. As I was a walking one fine summer's day,
I craved recreation, as the day passed away;
I sat down a-musing alone on the grass,
And who chanced to come by me but a young Indian lass.

2. She came and sat near me and taking my hand,
Saying, "You look like a stranger, not one of our band,
But if you care to lodge here and to wander with me,
I will teach you the language of the little Mohee."

3. "No, no my fair maiden, that never can be,
For I have a sweetheart in my own countery,
And I would not forsake her, for I know she loves me,
And she's just as faithful as the Little Mohee."

4. The next time I saw her she was out on the sand;
As my ship sailed out past her, she waved me her hand.
"And if you ever return to your own native shore,
Think on the young Indian in the Cocoanut Grove."

5. Oh, now I have landed on my native shore;
Friends and relations crowd around me once more—
Friends and relations, but there's none I could see
That would really compare with the little Mohee.

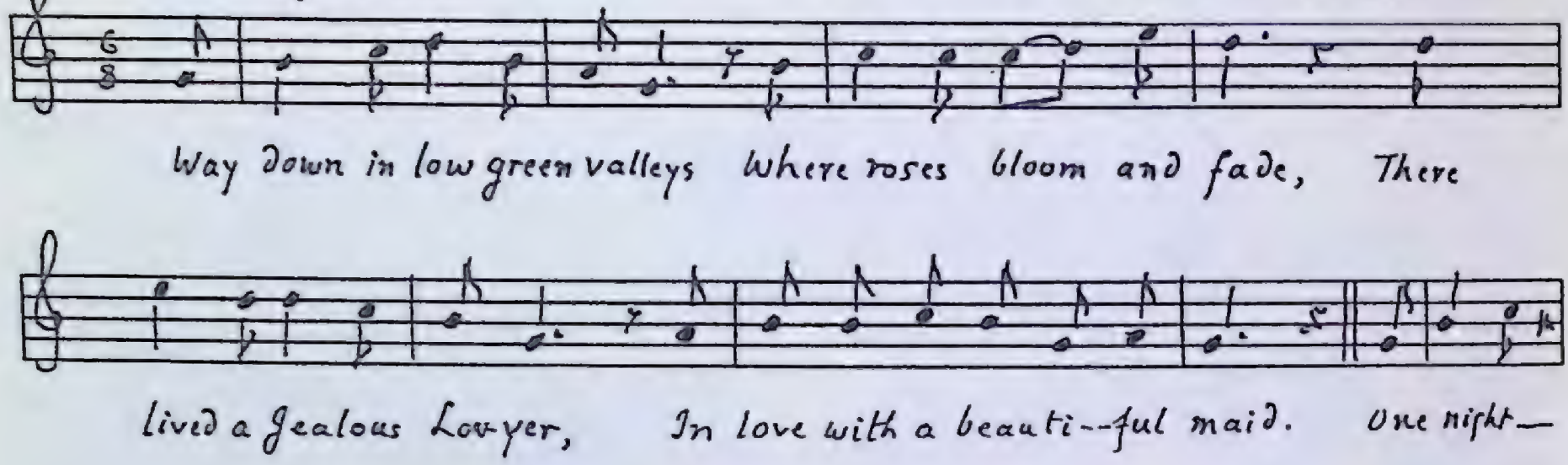
6. The girl that I trusted proved untrue to me;
She married another when I went to sea;
So I'll steer my course outward, far away I will flee,
Spend the rest of my days with the little Mohee.

Grand Bruit

The Jealous Lover

(*The Jealous Lovyer*)

Sung by Martin Hocko,
Pinware, August 1960



1. Way down in low green valleys
   Where roses bloom and fade,
   There lived a jealous lovyer,
   In love with a beautiful maid.

2. One night as the moon shone brightly,
   As the stars were shining too,
   When to this maiden's cottage
   The jealous lovyer drew.

3. "Come love, and we will wander
   Down where the woods are gay,
   While walking we will ponder
   Upon our wedding day."

4. So arm and arm they wandered,
   The night birds sang above;
   The jealous lovyer grew angry
   With the beautiful girl he loved.

5. "Now Willie, my poor darling,
   I know there's something wrong.
   You must not harm me, Willie,
   For we've been friends too long."

6. Down on her knees before him
   She pleaded for her life,
   But deep into her bosom
   He plunged the fatal knife.

7. "Now Willie, my poor darling,
   Why have you taken my life,
   You know I always loved you
   And wanted to be your wife.

8. "I never have deceived you,
And with my dying breath
I will forgive you, Willie."
And she closed her eyes in death.

This is another extremely popular ballad. It has been frequently found throughout North America since the middle of the last century. So popular it has been that it served as the pattern of a number of murder ballads like "Pearl Bryan" and "Nell Cropsey." Nothing certain is known of the origin of the piece.

Our present text illustrates again the tendency to compress by concentrating on the dramatic action and eliminating authorial comment and reaction. Most texts tell the story in ten to twelve stanzas. The first stanza of the Labrador text is usual, but most texts follow with a stanza that does nothing to advance the action:

She died not broken hearted,
Nor by disease she fell,
But in an instant parted
From those she loved so well.

Note the directness of the action in the Labrador text. Likewise the conventional text carries two pedestrian stanzas between the Labrador text stanzas 3 and 4:

The way grew dark and dreary,
"I cannot stay," she said,
"For rambling I am weary;
I must retrace my way . . .

(*See,* for bibliography and discussion, Laws I, p. 184 and ch. 3; Brown Collection, p. 578; Belden, p. 324.)

1.3. lovyer: lover. This pronunciation is not common in Labrador, though frequently it is found on the island of Newfoundland especially in the Avalon.

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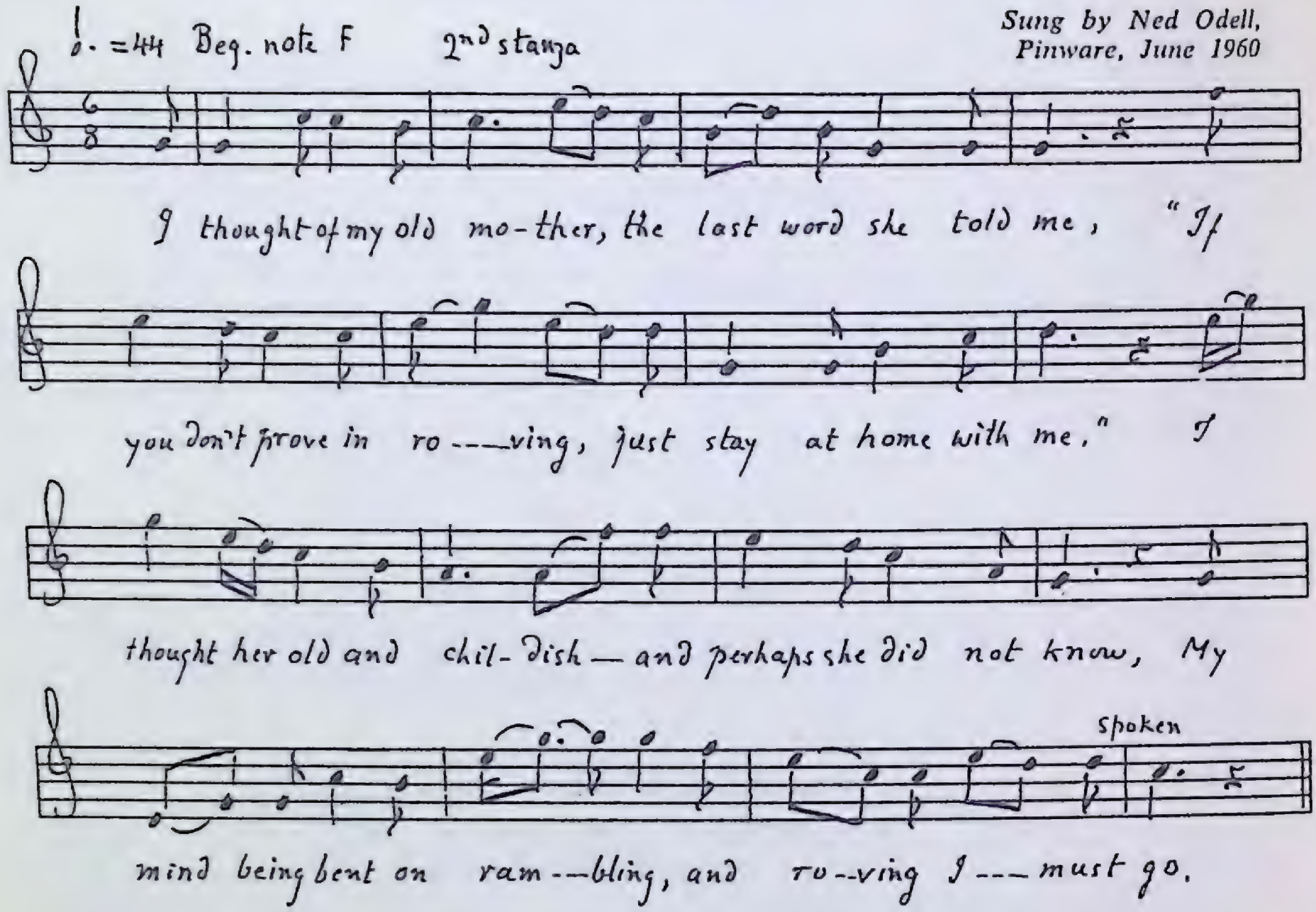
Western Ranger

(Texas Ranger)

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, June 1960



1. Come all ye western rangers bound to a foreign land.
   I hope you'll take a warning and listen to my song,
   Away from de home and de friends they love to a bleak and barren plain
   Where the Indians they will let you never to return again.

2. I thought of my old mother, the last word she told me,
   "If you don't prove in roving, just stay at home with me."
   I thought her old and childish—and perhaps she did not know,
   My mind being bent on rambling, and roving I must go.

3. It was a girl so innocent, as she stood by my side,
   "Just stay at home, dear Willie, and I will be your bride."
   She wiped the briny tears that fell from her lov-e-ly dark blue eyes;
   My heart it sank with sorrow for my love could never die.

4. 'Twas at the age of eighteen years I joined that gallant band,
   We marched from Manitoba down to the Rio Grande,
   Where the general he gave orders, those orders were quite right,
   "I'm afeard before we're finished, boys, we'll have to fight."

5. I saw the Indians coming; I heard their awful yells,
My feelings at that moment no human tongue could tell,
For I saw their glittering lances as their arrows fell like hail;
My heart it sank within me, for my courage all but failed.

6. We fought them for three hours or more, while blood in streams did flow.
Such a sight of dead and dying I never saw before,
For full five hundred rangers as they marshalled from the west
Lay bleeding there that morning with the death wound on their breast.

7. I thought of my old mother who in tears had said to me,
"If you don't feel for roving, just stay at home with me."
But I thought her old and childish, perhaps she did not know,
My mind was bent on rambling and roving I must go.

8. Is this your condition and you're inclined to roam,
I tell you by experience you'll better stay at home,
For I learned the fruits of roving; I proved it all quite well,
I crossed the Rocky Mountains, where many a hero fell.

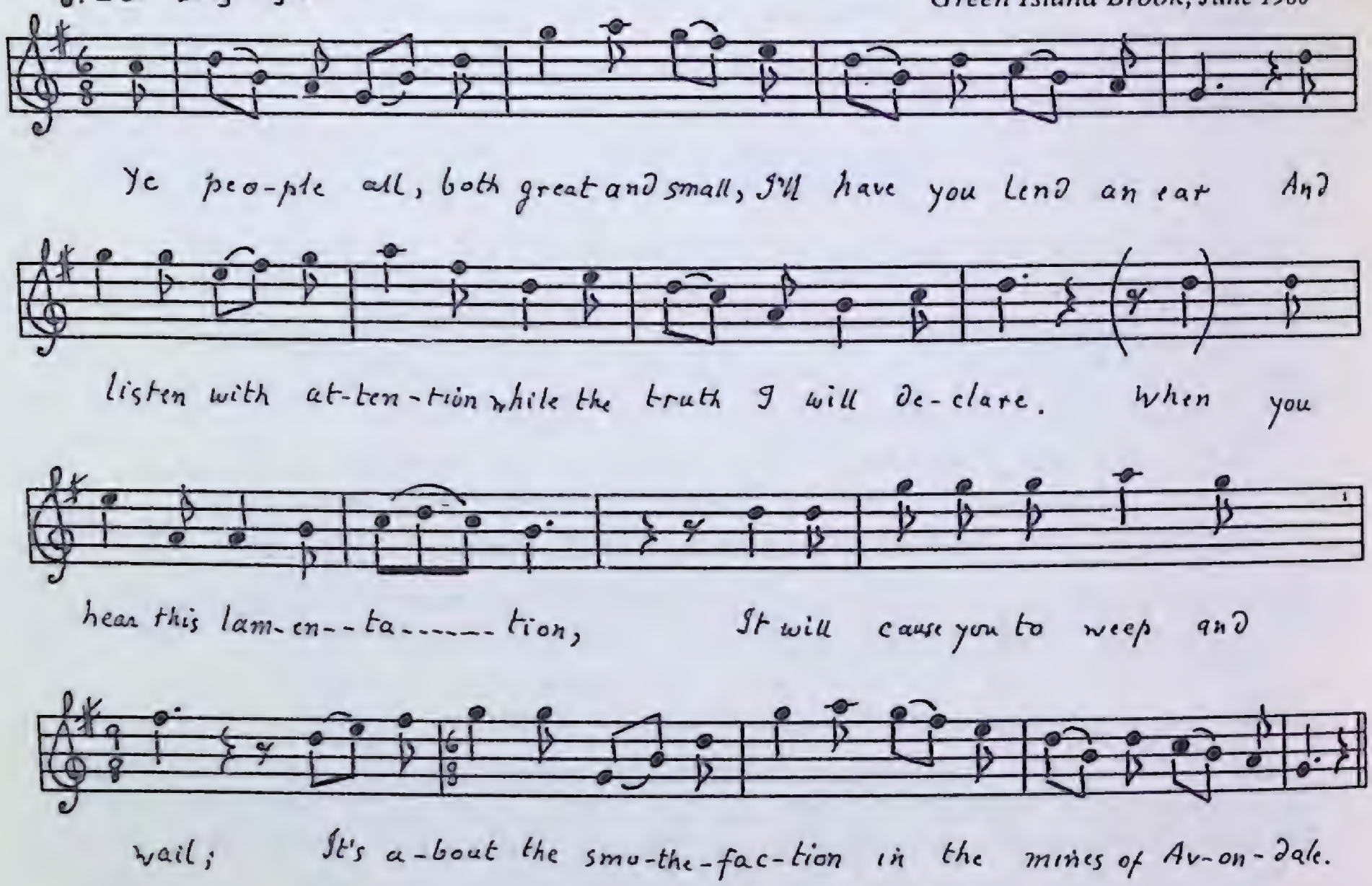
9. I crossed the bleak and barren plain where the Indian fought us there.
And now I will return again to the one I love so dear.

This song celebrates the Texas Rangers, a sort of vigilante organization set up before the Civil War to protect the settlers of the southwest from the Indians. The organization was active from *c.* 1836 to the war, when they became a part of the southern army, fighting to keep the border open (*See* J. B. Gillet, *Six Years with the Texas Rangers*). The present text is the first printed from the Maritimes. It is one of the most complete (*See* for bibliography, Belden, p. 336; Brown Collection, 2: 554; Gardner and Chickering, p. 239; Flanders, G.M.S. p. 227; Laws I., p. 122. Goldstein, K., "The Texas Rangers in Aberdeenshire," Texas Folklore Publications 32: 188.).

1.1. Western Rangers. Other texts have Texas Rangers. That this is a localizing process is suggested by 'Manitoba' in 4.2, rather than the usual San Antonio.

The Mines of Avondale

Sung by James Noseworthy,
Green Island Brook, June 1960



1. Ye people all, both great and small, I'll have you lend an ear
   And listen with attention while the truth I will declare.
   When you hear this lamentation, it will cause you to weep and
   wail;
   It's about the smothefaction in the mines of Avondale.

2. On the sixth day of September, eighteen hundred sixty-nine
   The mines-men all obeyed the call to go to work at nine,
   But little did they think that death against them would prevail,
   Before they would return again from the Mines of Avondale.

3. The wives and little children with hearts so full of joy,
   They watched the men go to work again, and likewise every boy,
   But a dismal sight in broad daylight soon did their eyes assail,
   When they saw the breaker burning on the Mines of Avondale.

4. Now here and there and everywhere they gathered in a crowd,
   Some tearing on their clothes and hair, some crying out aloud,
   Go save our husbands and our sons, for death is going to steal
   Their lives away, without delay, in the Mines of Avondale.

5. A consultation then was held; two men did volunteer
To go down in the dismal shaft and seek their comrades dear;
Two Welshmen brave without delay and courage without fear
Went down that shaft alone into the Mines of Avondale.

6. When at the bottom they arrived and tried to make their way,
One of them died for want of air and the other in great dismay,
He gave a signal to hoist him up and he told a dreadful tale.
They all was lost forever in the Mines of Avondale.

7. So every effort there was made to send down some fresh air.
The next two men went down again, of them they took good care;
They travelled through the chambers; this time they did not fail
In finding the dead bodies in the Mines of Avondale.

8. There were ninety-seven in number all in one heap was found;
They seemed there to be waiting their fate in underground.
They found a father and his son clasped in their arms so pale;
It was thus they died together in the Mines of Avondale.

9. Now to conclude and make an end, the number I will pen down,
One hundred and ten of brave young men smothered underground.
They're in their graves and there their friends may weep and wail
Their orphan's cries will reach the skies at the Mines of Avondale.

This ballad is probably the best known of the mine disaster ballads. It tells the tragic story of the burning of the Avondale mine near Wilkes-Barre in 1869. The ballad was written by an unknown ballad maker at that time and printed as a broadside; it immediately went into tradition and is now found far and wide. It is interesting that a ballad on a subject so foreign to their daily lives should be popular among the people of Labrador. They do know disaster, though of a different sort—that may be the explanation. (For an account of the disaster and bibliography *see* George Korson, *Minstrels of the Mine Patch,* p. 189; Laws I, p. 208.)

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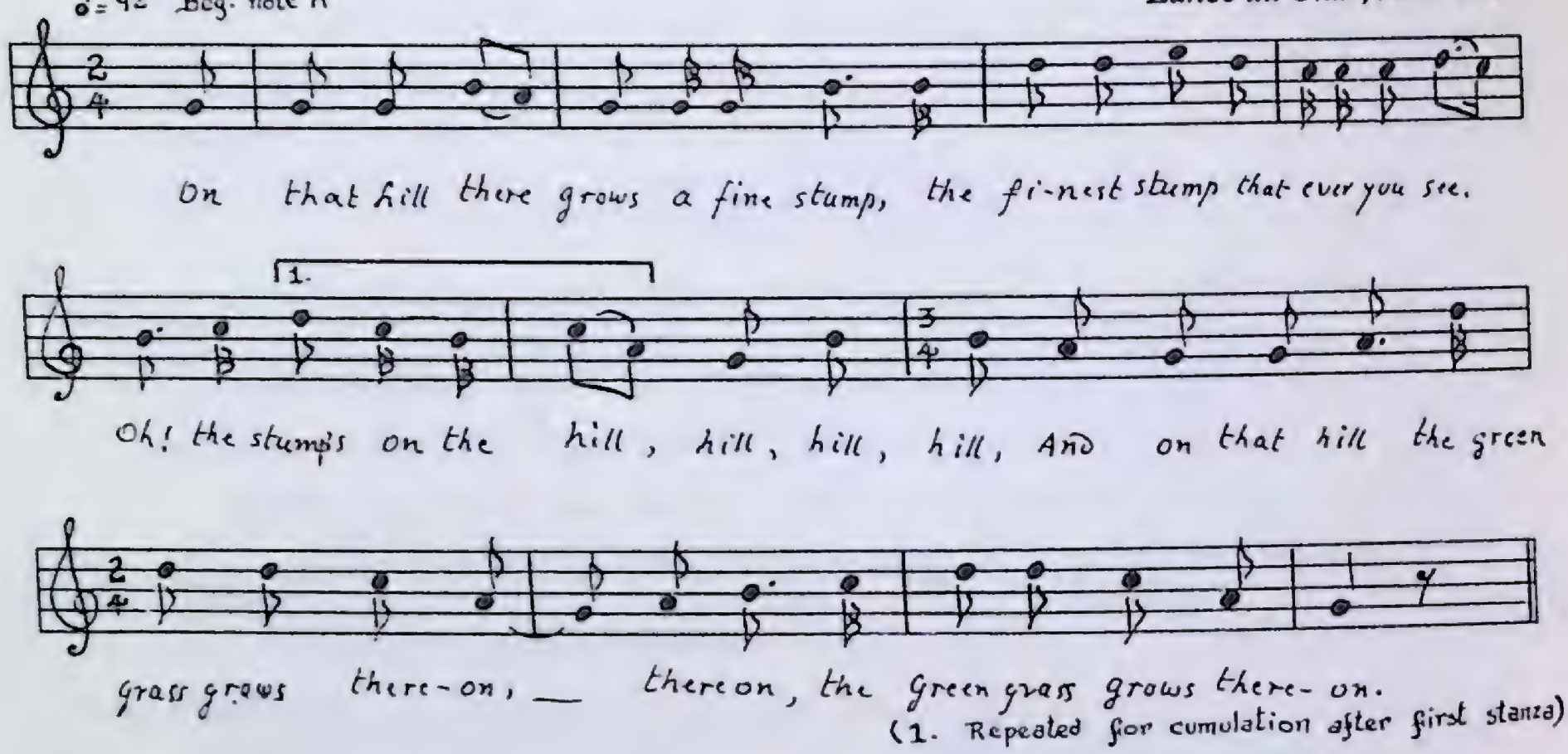
The Stump

Sung by Stuart Letto,
Lance au Clair, June 1960



1. On that hill there grows a fine stump,
   The finest stump that ever you see.
   Oh, the stump's on the hill, hill, hill, hill,
   And on that hill the green grass grows thereon, thereon, the green grass grows thereon;

2. On that stump there is a fine stick,
   The finest stick that ever you see.
   Oh, the stick is on the stump, and the stump is on the hill, hill, hill, hill,
   And on that hill the green grass grows thereon, thereon,
   The green grass grows thereon.

3. Oh, on that stick there grows a fine limb,
   The finest limb that ever you see.
   Oh, the limb's on the stick and the stick's on the stump and the stump's on the hill, hill, hill, hill,
   And on that hill the green grass grows thereon,
   The green grass grows thereon.

4. On that limb there grows a fine bush,
   The finest bush that ever you see.
   Oh, the bush is on the limb, and the limb is on the stick, and the stick is on the stump, and the stump is on the hill, hill, hill, hill.
   And on that hill the green leaves grows thereon, thereon,
   The green leaves grows thereon.

5. And on that bush there is a fine nest,
   The finest nest that ever you see.
   Oh, the nest is on the bush, and the bush is on the limb, and the limb is on the stick, and the stick is on the stump, and the stump is on the hill, hill, hill, hill,
   And on that hill the green leaves grows thereon
   The green leaves grows thereon.

6. In that nest there is a fine egg,
   etc.

7. In that egg there is a fine yolk,
   etc.

8. In that yolk there is a fine bird,
   etc.

9. On that bird there is a fine down,
   etc.

10. On that down grows the fine feathers,
    etc.

This is an old cumulative song found in various parts of Europe. It has a variety of English titles: "The Pretty Pear Tree," "The Tree in the Bog," "The Tree in the Wood," "The Green Grass Grows all Around," "Down in the Lowlands There Grew a Tree" (For an account of the song in England and for European references *see* A. G. Gilchrist, JFSS, 13: 277; Dean-Smith, p. 112; Williams, p. 182. For bibliography of the American versions, *see* Brown Collection, 3: 184). The song is found in Nova Scotia (Creighton and Senior, p. 258), Randolph, 3:213; Gardner, Ballads of St. Michigan, p. 474; Halpert, Hoosier Folklore Bulletin, 3:6; Sharp, Sth. Appalachians, 1932, 2:281; Greig No. LXXXVII; in Newfoundland (Karpeles, p. 34); and in MS. texts in my collection. The opening in the Labrador text is evidently corrupt; the usual reading is a variant of:

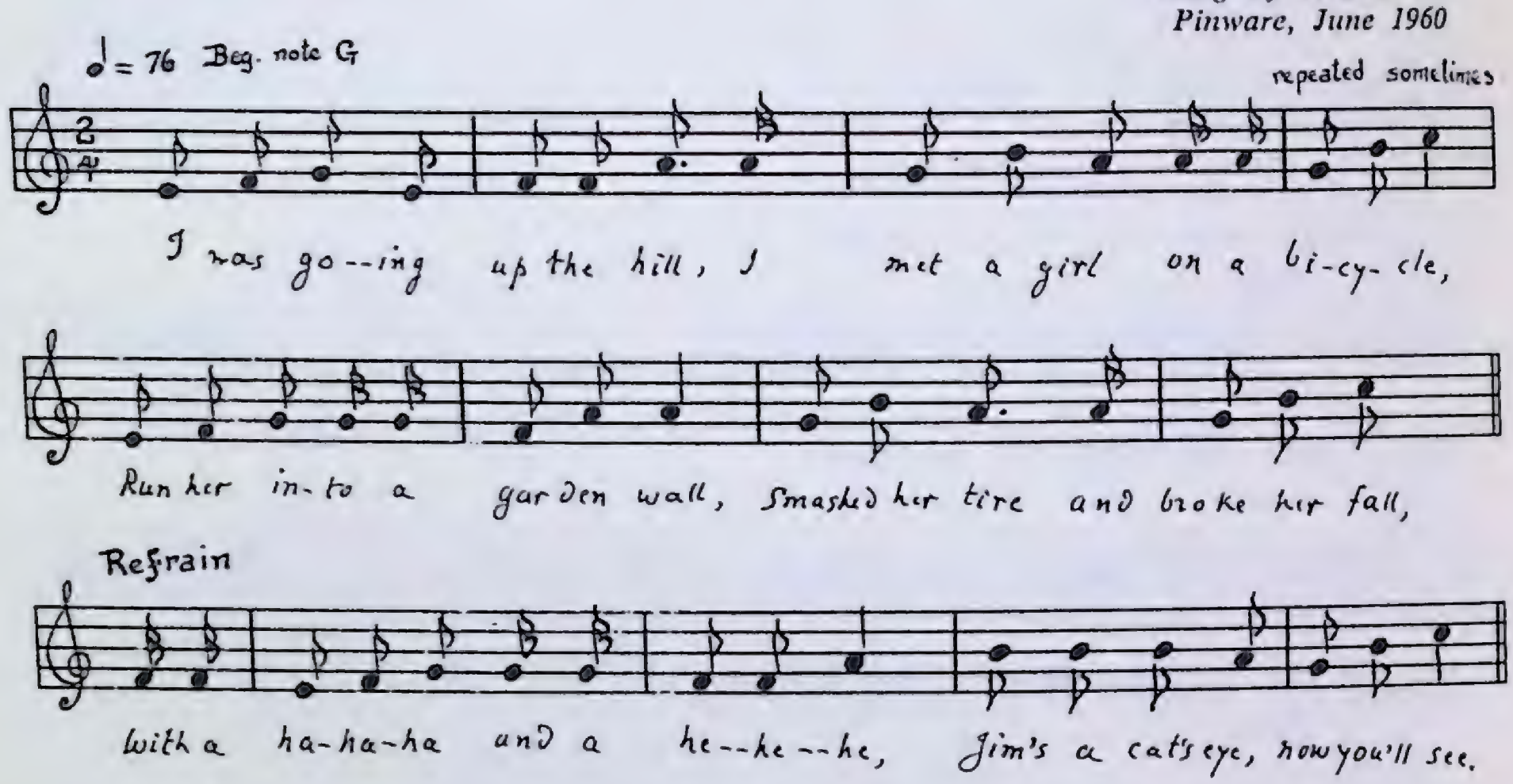
Down in younders green meadow there grows a fine tree,
And on that tree there is a limb,
The finest limb that ever you see . . .

Miss Gilchrist quotes a French version that ends with a message in the yolk:

Votre serviteur, mesdames,
Il y a écrit,
Votre serviteur, je suis.

Cat's Eye

Sung by Ned Odell.
Pinware, June 1960



1. I was going up the hill, I met a girl on a bicycle,
   Run her into the garden wall,
   Smashed her tire and broke her fall,
   With a ha-ha-ha and a he-he-he,
   Jim's a cat's eye, now you'll see.

2. He'll eat fish bones; he'll scratch and fight,
   And he wants to stay on the fence all night,
   (*Repeat last two lines of 1.*)

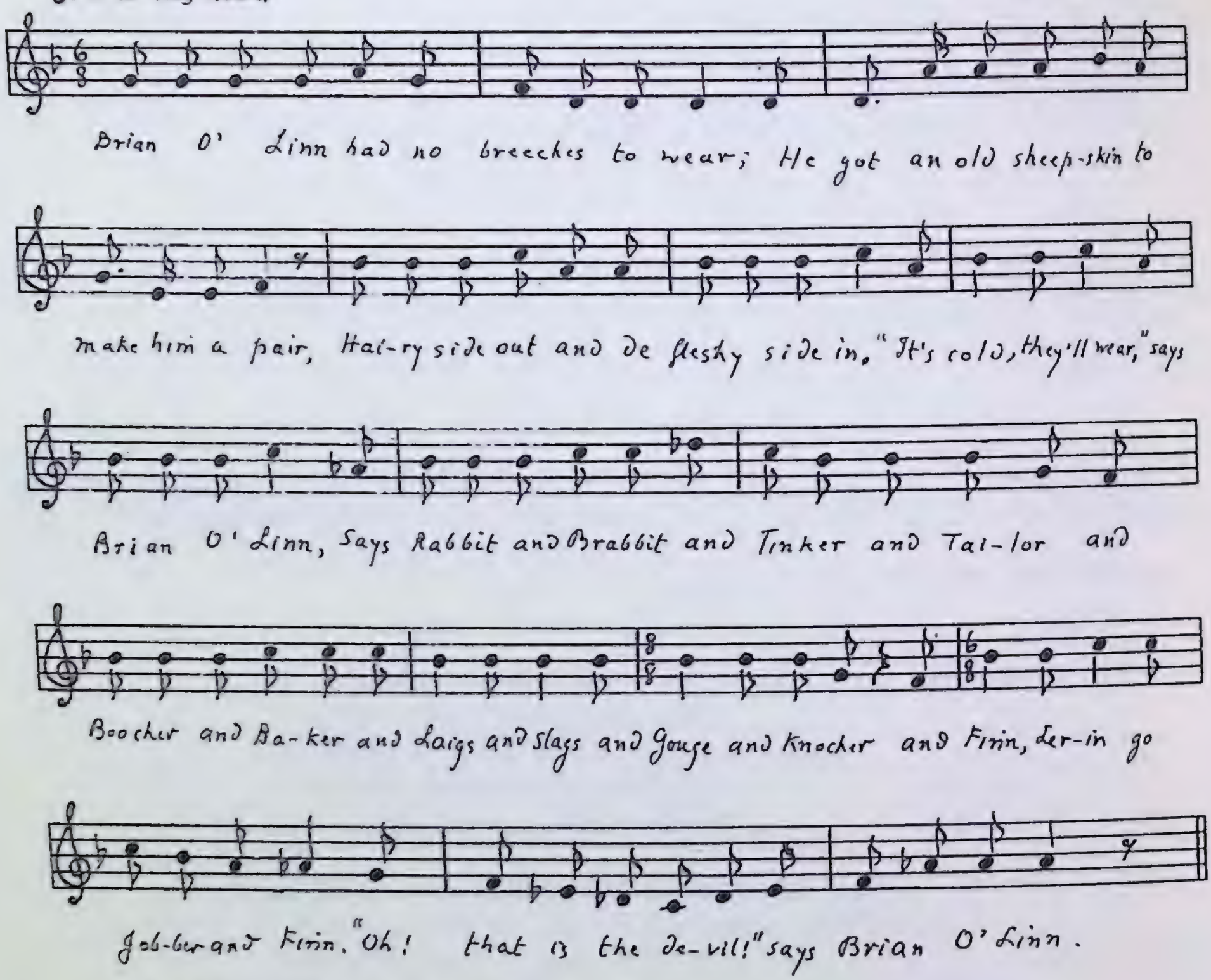
3. When young Liz first saw the sea,
   "We'll get some sea water," said she;
   So a bottle he fetch her from the old Brown Bull,
   And he went and put it three parts full,
   With a ha-ha-ha and a he-he-he,
   "Why not fill 'em up?" said she.
   "For if I do," said Harry to Liz,
   "The bottle will burst and the tide run out."

4. A teacher said to a boy one morn,
   "Tell me where was Moses born?"
   The boy replied, "I don't know, sir."
   "Well, you ought to," said the school teacher,
   With a ha-ha-ha and a he-he-he.
   "Where was Moses born?" said he.
   "He was born up in a bull rush bed,
   Covered up both feet and head."

5. Two men were working on Beelzebub
Wheeling barrows on a building job
The foreman saw this lazy crowd wheeling
Wheel barrows upside down.
With a ha-ha-ha and a he-he-he.
"Why not turn them," said he,
"For if I do," said Bob with a grin,
"Someone is sure to heave bricks in."

Brian O'Linn

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear;
   He got an old sheep-skin to make him a pair,
   Hairy side out and de fleshy side in.
   "It's cold, they'll wear," says Brian O'Linn,
   Says Rabbit and Brabbit and Tinker and Tailor and
   Boocher and Baker and Laigs and Slags and Gouge and
   Knocker, and Finn, Lerin go Jobber and Finn.
   "Oh, that is the devil!" says Brian O'Linn.

2. Brian O'Linn and his wife and his mother
   Got into one bed together;
   The blankets were short; the sheets they were thin;
   "You can hold my bosom," says Brian O'Linn.

3. Brian O'Linn and his wife and his mother
   Was walking one bridge together;
   The bridge broke down and they all fell in;
   "Bad luck to the maker," says Brian O'Linn.

This old song is variously titled: "Tommy Linn," "Tam O' the Lin," "Bryan O'Lynn," "Tom Boleyn," "Thom of lyn." This is certainly the song remembered in "The Complaynt of Scotland," 1549. There are other references to it in the 16th century, and one stanza has survived from that period. Since then, the song has been generally popular. Undoubtedly the rollicking air and the amusing verses that turn on a surprise fourth line contribute to its lasting popularity. Since the song does not tell a connected story, the stanzas change position readily, and new ones constantly appear. During the years the song has successively lampooned the Scotch, the Welsh, and the Irish.

The three-quatrain text from Labrador is much shorter than most. The text in Williams, *Folksongs of the Upper Thames*, is seven quatrains; that in O'Connor is ten. The second stanza in the Labrador version is unique as far as I can determine; the two others are common. Another very common stanza is:

Bryan O'Lynn had no watch to put on;
He scooped out a turnip to make himself one.
Then he planted a cricket right under the skin.
"Whoo! They'll think it's a tickin," says Bryan O'Lynn.

The present text is the first from the Maritimes, though I have several texts from the Avalon section of Newfoundland.

In addition to the unique second stanza, the Labrador version is different in having a long and elaborate refrain. Most versions of the song have no refrain. The other long refrain is in S. Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West*:

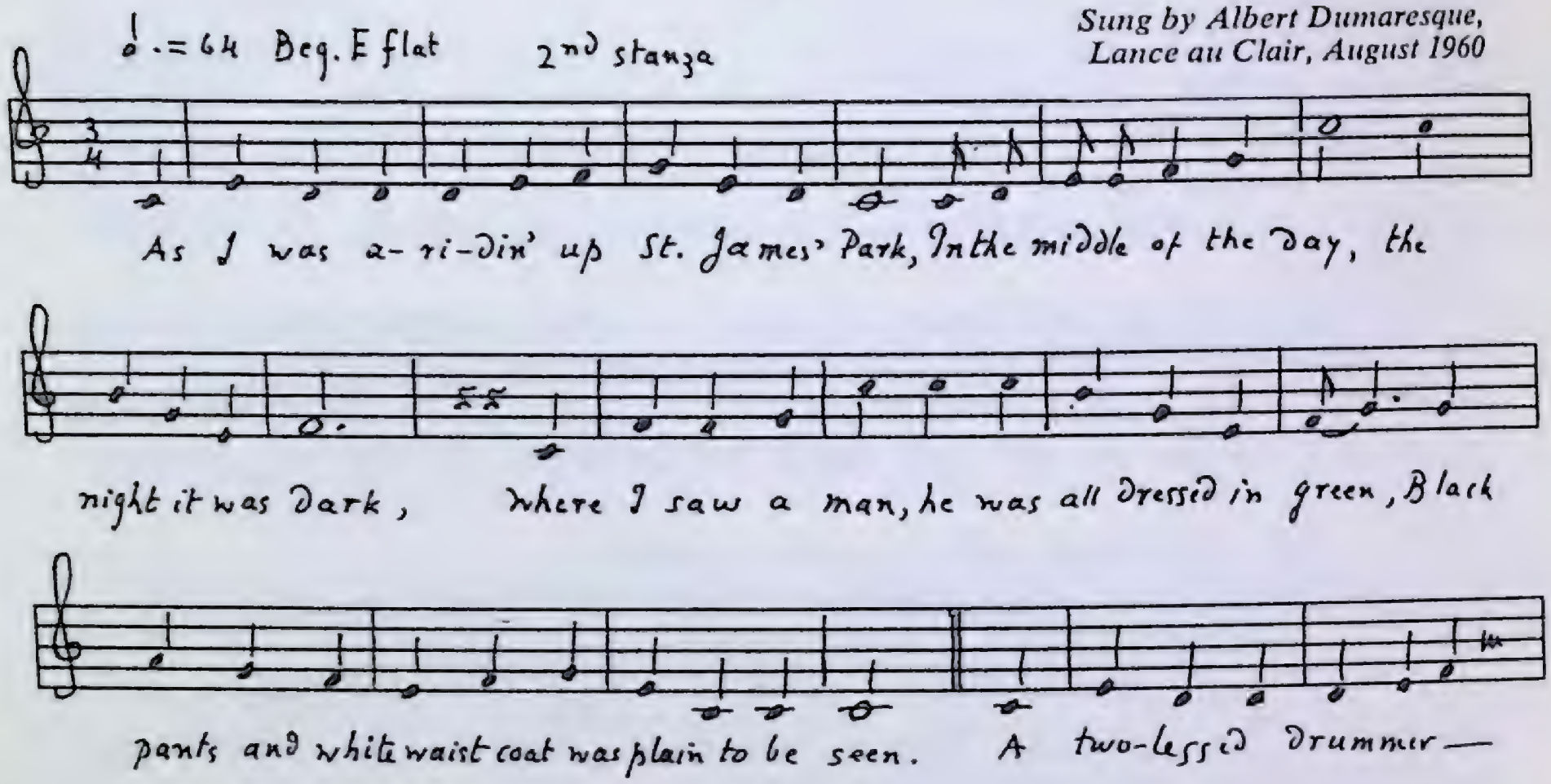
All to my tooth and my link-a-lum-lee
Tommy a ranter and a rover
Tommy a bone of my stover
Brew, screw, rivet the tin.
O a rare old man was Tommy O'Lynn.

(*See* for bibliography and discussion: JFSS, 33: 137; Opie, p. 413; Randolph, 3: 231; Belden, p. 501; R. Charles, *Pop Rhymes of Sco,* p. 33; Williams, p. 181. Joseph Ritson, *North Country Chorister*; Gagnosi, *Chansons Populaires du Canada; The Dublin Comic Songster,* Dublin, 1841. Wheman's *Irish Song Book,* p. 70; JAF 54: 83; Sharp, *A Ballad Book,* No. XVI. *Walton's Treasury of Irish Songs and Ballads,* p. 1. After Thom of lyn, 1.2, add: Earl of Hume, Banks of Omey.)

Paddy Backwards

A

Sung by Albert Dumaresque,
Lance au Clair, August 1960



1. As I was a-ridin' up market-town fair,
   All on horseback, a bonny grey mare,
   Short tail and white mane, a hump on his back
   And not one hair upon he but what was jet black.

2. As I was a-ridin' up St. James' Park,
   In the middle of the day, the night it was dark,
   Where I saw a man, he was all dressed in green,
   Black pants and white waistcoat was plain to be seen.

3. A two-legged drummer came beating his drum,
   Two heels in his pockets before me he run;
   I turned my back to him and stared him in the face;
   I asked him the way, as I didn't know the place.

4. My horse standing still threw me off in the dirt,
   Which dirtied my body and bruised my shirt,
   And up to her saddle I stepped up so gay,
   And on my ten toes I went jogging away.

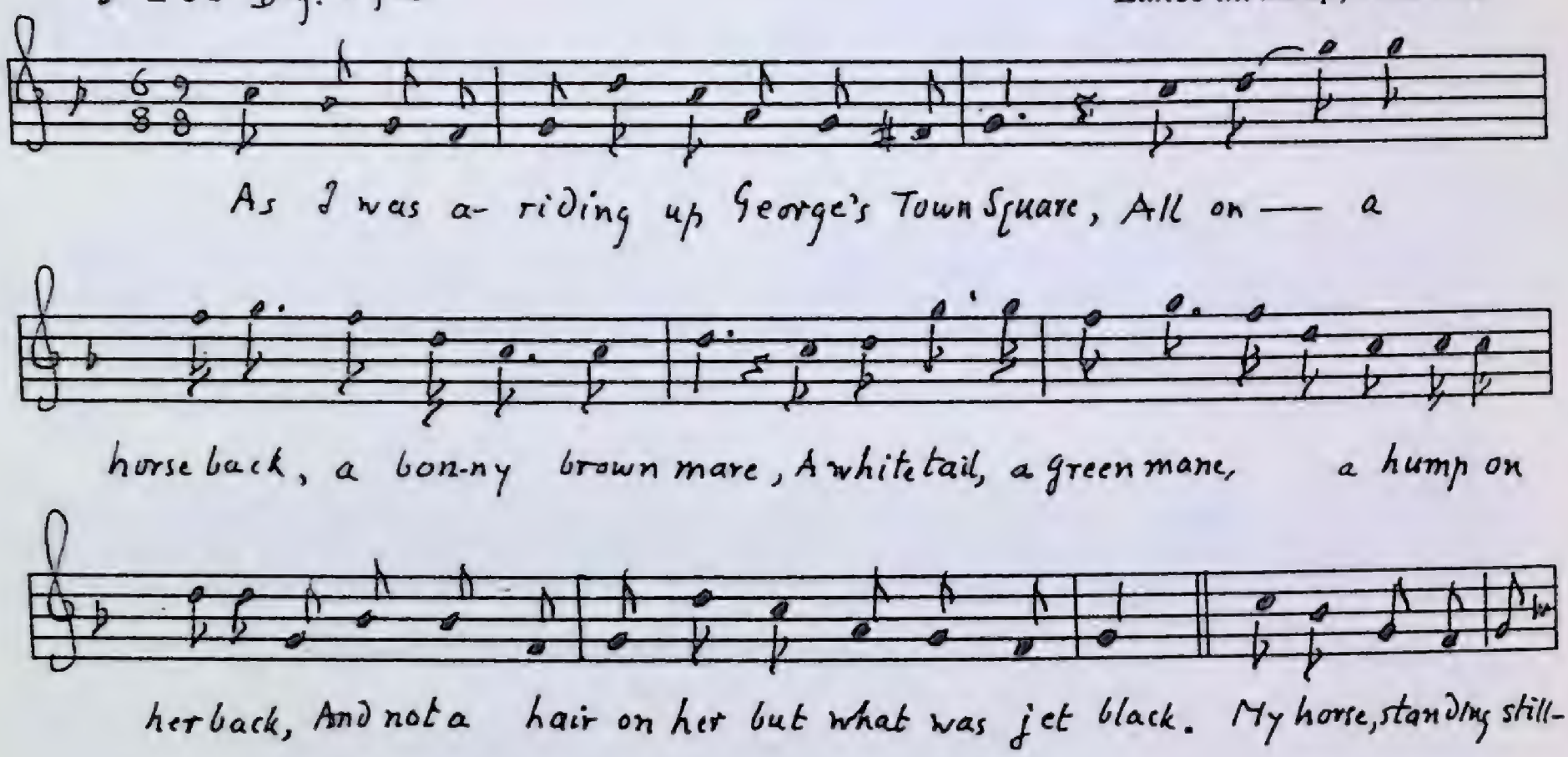
5. It hailed and it blowed as I stood in the storm;
   I saw two pretty fair maids a makin' up hay
   In the middle of the winter, one fine August day;
   I sat myself down on a hot frozen stone;
   Ten thousands around me and me all alone.

6. I said, "Pretty Molly, do you fancy me now
As well as you did when I came from the plow?"
I'll carry my bride home to England again,
My ship on dry land with a fair wind and tide,
And when I get there to the place I was born,
I'll buy her a silver cup made of cow horn.

(*The Lying Song*)

B

Sung by Leo O'Brien,
Lance au Loup, June 1960



1. As I was a-riding up George's Town Square,
   All on a horseback, a bonny brown mare,
   A white tail, a green mane, a hump on her back,
   And not a hair on her but what was jet black.

2. My horse, standing still, trew me off in de dirt;
   It smeared up my body and bruised my white shirt.
   My two feet in de stirrups were standing so gay,
   And on my nine toes I went marching away.

3. Oh, as I sat down on a hot, frozen stone—
   Ten thousand around me and I all alone—
   I saw three pretty fair maids a-makin' their hay;
   In the middle of the summer, one fine summer's day.

4. Oh, it's home to old England, I'll carry my bride,
   A ship on dry land with a fair wind and tide,
   And when I gets here to the place I was born,
   I'll buy her a silver cup made of cow horn.

An English broadside, "Paddy's Ramble to London," early nineteenth century, is probably the ancestor of this and of the various songs found in America with titles like "Nottingham Fair," "Nottamun Town." It was a popular minstrel song. The present texts are closer to the Newfoundland version (text only) in Greenleaf, p. 219, than to the American versions

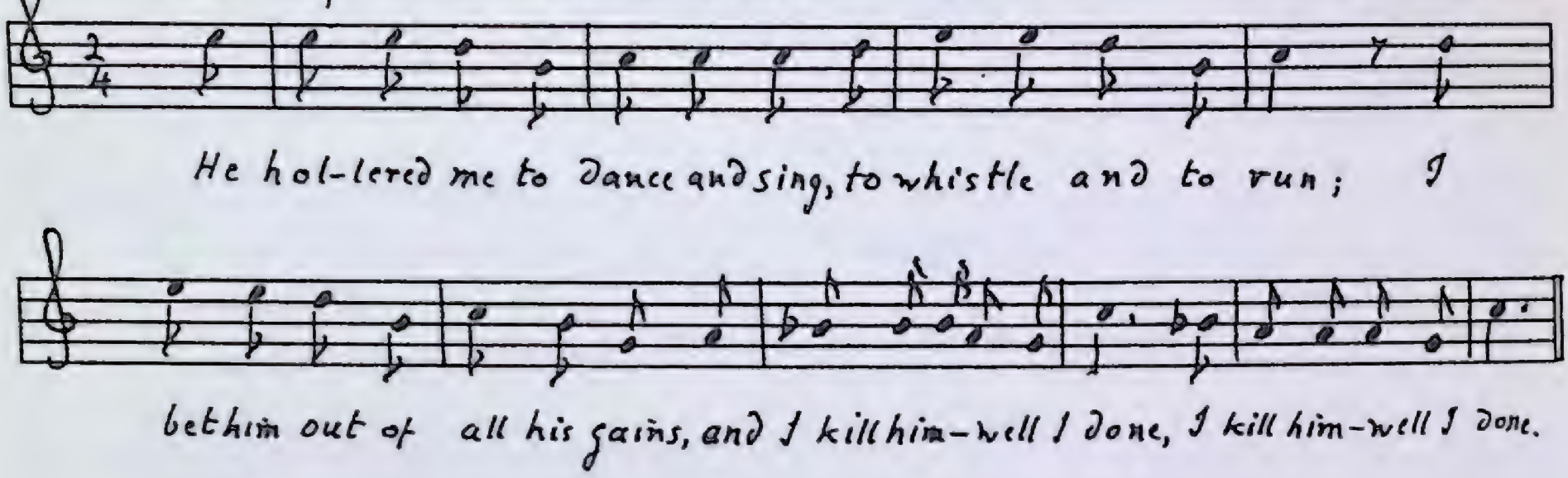
(*See* for texts and bibliography, Herbert Halpert, JAF, 52; 66. Other important references: Creighton, p. 177; Creighton and Senior, p. 240; Randolph, 3: 201; Sharp, Appalachians 2: 270).

3. This is verse 5 in the Newfoundland version.

111

The Lying Song

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. It's a lofty giant whose head would reach the sky;
   He hollered out to me one day, as I was passing by;
   He hollered me to dance and sing, to whistle and to run;
   I bet him out of all his gains, and I kill him—well I done,
   I kill him—well I done.

2. I called in all the people to see what I had done;
   They give me little money; I suppose 'bout fifty ton,
   I suppose 'bout fifty ton.

3. I made myself a little box, 'bout eighteen acres square;
   I filled it flush up the rim with silver so clear,
   And then was off for London, I travelled like an ox,
   And in my friends' pockets I kept my little box,
   I kept my little box.

4. And when I got to London they turned me out of doors;
   They said I was too poor to pay, I could not pay my board;
   I bought myself a little dog, as you may plainly see,
   And everywhere that I would go the dog would follow me,
   The dog would follow me.

5. His legs was eighteen lanyers long; his teeth was nine miles wide,
   And round de world in twenty-five minutes 'twas on his back I'd ride;
   I bought myself a flock of sheep in which they were all wethers,
   For sometimes they would bring home wool, but more times bring home feathers,
   But more times bring home feathers.

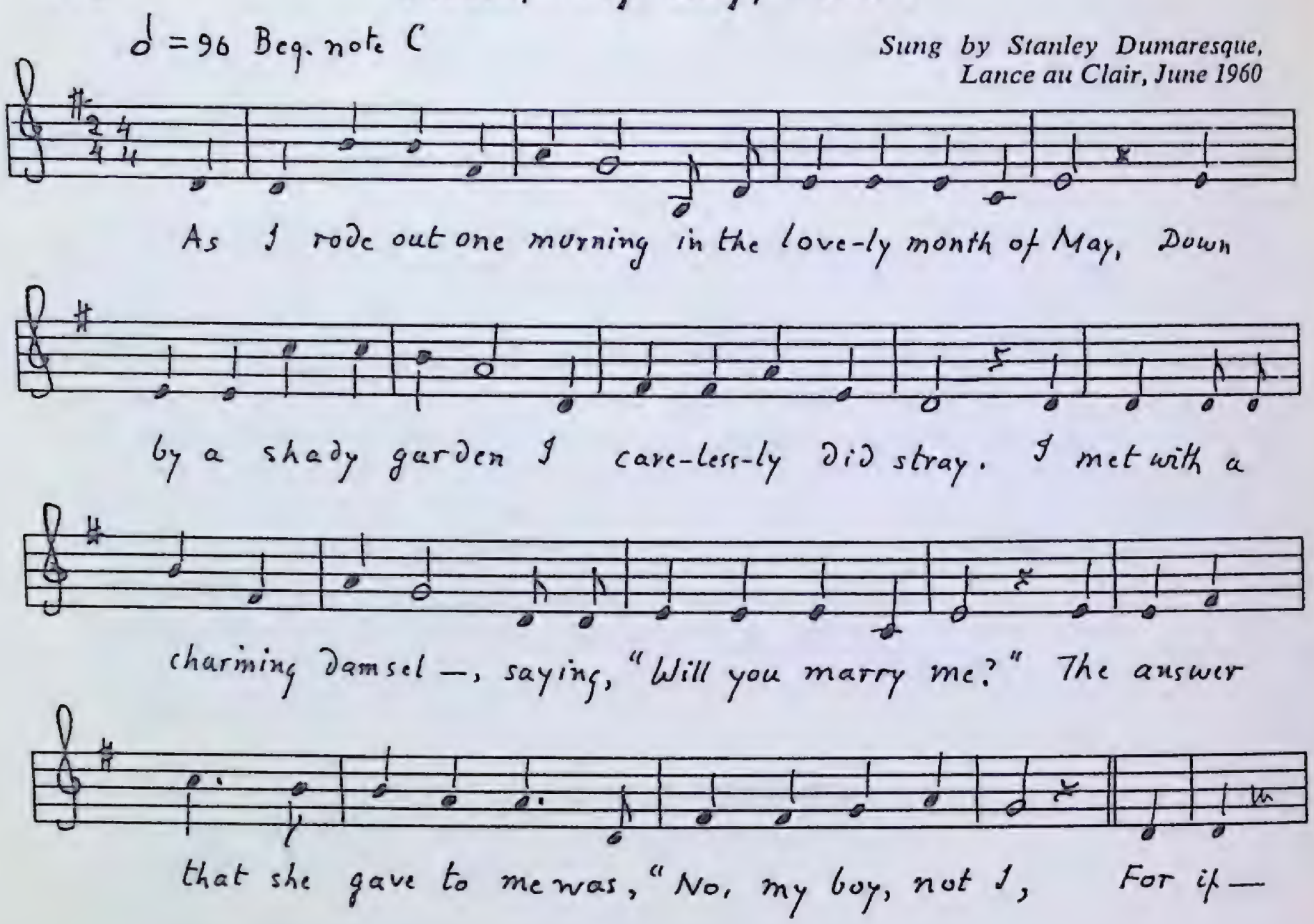
6. I think they were the best of sheep to have such good increase,
   For every time the moon would change, bring home six lambs apiece,
   Bring home six lambs apiece.

7. I bought myself a cole black hen of which I took good care;
I set her on a mussel shell and she brought forth a hare;
The hare brought forth a mare, my boys, 'twas eighteen lanyers high,
And anyone sings a bigger joke, he sings a damned good lie,
He sings a damned good lie.

The "Lying Song" is the name the Labrador singer gave to this song, and it is also the name the little lady in Newfoundland who sang it for me in 1950 gave to it. This is a very rare song; so far, I have found it only in S. Baring-Gould, *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes* (London, 1895), p. 5. The version there (text only) consists of eight eight-line stanzas. It came originally from Cornwall. The Labrador text is longer than that from Newfoundland; both are less coherent than the Cornish. Lines are misplaced, and new combinations are made. In spite of this, the Labrador and Newfoundland texts are valuable in preserving elements not in the printed version and in more archaic language. Both texts, for example, give the measure of the dog's legs in *lanyers,* an Elizabethan unit of measure; the other text reads *yards.*

112

Hello, My Boy, Not I



1. As I rode out one morning in the lovely month of May,
   Down by a shady garden I carelessly did stray.
   I met with a charming damsel, saying, "Will you marry me?"
   The answer that she gave to me was, "No, my boy, not I.

2. "For if I were to marry you, sure I would be the blame;
   My daddie and my mammie would look on me with shame,
   For you are in the low degree, and I am up so high."
   The answer that I gave to her was, "No, my girl, not I."

3. Eight months have been over, the ninth was passed and gone,
   When this beautiful young damsel was the mother of a son.
   She wrote to me a letter, saying, "Marry me by and by."
   The answer that I gave to her was, "No, my girl, not I.

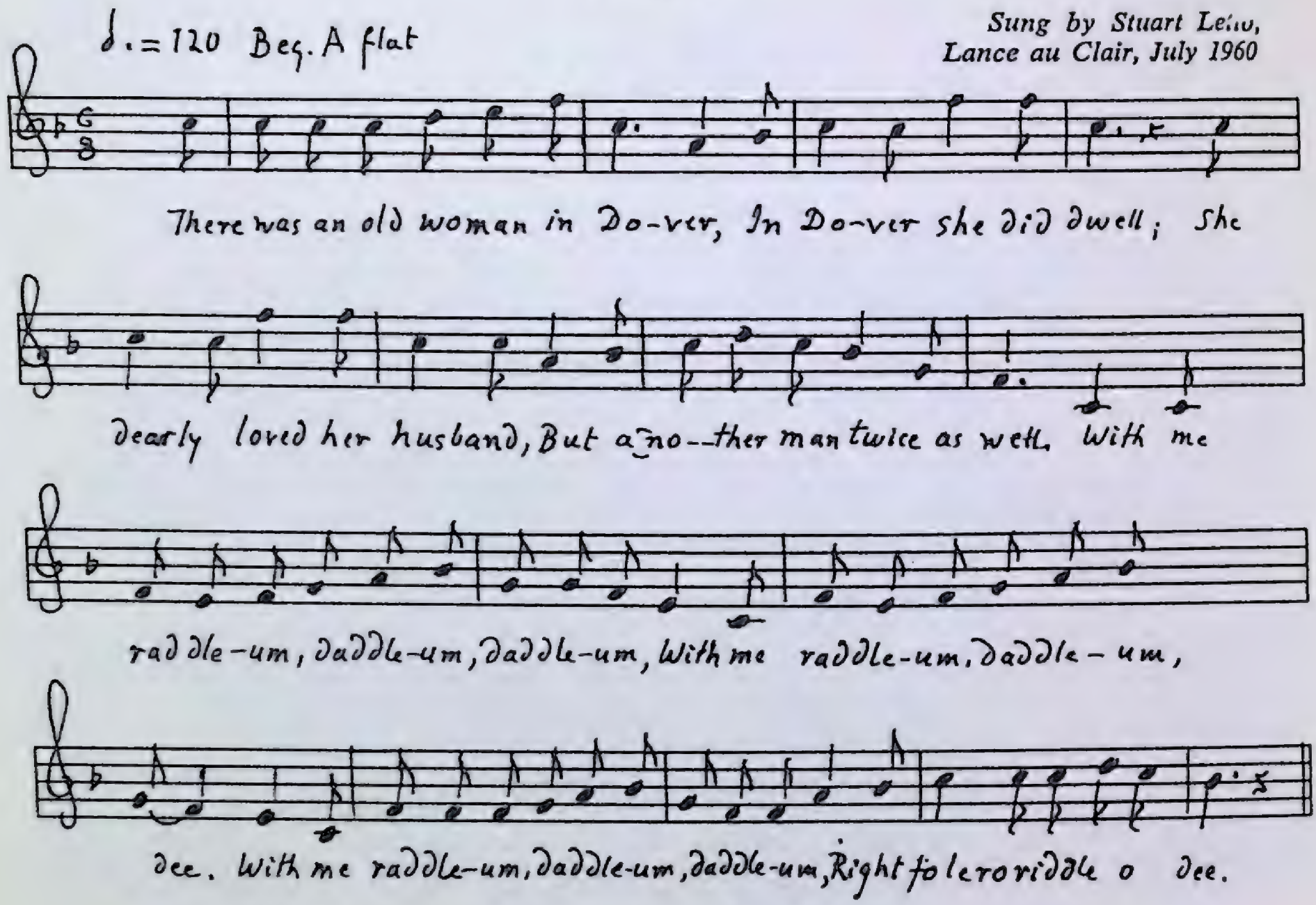
4. "For if I were to marry you, sure I would be the blame;
   My daddie and my mammie would look on me with shame,
   For you are in the low degree and I am up so high."
   The answer that I gave to her was, "No, my girl, not I."

5. I wrote to her a letter and I told her what to do:
   She could pack her baby on her back and paddle her own canoe,
   And when she would get tired, she could set down and cry,
   And think on the day she said, "No, my boy, not I."

Dark Tickle, Labrador

A Cruel Wife

(*Dover*)



1. There was an old woman in Dover,
   In Dover she did dwell;
   She dearly loved her husband,
   But another man twice as well.
   With me raddle-um, daddle-um, daddle-um,
   With me raddle-um, daddle-um, dee.
   With me raddle-um, daddle-um, daddle-um,
   Right folero riddle o dee.
2. She went unto the doctor
   To see what she could find,
   Saying, "Dr. McGhee, will you tell me.
   What will make my poor man blind?"
3. You go and get some marrow bone;
   You grind it fine and small
   Before he gets it half drunk,
   He won't see you at all."
4. She went and got the marrow bone;
   She grind it fine and small;
   Before he got it half drunk,
   He couldn't see her at all.

5. "Now I'm blind and feeble
In this world I cannot stay;
I will go and drown myself,
If you show me the way."

6. She led him to the river side,
She led him to the brim:
"Indeed, I will not drown myself,
If you don't push me in."

7. She put her hand before her eyes,
Just to shove the old man in;
The little old man, he jumped one side,
The old woman she went in.

8. She went unto the bottom,
And she began to bawl.
"O my, my lovely Nancy,
I can't see you at all."

9. She went unto the bottom;
She came up to the brim;
The little old man with his walking stick,
He popped her in again.

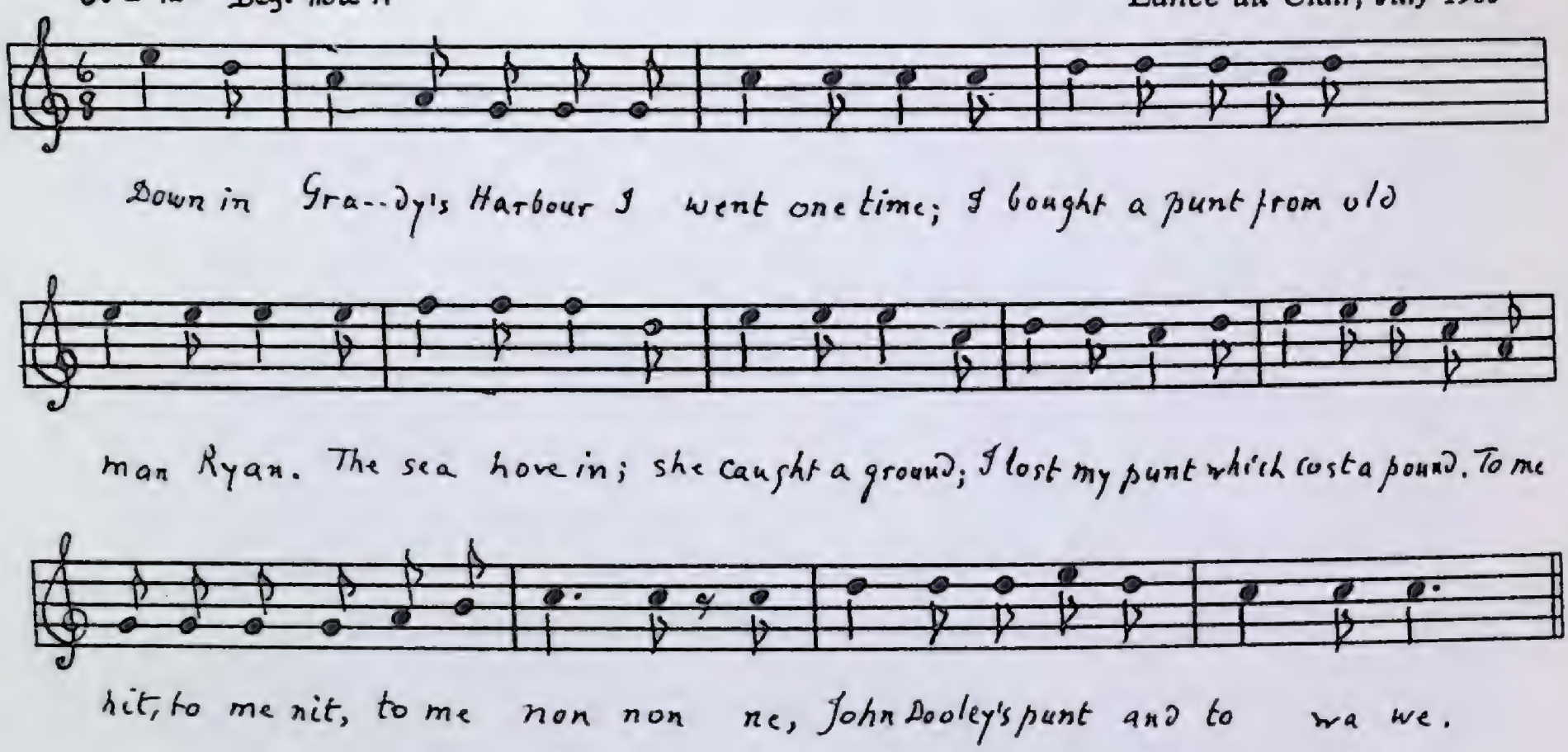
10. "Oh, don't you see me coming,
Oh, can't you read me mind,
Oh, don't you see me coming
With the peak of me cap behind."

(*Refrain is repeated after each stanza.*)

"There was an old woman in Dover" is the usual opening line of this popular ballad. It is known by various titles: "An Old Woman's Story," "The Wife of Kelso," "The Wiley old Carl," "The Old Woman of Slapsadam," "The Old Woman from Slab City." The ballad is closely related to "Johnny Sands" (*see* Laws II, p. 274). In both, a man outwits his wife who would get rid of him by abetting his threat to drown himself. "A Cruel Wife" differs in adding the detail that the lady had a lover, and for that reason she went to the doctor for medicine to blind her husband. The doctor prescribed marrow bones. Then follows the common episode of the drowning. This ballad dates from the first half of the nineteenth century. It was popular in the song books and on the minstrel stage (*See* Laws II, p. 274, for bibliography; for discussion and history, *see* Belden, p. 237; JEFDS, 8: 197). Another variant under the title of "What ails you?" was recorded by Marius Barbeau from George Ryckman, of Simcoe County, Ontario, in 1940 (Cf. *Come a Singing/Canadian Folk-Songs*. National Museum of Canada, p. 13).

114 Grady's Harbour

Sung by Stuart Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. Down in Grady's Harbour I went one time;
   I bought a punt from old man Ryan.
   The sea hove in; she caught a ground;
   I lost my punt which cost a pound.

   To me hit, to me nit, to me non non ne,
   John Dooley's punt and to wa we.

2. Down in Grady's Harbour I went one time;
   I picked up a jar, I thought was mine,
   I picked it up, I thought 'twas mine,
   I guggled it down, 'twas turpentine.

3. I got a cow and she gives milk.
   I dress her up in the finest silk,
   I feed her on dry oats and hay,
   I milk her nineteen times a day.

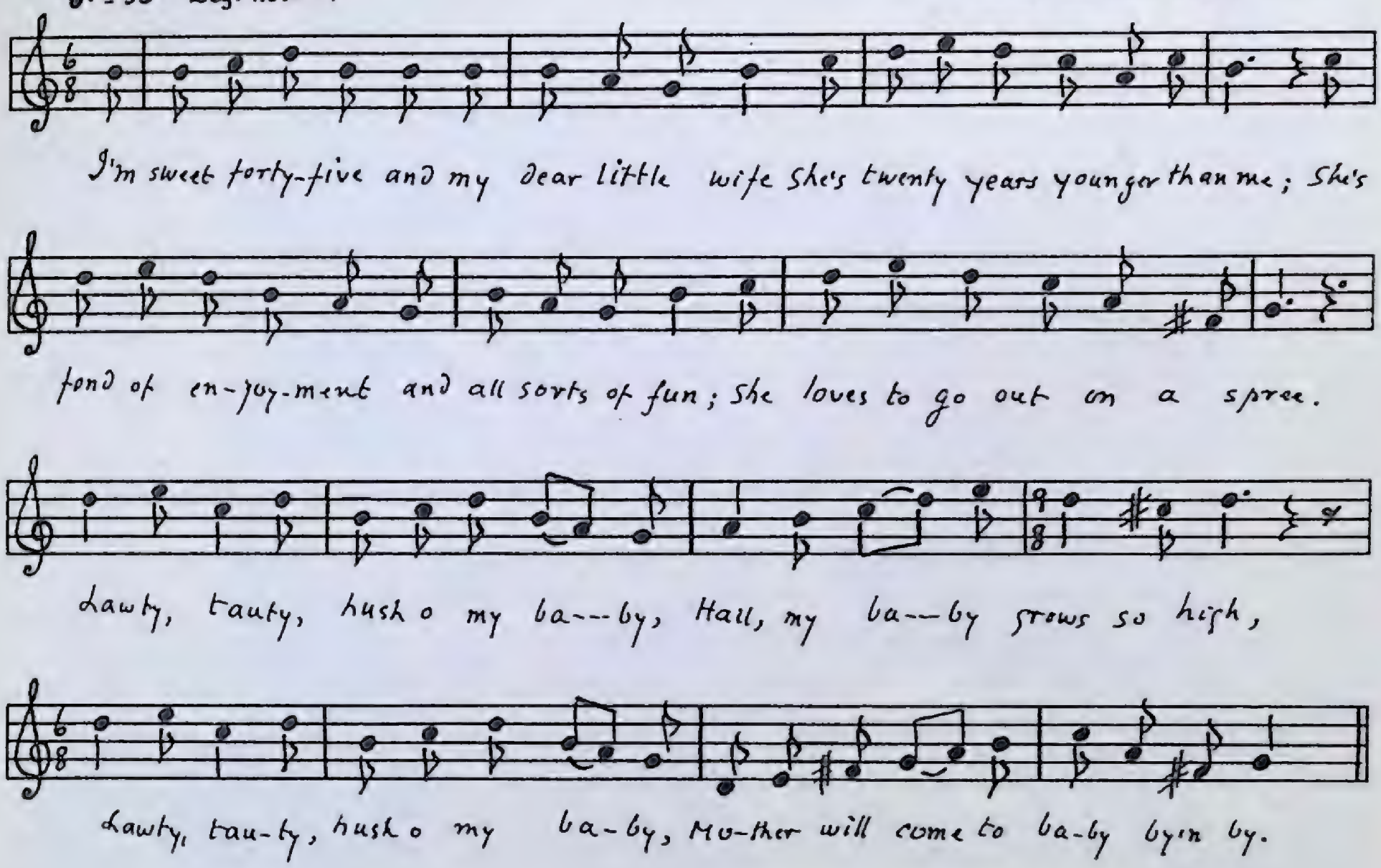
I was told that this is a local Labrador song, and that Grady's Harbour is the Grady's near Cartwright on the Labrador coast. That well may be; the song is found in Newfoundland under the title "Greedy Harbour" (Greenleaf, p. 256). The Newfoundland version has one more stanza at the beginning:

Down in Greedy Harbour I went one time;
We shipped on board with old man Ryme;
The skipper and I could not combine,
With him I spent a very short time.

115

Hush-a-Bye, Baby

Sung by Peter Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. I'm sweet forty-five and my dear little wife
   She's twenty years younger than me;
   She's fond of enjoyment and all sorts of fun;
   She loves to go out on a spree.

   Lawty, tauty, hush o my baby,
   Hail, my baby grows so high,
   Lawty, tauty, hush o my baby,
   Mother will come to baby by 'n by.

2. One night as my baby lay silent in sleep,
   I took a short stroll around the street,
   And to my surprise my dear wife I spied
   Hugging a soldier sixteen.

Tiddy the Tailor

Sung by Abram Roberts,
Forteau, August 1960

1. Tiddy, the tailor, he lived close by.
Upon a fair lady he cast a bright eye.
"Ten shillings I'll give you to lodge tonight,
If your husband's out on duty."

Tiddy foul ti lori li dee,
Tiddy foul de li do.

2. Oh, Tailor, O Tailor, you speak quite right,
My husband's out on duty tonight,
And if he comes home, he'll put us on a fright;
So beware of my husband, the trooper.

3. They went up the stairs; they got into bed,
But little de trooper did run in der head.
"O hide me, O hide me," the tailor did say,
"For I hear's the bold knock of the trooper."

4. "There's a three-cornered-cupboard behind the room door,
When you gets there you're safe and secure,
And then I'll go down and open the door,
And I'll welcome my husband, the trooper."

5. She went downstairs and she opened the door;
She welcomed her husband all in on de floor.
"Your kisses, your cuddles, I don't give a pin;
I'm hungry and I'm cold and I'm wet to de skin,
I'm hungry and I'm cold and I'm wet to de skin;
So beware of your husband de trooper."

6. "There's three-cornered-cupboard behind the room door
And I'll burn it tonight," said the trooper.
"O, Trooper, O Trooper, grant me my desire;
The three-cornered-cupboard's too good for the fire,
Besides, in it I keeps my game cock—I admire."
"I'll go see your game cock," said the trooper.

7. He went up the stairs and he opened the door;
He found the poor tailor both safe and secure.
Catching hold of him, he dragged him out on the floor.
"Is dis your game cock?" said the trooper.
He kicked him; he clouted him; he kicked him downstairs;
He took out his shears and cut off his two ears,
And for his night's lodgings he paid very dear.
So away went the poor cropped tailor.

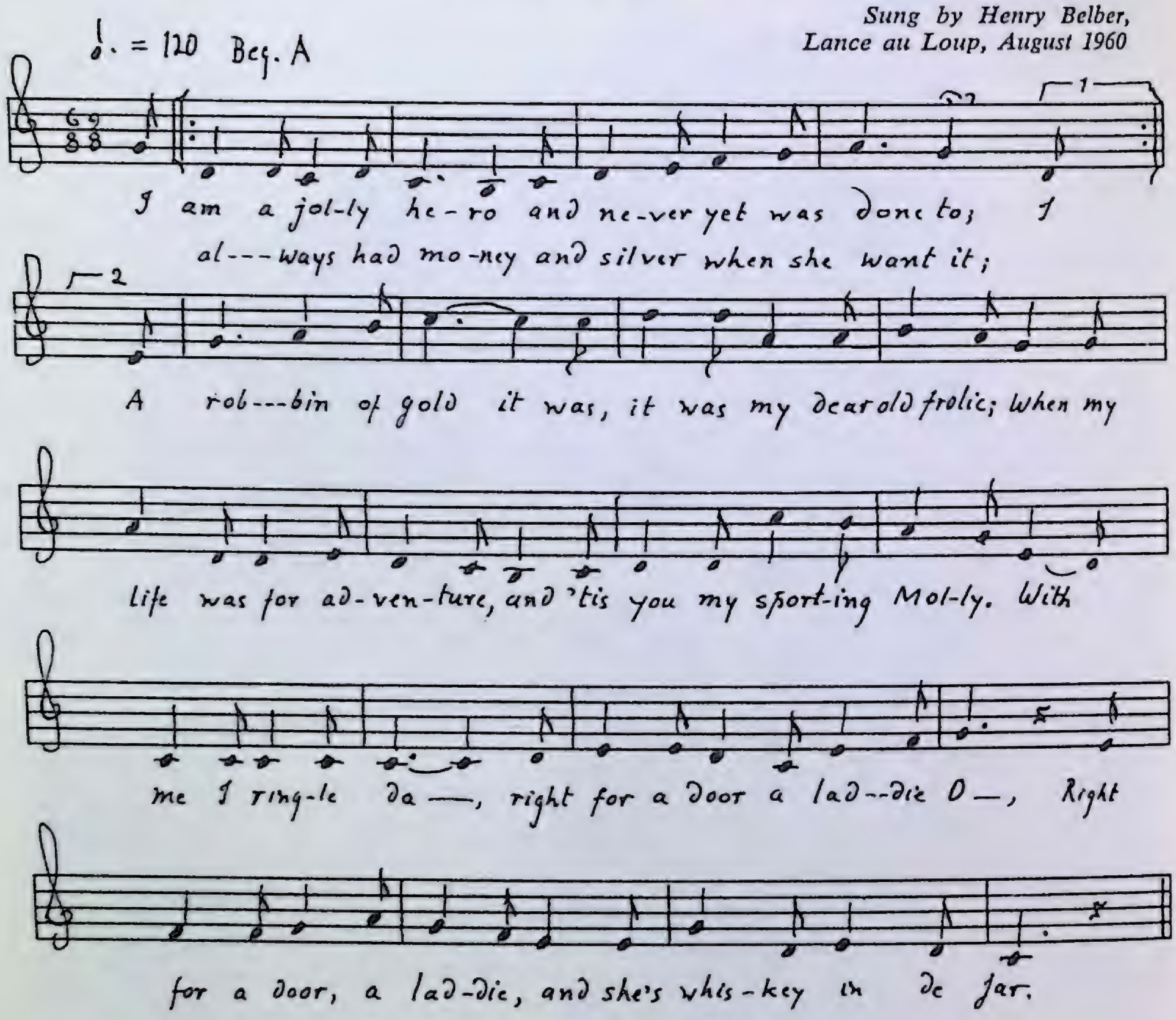
A coast fisherman

(*Note sealskin boots; fish drying on improvised flakes*)

There's Whiskey in the Jar

(*Gilgary Mountain*)

Sung by Henry Belber,
Lance au Loup, August 1960



1. I am a jolly hero and never yet was done to;
   I always had money and silver when she want it;
   A robbin of gold it was, it was my dear old frolic;
   When my life was for adventure, and 'tis you my sporting Molly.
   With me I ringle da, right for a door a laddie O,
   Right for a door, a laddie, and she's whiskey in de jar.

2. As I was a climbin' a Royal Oakie Mountain,
   I met with Captain Pipper and his money he was countin';
   At first I drew my sword and next I drew my pistol, saying:
   "Come man, stand dere or a prisoner you'll be taken."

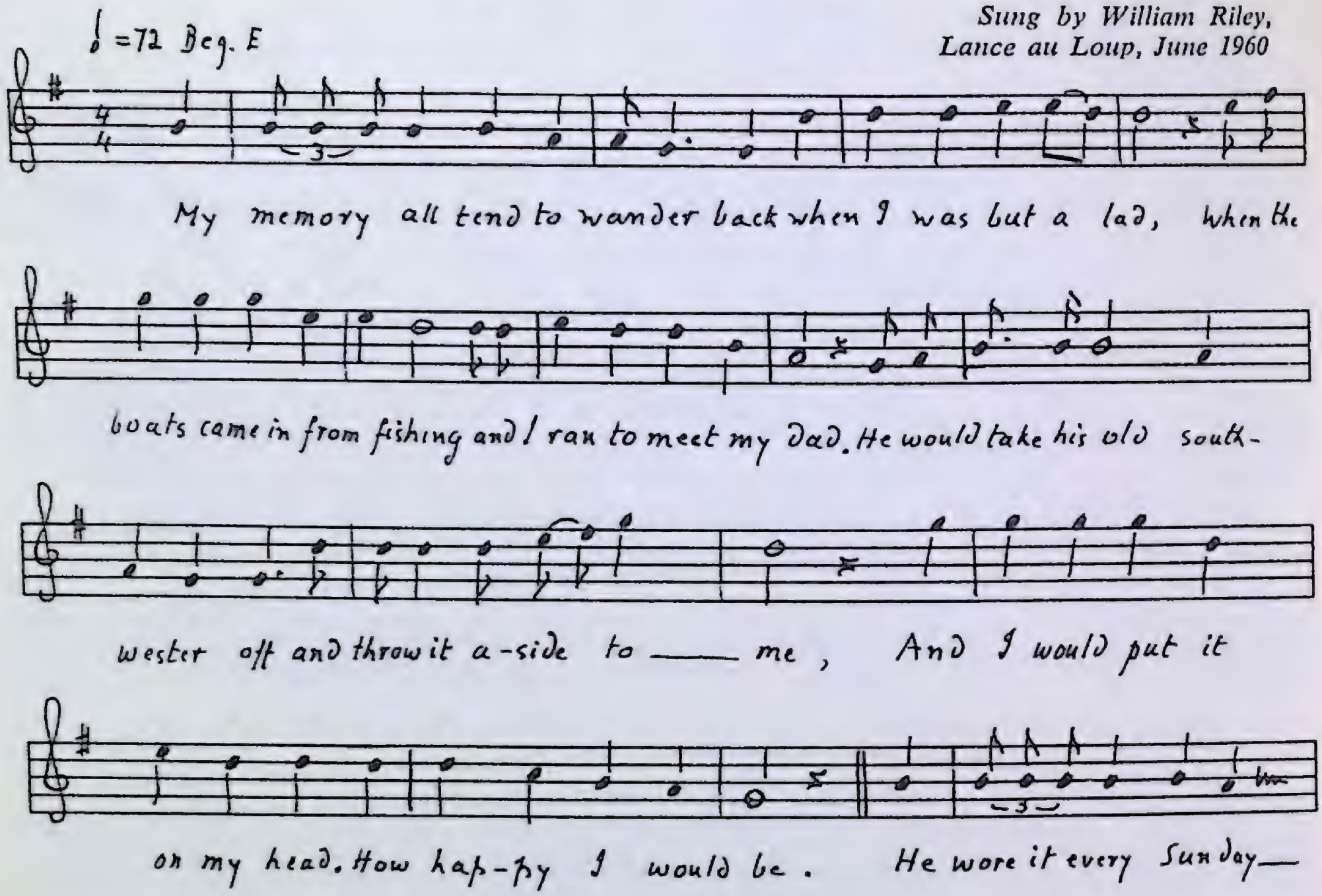
3. I counted up my money and it was a pretty penny;
   I put it in my purse and I carried it home to Molly;
   She put it in her purse and she swore she'd never see it,
   For de devil's in the women and dey never can behave.

4. I have two loving brothers enlisted in de army;
   Dere's one of dem in Cork and de udder in Killarney.
   If dey were here tonight, dey would be stout and jolly,
   For I'd rather have dem here dan you, my sportin' Molly.

A number of broadsides of this ballad are to be found from the middle of the last century. The song is originally Irish; it has been popular in England and especially so in Scotland. The phrase "Whiskey in the Jar," which occurs in the refrain, has become a travelling phrase in America, occurring in several other songs, usually as part of a refrain. The Labrador ballad does not tell the whole story. After the young fellow has robbed the Captain, he goes to Molly and gives her the money. While he is sleeping, she puts water in his pistols, and consequently he is easily taken and lodged in jail. He wishes his brothers were there to help (basis for Labrador stanza 4). Most texts stop here, but some go on to tell about the young fellow striking the turnkey with his handcuffs and escaping (*See* for bibliography, Laws II, p. 173, and add Ord, p. 369).

Old Southwester

Sung by William Riley,
Lance au Loup, June 1960



1. My memory all tend to wander back when I was but a lad,
When the boats came in from fishing and I ran to meet my dad.
He would take his old southwester off and throw it aside to me,
And I would put it on my head. How happy I would be.

My father's old southwester; he wore it days gone by,
And every time he put it on, his face would beam with joy.
It minds me of the happy days, the happy days of old;
I would not part with that old hat, for the full of it in gold.

2. He wore it every Sunday; he did not like a cap;
He wore it every Monday when he went to haul his trap;
He wore it in the sunshine; and he wore it in the rain;
On Sunday and on Monday, he wore it just the same.

3. If that old hat could only speak, what stories it could tell.
It would tell you of the many a time they fought the raging swell;
It would tell you of the happy days out on the squiddy ground;
Wherever that my father went, it was perched upon his crown.

4. And now he's dead and laid to rest; he'll wear it never more,
For there's no stormy weather over on the other shore;
He said to me before he went, "There's one request I'll make,
Go take that old southwester and wear it for my sake.

I include this because it is a universal favourite among the Labrador fishermen; they like its subject and its sentimentality. The usual comment from the audience after hearing this is: "They don't make ile clothes like that-un today." The song has been picked up by newspaper columnists and constantly sung at 'times.' The Doyle song book (third ed.) prints it with the music on page 42 from a traditional singer of Newfoundland. Except for minor verbal differences, the present text is like that in the Doyle book.

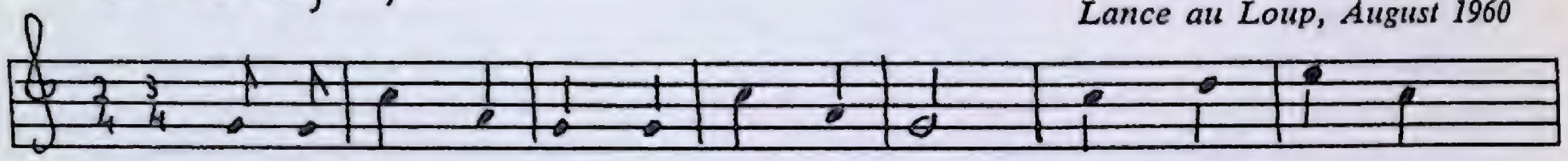
3.3. squiddy: squidding. Squid are caught by jigging, i.e., impaling them on a jig, a device with several hooks secured to a shiny lead sinker. The squid approach, attracted by the lead, only to be impaled as the jig is constantly jerked upward.

119

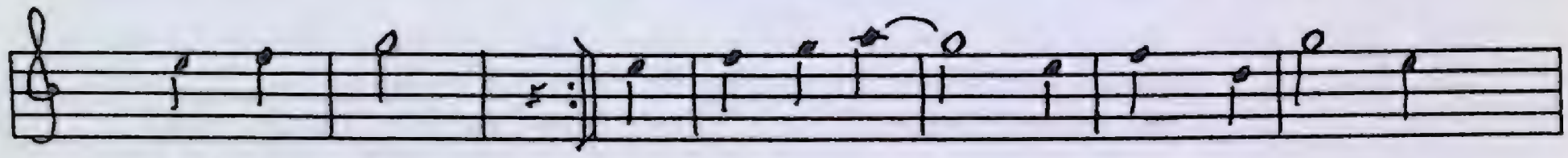
Old Woman

♩ = 92 Beg. E flat

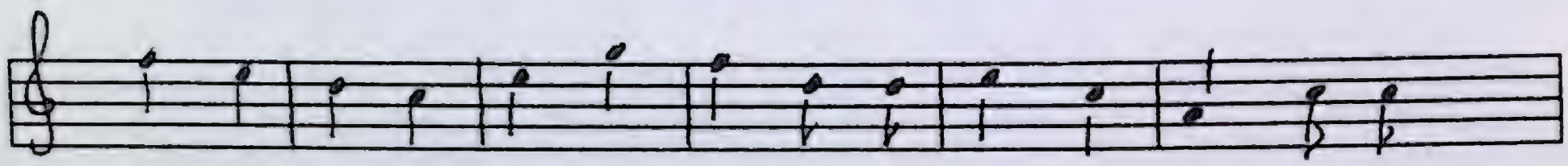
Sung by Henry Belber,
Lance au Loup, August 1960



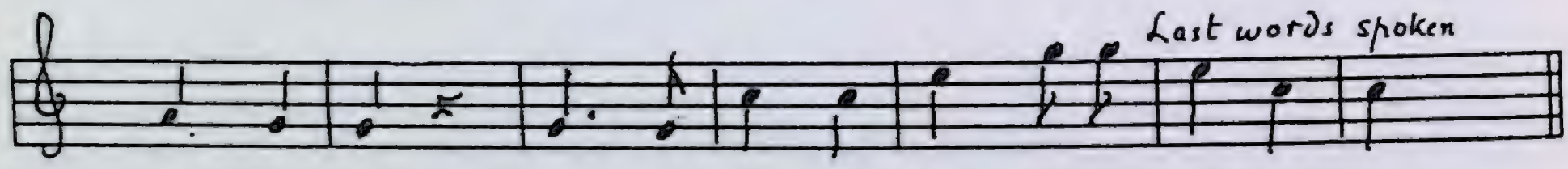
De old wo-man she lay on her bed, Think-ing of some



tricks to play. Be-hind de door — she plaud a chair, And



on de chair some crock'ry ware. To me wee wack fal lid-dle



i day, O, To me wee wack fal liddle i day, O.

1. De old woman she lay on her bed,
   Thinking of some tricks to play.
   De old woman lay on her bed,
   Thinking of some tricks to play.
   Behind de door she placed a chair,
   And on de chair some crock'ry ware.

   To me wee wack fal liddle i day, O,
   To me wee wack fal liddle i day, O.

2. O Jack came in all in de dark,
   Looking for his dear sweetheart.
   O Jack came in all in de dark,
   Looking for his dear sweetheart.
   He hit his toe into de chair
   And smashed up all de crock'ry ware.

3. De old woman came in in a hell of a fright,
   Calling for her candle light,
   She say, "Young man what brought you here,
   Smashing up my crock'ry ware?"

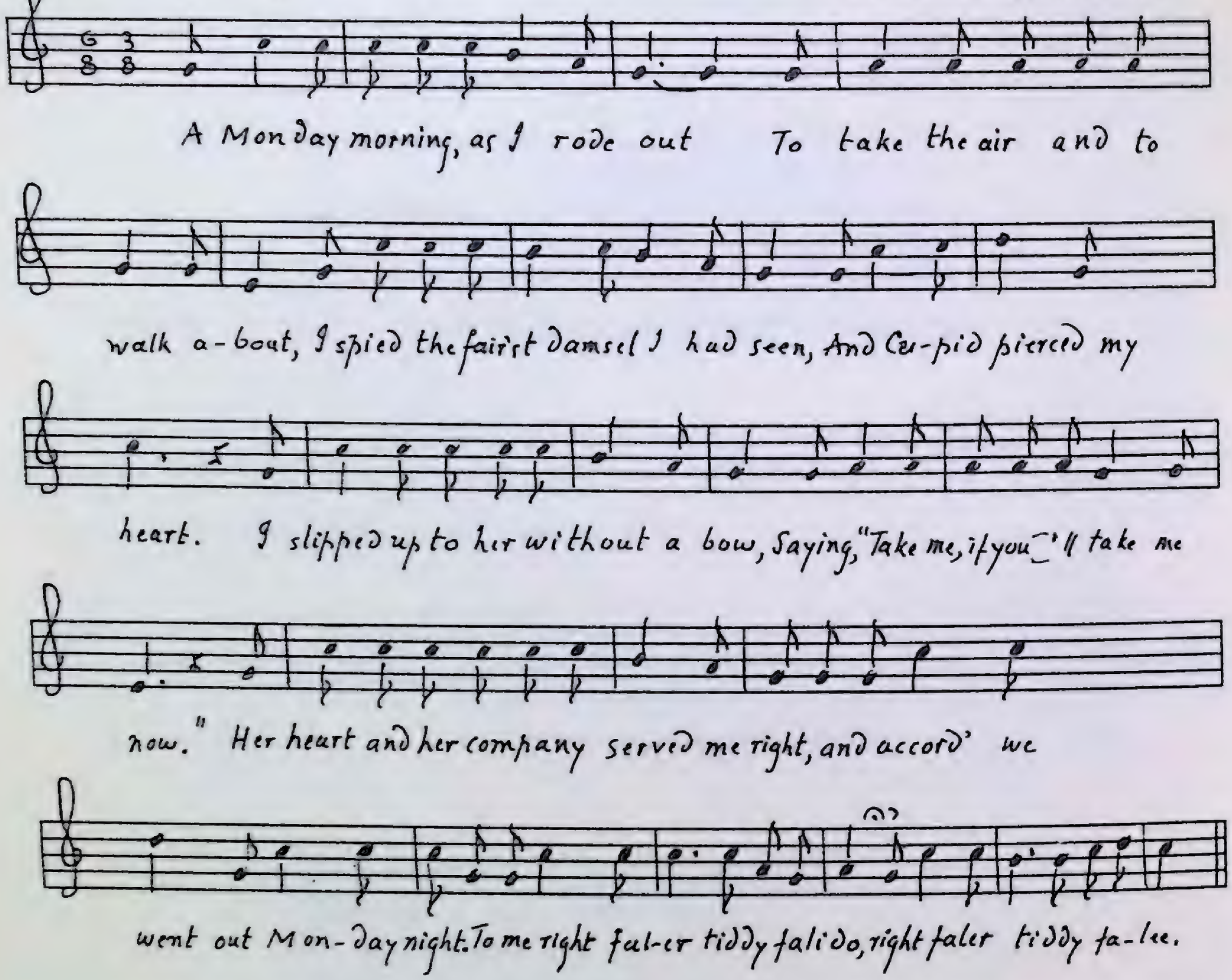
4. He says, "Old woman, don't be so cross;
   I lost my way into a loss."
   He says, "Old woman don't be so cross;
   I lost my way into a loss."

5. Here's four pounds for your broken chair,
   And ten pounds ten for your crock'ry ware.

6. Come all young men who have sweethearts,
   Never go courtin' in de dark,
   Come all young men who have sweethearts,
   Never go courtin' in de dark.
   For if you do you'll find it dear
   A trippin' round in de crock'ry ware.

Days of the Week

Sung by Henry Belber,
Lance au Loup, August 1960



1. A Monday morning, as I rode out
   To take the air and to walk about,
   I spied the fairest damsel I had seen,
   And Cupid pierced my heart.
   I slipped up to her without a bow,
   Saying, "Take me, if you'll take me now."
   Her heart and her company served me right,
   And accord' we went out Monday night.
   To me right faler tiddy falido, right faler tiddy fa-lee.

2. A Tuesday morning I looked around
   .....
   I soon found out she had a tongue,
   And dis is where de holding on,
   And we fell out de left and right
   ..... Tuesday night.

3. A Wednesday morning I did depart;
I went and hired a horse and cart;
I took my goods without delay,
I thought to bear myself away.
And then my wife began to grieve,
She said, "With you I cannot live."
And then I pulled her garters tight,
And wound them up, soon fix't her right.
She strangled herself a Wednesday night.

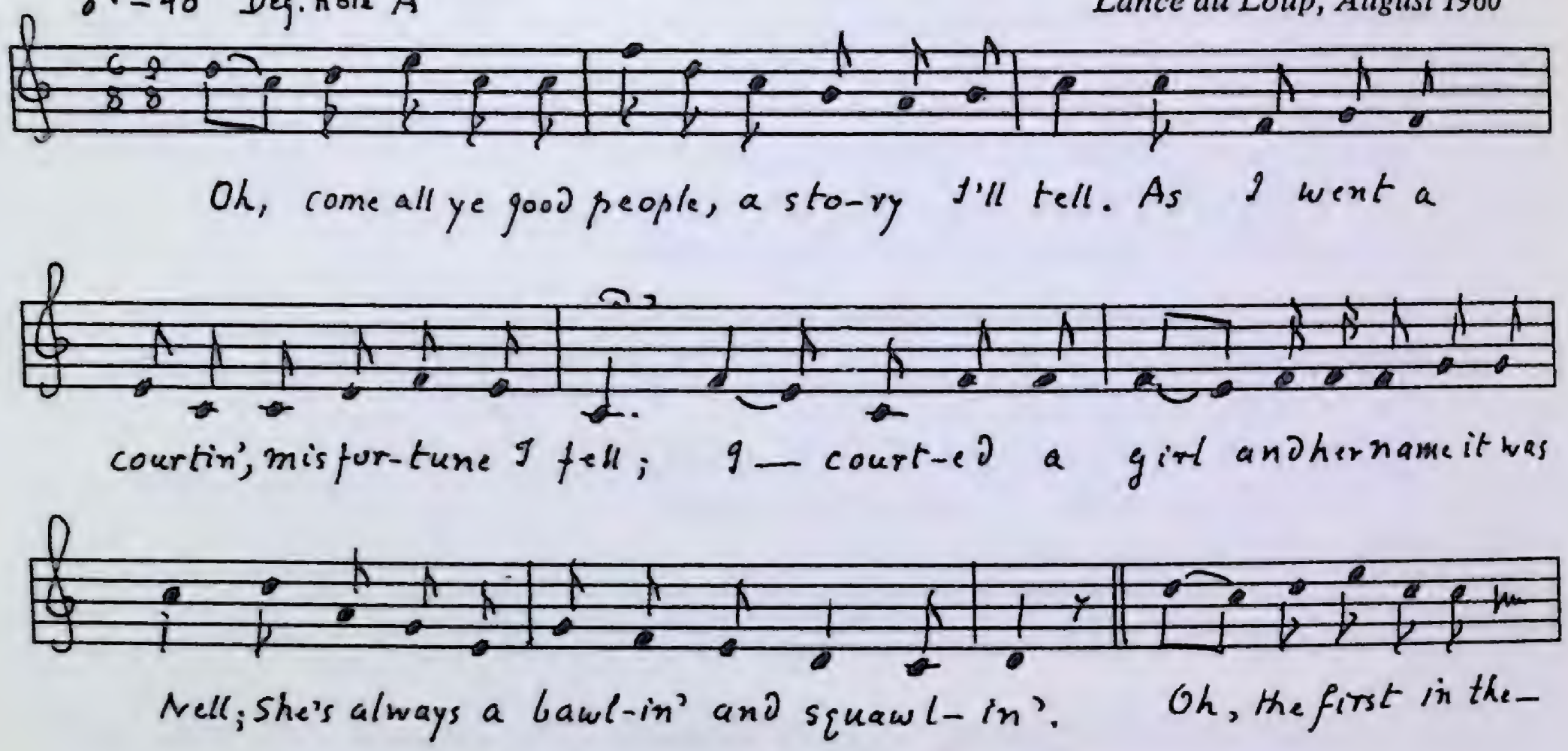
4. Thursday morning I went to town
And bought her a coffin tight and sound.
On the bier we placed her down;
Her friends and relations flocked around.
With half an onion I rubbed my eyes;
I hid me face, I laughed besides.
I saw her in her grave all right,
And courted another Sunday night.

I am including this fragment, since it seems to be a rare piece. It has little else to commend it.

121

Dirty Nell

Sung by Leo O'Brien,
Lance au Loup, August 1960



1. Oh, come all ye good people, a story I'll tell,
   As I went a courtin', misfortune I fell;
   I courted a girl and her name it was Nell;
   She's always a bawlin' and squawlin'.

2. Oh, the first in the morning the kettle to boil,
   And when I comes back I'm a nursin' the child;
   I'd rather be dead on the banks of the Nile,
   Before I'd met Nellie darling.

3. Oh, her presents [*sic*] of beauty I mean to expose,
   Dirty and lazy with her dirty nose;
   She's a disgrace to all women wherever she goes.
   Her clothes is all tatters and torn.

4. She got a beard on her lip like a wandering Jew,
   Not a tooth in her head, not a sound one or two,
   Not a rag to her back, neither red, white nor blue,
   That ever was met by the water.

5. Oh, when Nell and her gossips set down to drink tea,
   Sure, I'm in the corner with nothing to say.
   I'm out in de garden a diggin' all day,
   While Nell and her gobs they are talking.

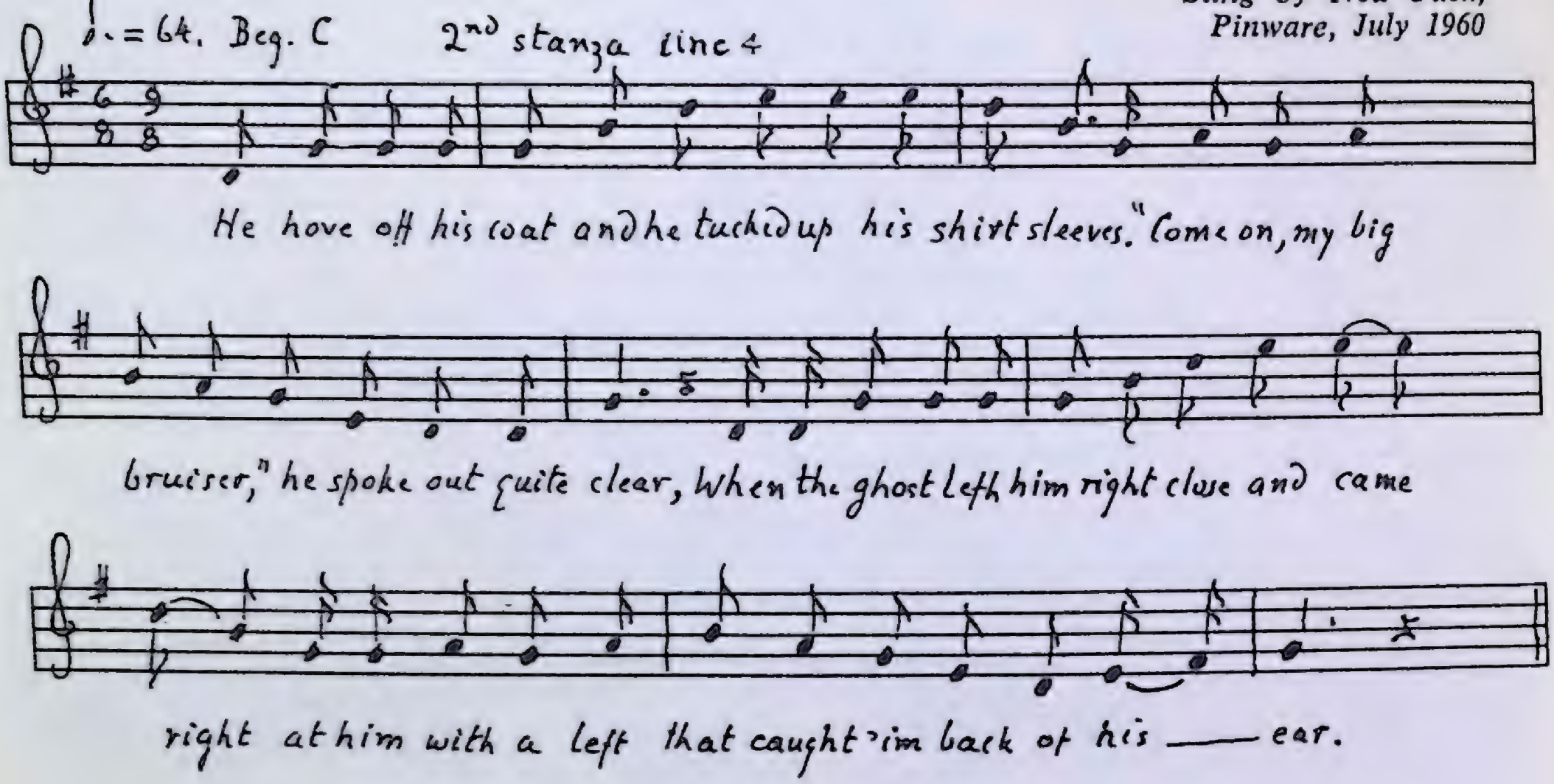
6. And it's in on the leavings I have for to hop,
   While Nell and her cronies are cleanin' de pot.

.....

This berg has just calved

Kelly and the Ghost

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. Maurice Kelly one night was about three parts loaded,
   Was making for home after twelve in de night.
   At the foot of a lane was a figure clad all in white,
   "Good night," now said Kelly, but that got no answer.

2. The figure remained so still as a post;
   I think you're a boxer, rusty for fighting,
   But never an answer got he from de ghost.
   He hove off his coat and he tucked up his shirt sleeves.

3. "Come on, my big bruiser," he spoke out quite clear,
   When the ghost left him right close and came right at him
   With a left that caught 'im back of his ear,
   'Twas then with a stumble he then made a tumble.

4. He then made a butt, but his head struck a post;
   His upper front teeth tumbled out in the street
   With the wonderful knock that he got from the ghost,
   By this time old Kelly was getting half sober.

5. When the ghost left him right, his two cat hooks let fly,
   He down on his knees and his face like soft cheese,
   "Will you call off the fight till I look for my eyes?"
   De ghost he moved off and the fight it was ended.

6. Old Kelly was standing, his hand on his head,
   Then he crawled to his door and he humble called
   His wife to assist him upstairs to his bed.
   He then told his wife how he fought with a stranger
   As strong as a bull, oxen, bear, or a moose.

7. She den told her husband the wonderful danger,
   Saying, "Maurice, my man, you was fighting a ghost."
   'Twas his wife dressed in white to keep Kelly from drinkin'
   Dat gave him de beatin' and laid him for dead.

8. He got such a fright that he won't stay out de night,
   But right after his supper goes straight up to bed.

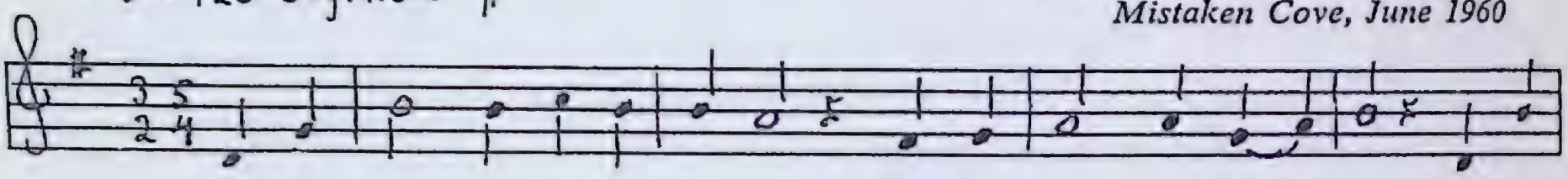
Greenleaf has a complete version of this, p. 160. It is difficult to arrange the Labrador version for print, since so many lines are missing.

123

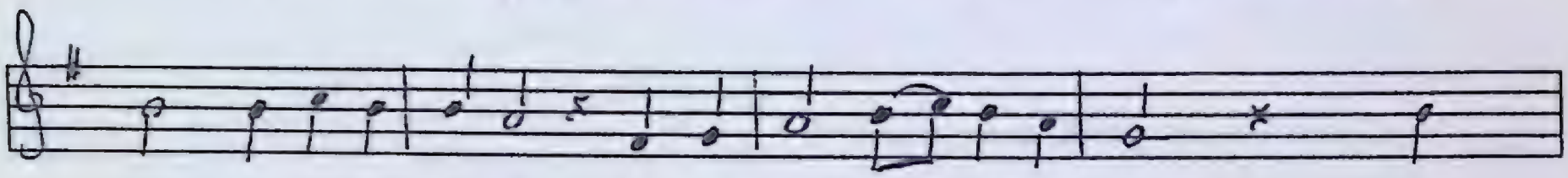
Widow by the Sea

♩ = 120 Beg. note F♯

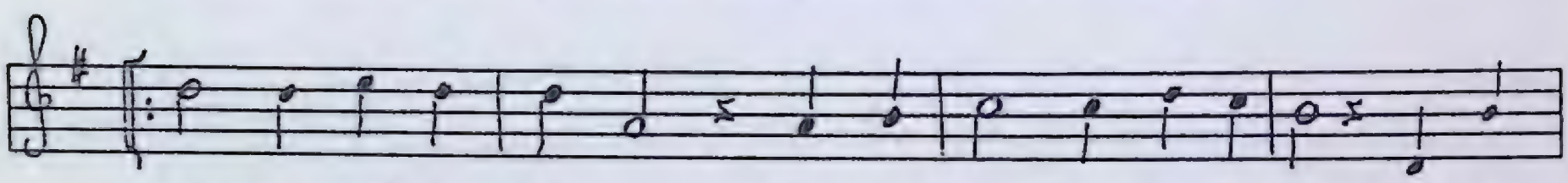
Sung by Mrs. Naomi Diamond,
Mistaken Cove, June 1960



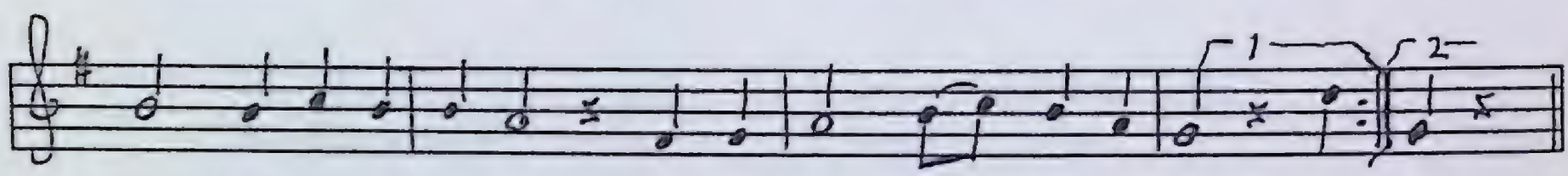
In the cot-tage by the seaside, I can see my dear old home; I can



see those hills and valleys, where with pleasure I once roamed. You



told me I'd be hap-py, but no hap-pi-ness I see, For to-



night I am a widow, in the cot--tage by the sea. You / sea.

1. In the cottage by the seaside, I can see my dear old home;
   I can see those hills and valleys, where with pleasure I once roamed.
   You told me I'd be happy, but no happiness I see,
   For tonight I am a widow, in the cottage by the sea.

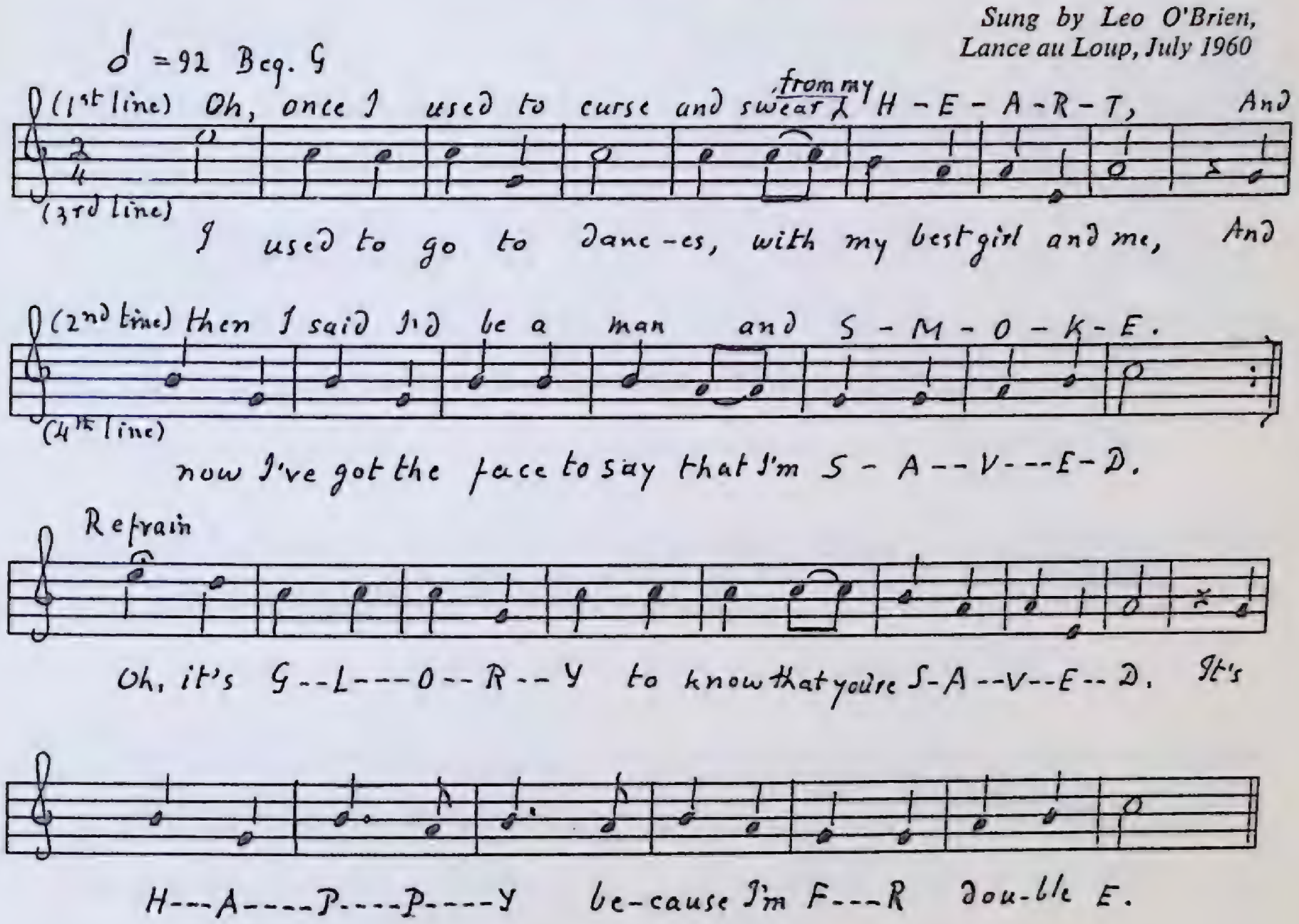
2. Alone, all alone he left me, and no other's bride I'll be,
   For tonight I am a widow in the cottage by the sea.
   And my poor old aged father, how in sorrow he would wail,
   And my dear and loving mother, how her eyes with tears would fill.

3. And my loved and only brother, O how he would mourn for me,
   If he only knew his sister was a widow by the sea.
   Alone, all alone he left me, and no other's bride I'll be,
   For in bridal robes he decked me in the cottage by the sea.

Here again is a very popular song on the Labrador. "It's a beautiful song; it's so sad." It certainly would have a deeper meaning for women whose husbands are constantly in danger of the sea.

S-A-V-E-D

Sung by Leo O'Brien,
Lance au Loup, July 1960



1. Oh, once I used to curse and swear from my H-E-A-R-T,
   And then I said I'd be a man and S-M-O-K-E.
   I used to go to dances, with my best girl and me,
   And now I've got the face to say that I'm S-A-V-E-D.
   Oh, it's G-L-O-R-Y to know that you're S-A-V-E-D.
   It's H-A-P-P-Y because I'm F-R double E.

2. There was a man who spelled his name B-R-O-W-N;
   He had a great commotion, but he voted for R-U-M.
   He helped to put the poison in his neighbor's C-U-P,
   And now he's got the face to say that he's S-A-V-E-D.

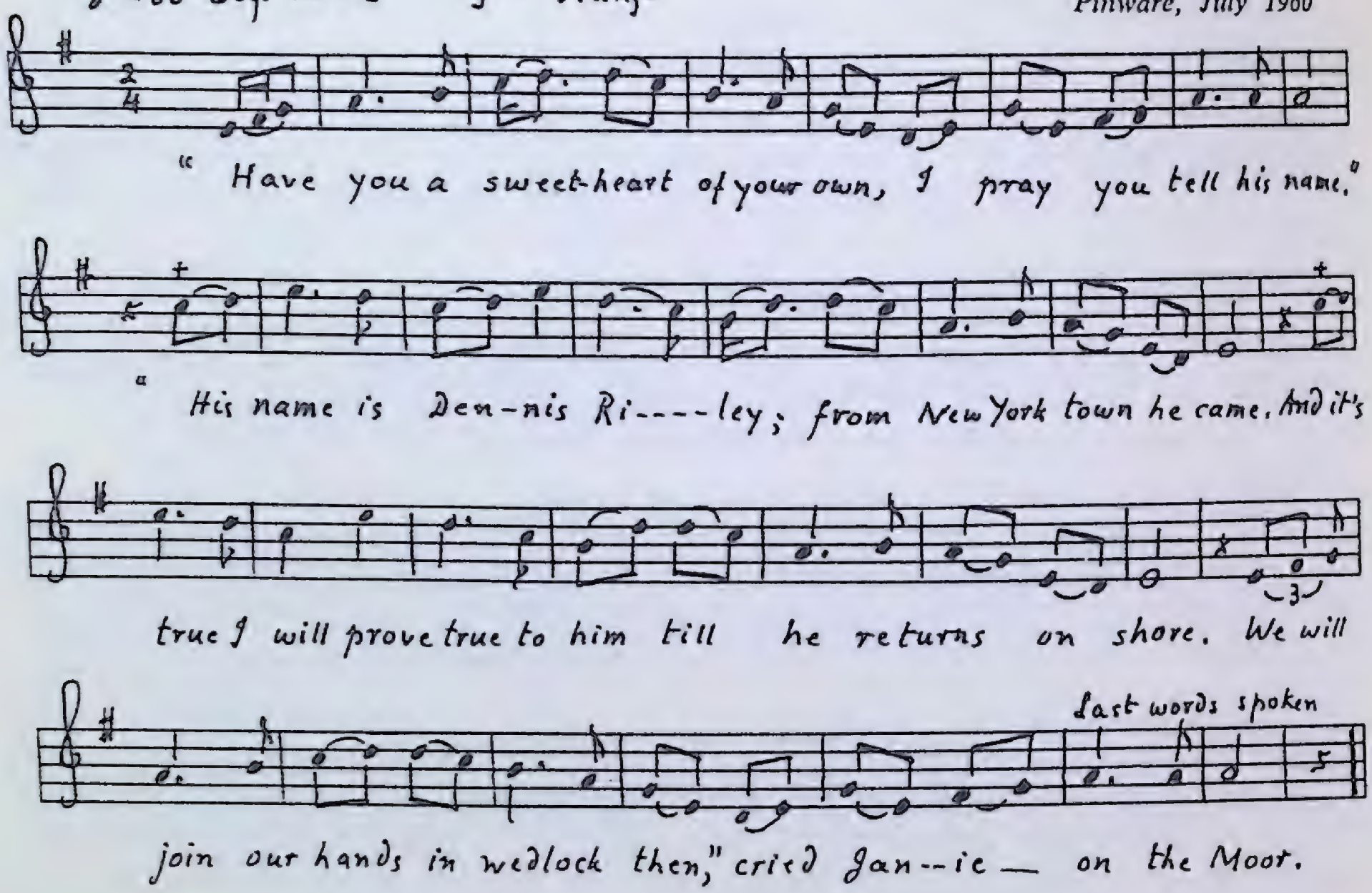
3. Some people dey drinks R-U-M- till their nose turns R-E-D,
   And then they puff like a cat with a big P-I-P-E.
   They stagger home in the morning to their W-I-F-E,
   And they got the face to say that they're S-A-V-E-D.

4. Oh, once I was bound in de chain of S-I-N,
   But V-I-C-T-O-R-Y in Christ I'm bound to win.

I was told that this was made up on the coast. I doubt it, though I have not found it elsewhere. The singer and the audience enjoyed the trick of spelling. I suggested that it was brought to Labrador by the Pentecostals after World War II, but I was told that it is older than that.

Janie on the Moor

Sung by Ned Odell, Pinware, July 1960



1. As I strayed the shore one evening down by the riverside,
   .....
   'Twas dere I spied dis fair one a roving long de shore,
   In gathering up de choice which was young Janie on de Moor.

2. I said, "My handsome fair one, why do you roam alone?"
   "Young man, since I must tell you I got pleasures of my own
   In watching dose foaming billows as dey breaks up on de shore;
   They wakes de bosom of de deep," cried Janie on de Moor.

3. "Have you a sweetheart of your own, I pray you tell his name."
   "His name is Dennis Riley; from New York town he came.
   And it's true I will prove true to him till he returns on shore.
   We will join our hands in wedlock then," cried Janie on the Moor.

4. "If Dennis Riley's your true love's name, I know that young man well;
   In a battle of Nor Amerikay by an angry ball he fell,
   And here's a token of true love which on his finger wore."
   She fell and fainted in his arms, young Janie on the Moor.

5. When he found that she was faint-hearted, "I owe you this," he cried,
   "Here is young Dennis Riley, standing by your side;
   O come let us get married and live happy here on shore;
   We'll join our hands in wedlock bands and go to sea no more."

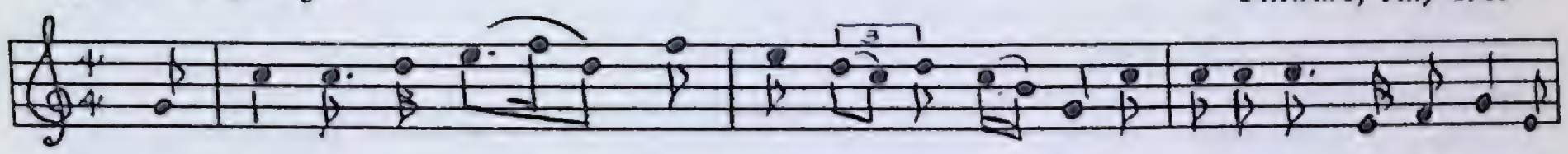
This is also known as "Janie on the Moor," "Sweet Janie or Jenny of the Moor." It is one of the many ballads revolving around the theme of the unrecognized returned lover, a theme often combined with the 'broken token' motif. This ballad was printed in several broadsides—English, Irish, and American. A good text from a Partridge broadside is to be found in Phillips Barry, *The Maine Woods Songster,* p. 82. The full version consists of seven long-line stanzas. The Labrador text is better for eliminating the descriptive filling and the resultant tightening of the story. The ballad in America seems confined to the northeast (For bibliography, *see* Laws II, p. 220. Add Sharp, Somerset No. 106; Greenleaf, p. 180).

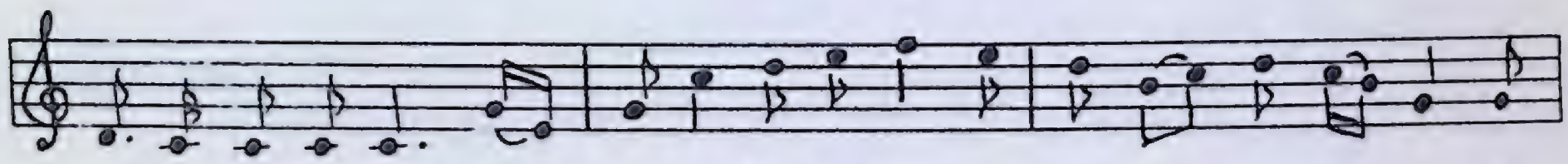
1.2. The missing line in Greenleaf reads: "While the hills and valleys round me, with flowers were decked with pride."

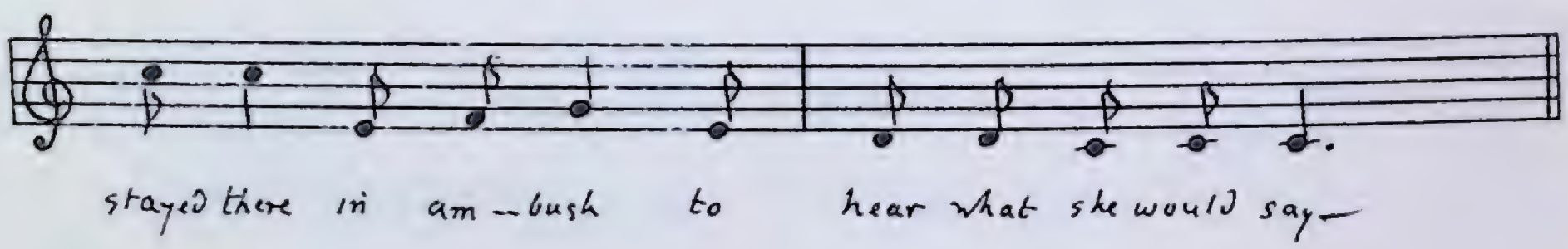
Plains of Waterloo

♩ = 56 Beg. E flat

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960







1. As I roved out for my recreation
   Down by Napoleon's plains where I carelessly did stray.
   'Twas there I beheld a most beautiful damsel,
   I stayed there in ambush to hear what she would say.

2. 'Twas those sweet songs which caused the valleys for to ring;
   The gay gallant songsters around me they flew,
   Saying, "The wars are all over and peace is proclaimed,
   But my Willie is not returned from the Plains of Waterloo.

3. "If this William Smith is the name of your true love,
   'Twas long with him I spent many a campaign
   Through Portugee together and then France where we marchèd,
   He was my lyal comrade as we marched through Spain.

4. "Till at length those French soldiers they did so surround us;
   Like brave English heroes we did them subdue;
   We fought them for three days, till at last we were defeated
   By brave Napoleon Bonaparte on the plains of Waterloo.

5. "On the eighteenth of June we ended our battle,
   Caused many a gallant hero that day for to complain,
   Where the drums they did beat and the cannons did rattle,
   'Twas by a French soldier your true love was slain.

6. "And as I passed by him I saw he was bleeding,
   I scarcely had time for to bid him adieu,
   With faltering voice these words I heard him saying,
   'You are far away, lovely Sally, from the plains of Waterloo'."

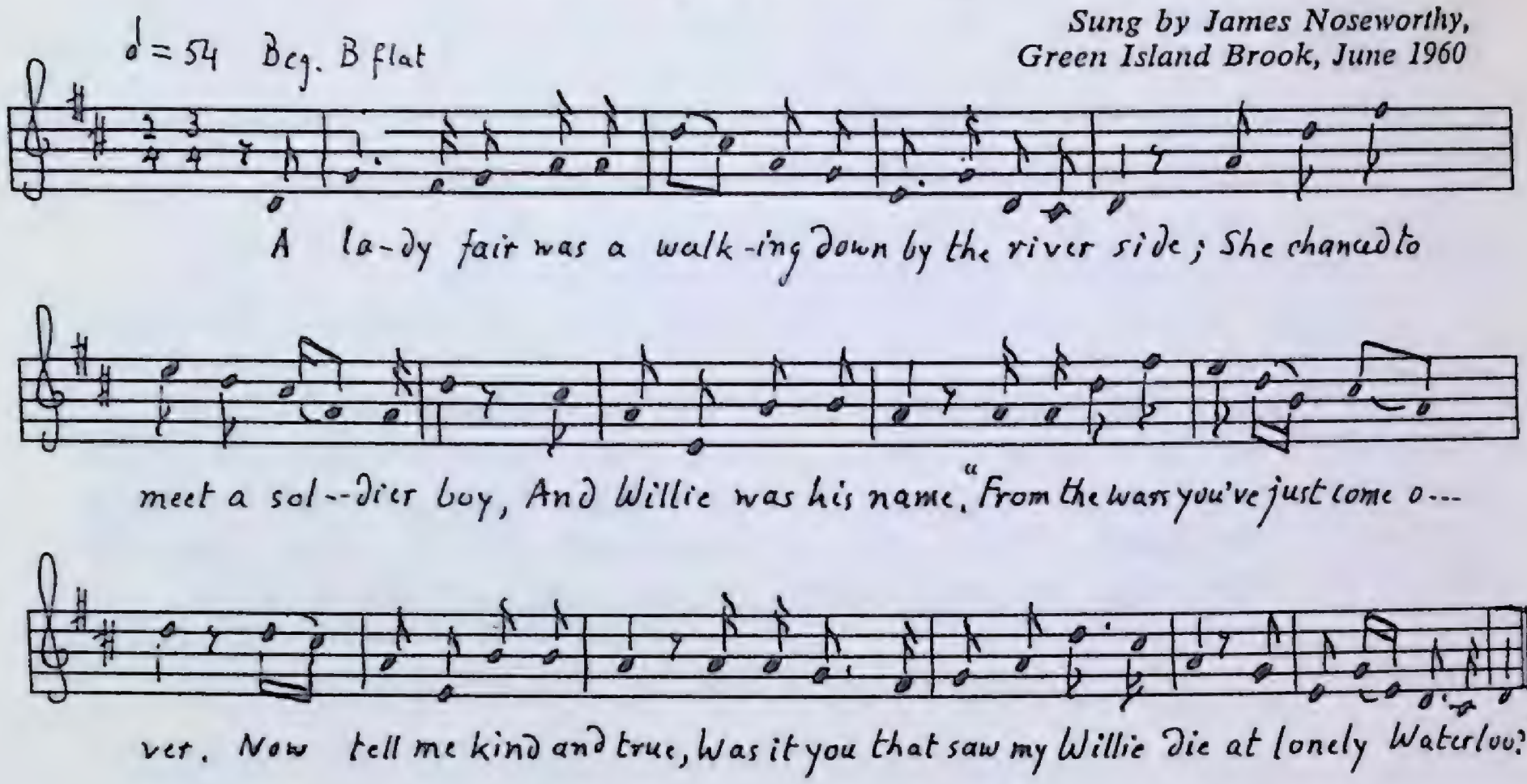
7. When she heard him say those words, her eyes dey grew dim and her color was changing.
   Her red rosy cheeks they soon grew pale and then
   I was sad for to see her in that sad situation;
   He boldly advanced and said, "I am the man.

8. "And here is the gold ring between us was broken;
   In the midst of all danger reminds me of you."
   'Twas soon she saw de token she flew to his arms,
   Saying, "You're welcome home, Willie, from the plains of Waterloo."

Many ballads and songs still survive today dealing with Napoleon and Waterloo. There are three different ballads with the title "Plains of Waterloo." The present text is Laws II, p. 219 (N32). Very close versions were printed by Greenleaf (Nfld.) and by Mackenzie (N.S.). (*See* Mackenzie No. 69 for discussion and texts; Laws, op. cit., and Laws II, p. 129.)

Lonely Waterloo

Sung by James Noseworthy,
Green Island Brook, June 1960



1. A lady fair was a walking down by the river side;
   She chanced to meet a soldier boy, and Willie was his name.
   "From the wars you've just come over. Now tell me kind and true,
   Was it you that saw my Willie die at lonely Waterloo?"

2. "What kind of clothes your Willie wear at lonely Waterloo?"
   "He wore a highland bonnet with a feather standing high;
   A glittering sword hung by his side on his dark suit of blue.
   Now that's the clothes my Willie wore at lonely Waterloo."

3. "If that's the clothes your Willie wore I saw that young man die;
   Three bayonets pierced his body before him down did lie.
   And as he fell I heard him say some Frenchmen got me slew,
   And now I lie a bleeding at lonely Waterloo."

4. Soon had she heard him say those words she fell in deep despair,
   By wringing of her snowy hands and tearing on her hair.
   "Now since he's gone and leave me no other I will take;
   Through lonesome groves and valleys I'll wander for his sake."

5. Saying, "If I had the wings of an eagle, where I could soar so high,
   I would fly to lonely Waterloo where my true love do lie.
   I would perch upon his bleeding wound just like some mourning doo
   I would kiss my darling's pale cold lips at lonely Waterloo."

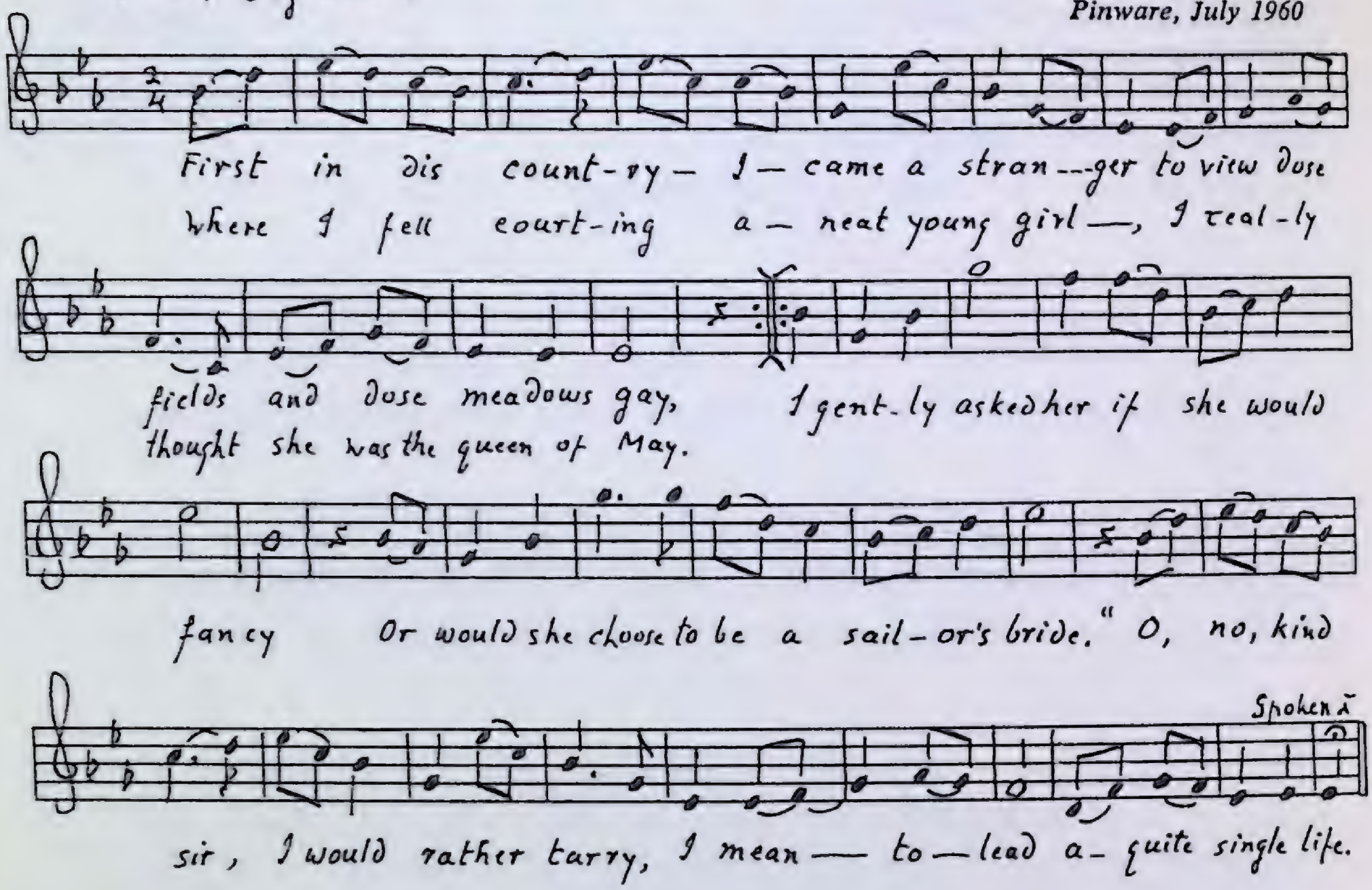
6. Soon after he heard her say those words, he could no longer stand
   He flew into her open arms saying, "Mary, I'm de man.
   Now since you proved so loyal, so loving and so true,
   We will join our hands in wedlock band, go no more to Waterloo."

I do not know the source of this Waterloo song. Greenleaf has one complete version and a fragment. I collected a full version in Avalon from an Irish singer in 1951, and now a fuller version turns up on the Labrador Straits. The theme is the common 'broken token' one (For a discussion of the Waterloo songs and their relation to other ballads like George Reilley, *see* Mackenzie, p. 183, and Ord, p. 299–303). This song probably has borrowings from other 'broken token' ballads.

Young Riley

♩ = 44 Beg. note G

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. First in dis country I came a stranger
   To view dose fields and dose meadows gay,
   Where I fell courting a neat young girl,
   I really thought she was the queen of May.

2. I gently asked her if she would fancy,
   Or would she choose to be a sailor's bride.
   "O, no, kind sir, I would rather tarry,
   I mean to lead a quite single life."

3. "You foolish creature, you pride of nature,
   Why do you differ from all female kind?
   Sure, you are young, both neat and handsome,
   I pray, fair lady, you be inclined."

4. "O, no, kind sir, since I got to tell you,
   I have been promised this five years ago
   To one O'Riley from the county of Wexford,
   Sometimes he cause me to sigh and moan."

5. "You're like the swan that swims on de ocean,
   Changing your motion on every spring,
   Your milk-white bosom, it is a potion
   For any lord, squire, or any king.

6. "I wish I had you on Felix Island,
One hundred miles from your native home,
Or in some valley where no one would find us,
I'd soon incline you to be my own.

7. "It's there I'd tease you, yes, I'd please you,
Along with me you'd be inclined to go;
We would both sail over to old Pennsylvania,
Say adieu to Riley forever more."

8. "You will not fetch me on Felix Island,
One hundred miles from my native home.
Nor in some valley where no one would find us,
You can't incline me to be your own.

9. "You can't tease me or no nor please me;
Along with you I'm not inclined to go,
So you may sail over to where you came from;
I'll wait for Riley forever more."

10. "It's in the morning, love when I rises,
My heart lay beating for you all day,
And in the evening when I can't come nigh you,
Oh, those are bound, love, they must obey.

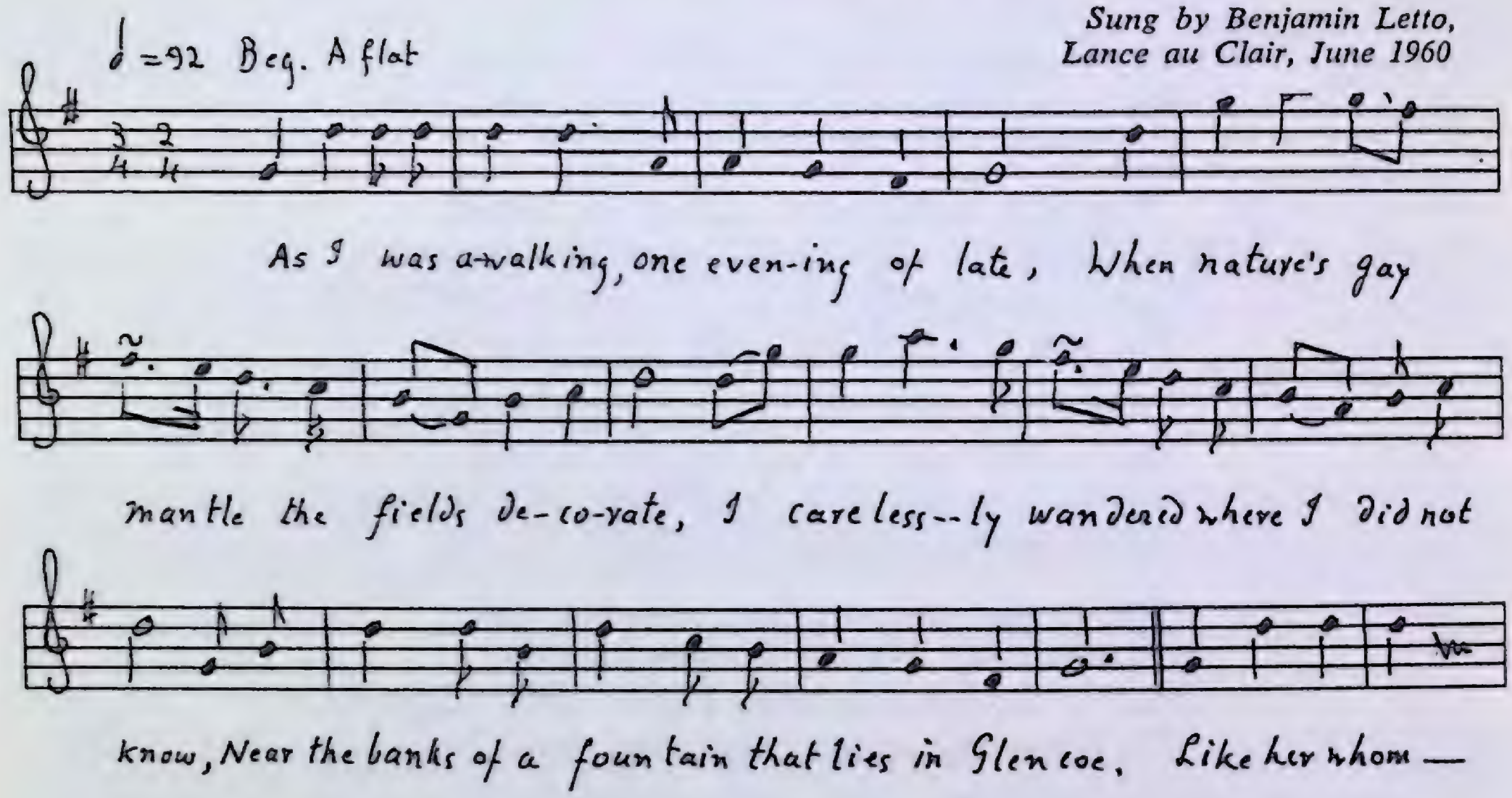
11. "For youth and folly makes young men marry,
And makes them sigh for a longer day;
So what can't be cured, love, must be endured,
So I'm young Riley . . .

129

Glencoe

(Donald's Return to Glencoe;
MacDonald's Return to Glencoe)

Sung by Benjamin Letto,
Lance au Clair, June 1960



1. As I was a-walking, one evening of late,
When nature's gay mantle the fields decorate,
I carelessly wandered where I did not know,
Near the banks of a fountain that lies in Glencoe.

2. Like her whom the prize of Mt. Ida had won,
There approached me a lassie as bright as the sun,
The ribbons and tartans around her did flow,
And her name was Flora, the pride of Glencoe.

3. Said I, "Pretty maiden, your enchanting smile,
And your sweet lovely features do my heart beguile,
And if your affection on me you'll bestow,
You'll bless the happy hour we met in Glencoe."

4. She answered him, "Kind sir, your suit I disdain,
For I once had a sweetheart, MacDonald by name;
He went to a war about nine years ago,
And a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glencoe.

5. "MacDonald's true valor was tried on the field,
Like his hardy ancestors he disdained there to yield;
If he never returns then quite single I'll go,
And mourn for MacDonald, the pride of Glencoe."

6. Then finding her constant, I drew first her glove,
Which, parting she gave me, a token of love;
Then she flew to my arms and her tears down did flow:
"Are you really MacDonald, returned to Glencoe?"

7. "Cheer up, Lovely Flora, your sorrows are o'er,
Till death separates us we will never part more,
Though storms of war in the distance may blow,
While in peace and contentment we'll reside in Glencoe."

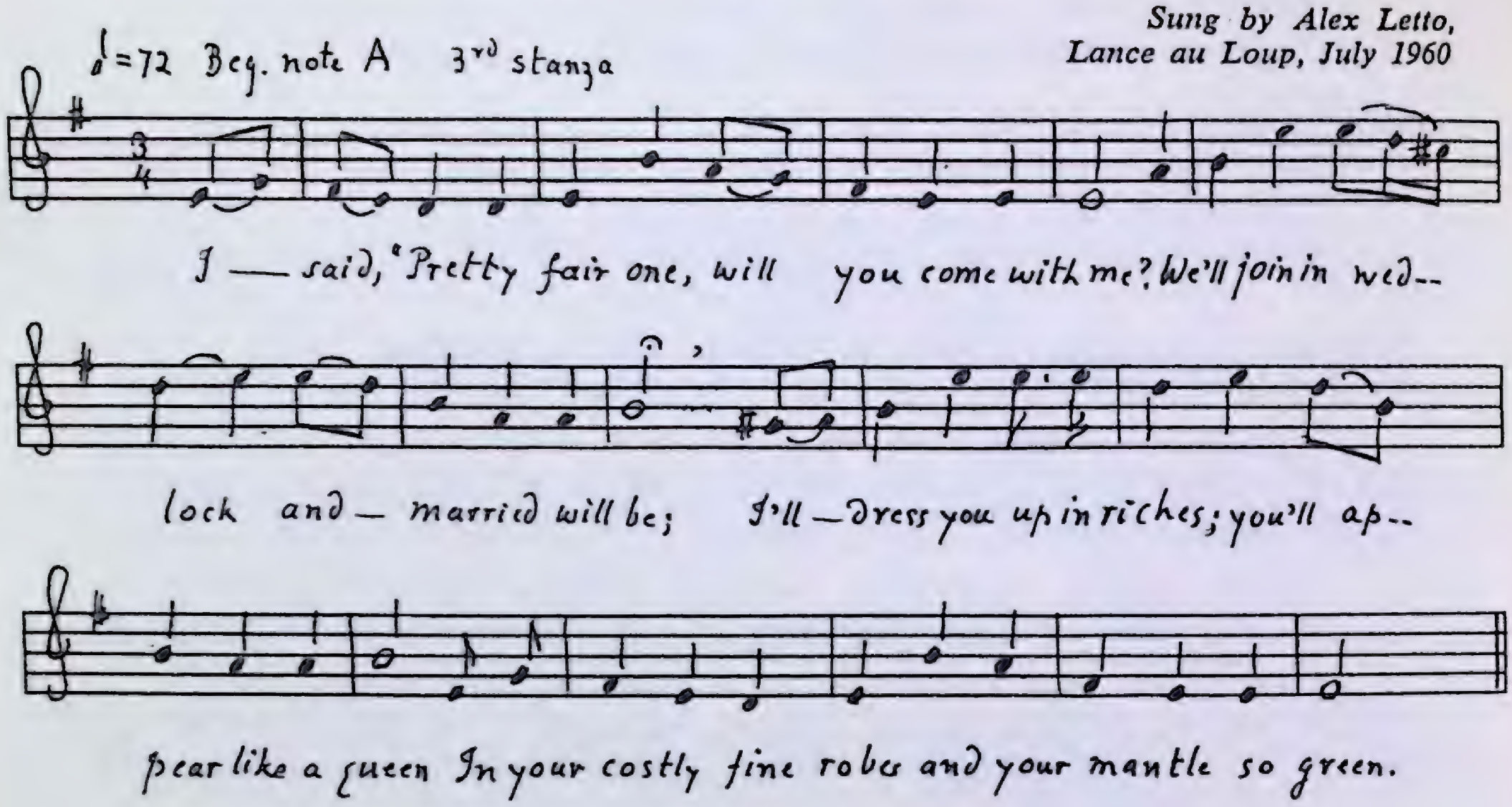
This song was very popular in Ireland and in Scotland. Many broadside and songster versions exist (*See* Mackenzie, p. 180, for partial list). It is rare in America, though versions have been printed from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia (*See,* for bibliography, Laws II, p. 223, and add references in Mackenzie, p. 180; O'Connor, p. 136).

In the longer and fuller versions (eleven stanzas against seven) the young man teases her longer, suggests that perhaps Donald has been killed by the French, or perhaps he has "placed his affection on some foreign dame." Flora, knowing of Donald's valour and faith, refuses to believe either. Then follows stanzas 10 and 11 (here 6 and 7).

2.1. prize of Mt. Ida. Venus was awarded the golden apple on Mt. Ida. This line suffers extraordinary changes: "like the pride of Mt. Aetna . . ."; "On top of the mountain the pride had stood on."

Mantle of Green

Sung by Alex Letto,
Lance au Loup, July 1960



1. As I was a walking one evening in May
   To view those fair fields and the meadows so gay,
   I spied a fair damsel, she appeared like a queen,
   In her costly fine robes and her mantle so green.

2. I stood in amazement I was struck with surprise;
   I thought her an angel that fell from the skies,
   Her eyes like the diamonds, her cheeks like the rose;
   She was one of the fairest that nature compose.

3. I said, "Pretty fair one, will you come with me?
   We'll join in wedlock and married will be;
   I'll dress you up in riches; you'll appear like a queen
   In your costly fine robes and your mantle so green."

4. She answered me, "Young man, you must be refused;
   I'll wed with no man, for you must be excused;
   To the green hills I'll wander to shun all men's view,
   For the one that I love lies in famed Waterloo."

5. "Since you are not married, tell me your love's name,
   For I've been in battle; I might know the same."
   "Draw near to my garment and there you will find
   His name in bright letters on my mantle do shine."

6. In rising her mantle 'twas there I behold
   His name and his surname in large letters of gold,
   Young William O'Riley appeared in my view;
   He was my chief comrade in famed Waterloo.

7. We fought so victorious where bullets did fly;
On the fields of the battle your true love do lie.
We fought for three days and a fourth afternoon,
He received his death summons on the eighteenth of June.

8. As he was a dying I heard his last cry:
"Were you here, Lovely Nancy, contented I would die."
"Now peace is proclaimed and the truth I'll declare,
I have your love's token; see the gold ring I wear."

9. I stood in amazement, the paler she grew,
She flew to my arms with her heart full of woe.
"To the green hills I'll wander with the one that I love,
Rise up, Lovely Nancy, your grief I'll remove."

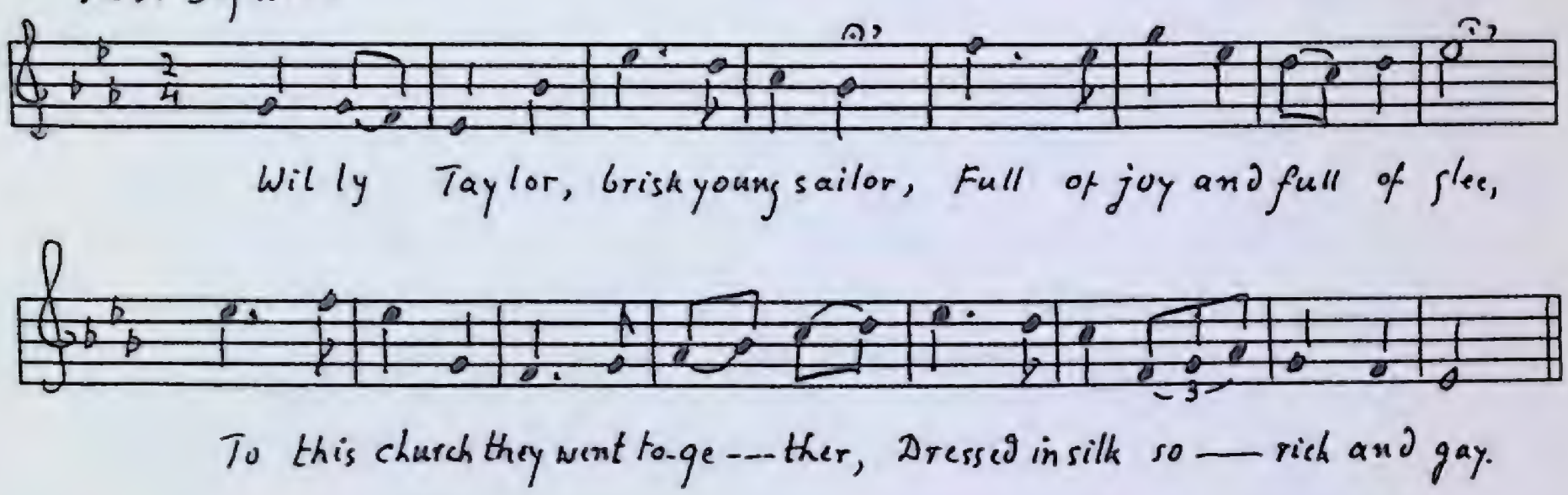
10. "It was I, lovely Nancy; it was I won your heart;
'Twas in your father's garden the day we did part;
'Twas in your father's garden beneath the green tree
Where I held you in my arms in your mantle so green."

11. This couple got married, I heard people say.
Great nobles attend on their wedding day;
The peace is proclaimed and the wars they are o'er,
"You are welcome to my arms, lovely Nancy, once more."

This is, I think, the most popular of the Waterloo ballads. It was frequently printed in broadside form and in the songsters (*See,* for example, O'Connor, p. 38, for a full version). The present text follows O'Connor, stanza by stanza, with only minor verbal differences. The two Newfoundland texts, Greenleaf, p. 175, are shorter (For bibliography, *see* Laws II, p. 222; and add Ord, p. 155, and Mackenzie, p. 182).

Willy Taylor

Sung by Stuart Letto,
Lance au Clair, July 1960



1. Willy Taylor, brisk young sailor,
   Full of joy and full of glee,
   To this church they went together,
   Dressed in silk so rich and gay.

2. Bells were ringing, children singing,
   At the church they went that day;
   In the church went twenty sailors,
   Pressed young Willie off to sea.

3. Soon the fair one followed after,
   Went in the name of Richard Carr;
   Then her hands and lily white fingers
   Soon embraced the pitch and tar.

4. Now she's on the ocean sailing—
   Two broad swords all in her hand—
   Doing the work among the rest;
   Then her vest coat, it blew open,
   And they spied her lily white breast.

5. When the Captain came to hear it,
   Asked what wonders brought you here.
   "I'm in search for my true lover,
   Whom you have pressed from me so dear."

6. "If you're in search for your true lover,
   Pray tell me what his name might be?"
   "His name it is young Willie Taylor,
   Seven years he been gone from me."

7. "You rise early the next morning,
   Just before the break of day,
   There you'll spy young Willie Taylor,
   Walking with some lady gay."

8. She rose early the next morning,
Just before the break of day;
There she spied young Willie Taylor,
Walking with some lady gay.

9. Then she called for two bright pistols;
They were brought at her command,
Up and shot young Willie Taylor,
Standing by [his] bride's right hand.

10. When the captain came to hear it,
Asked what wonders she had done;
Then he made her first leftenant,
On board of a ship nine hundred tons.

11. Now she's on the ocean sailing;
Two broad swords all in her hand;
Every time that ship made motion,
They all tremble at her command.

That this ballad has long been popular is attested to by the number of versions recovered in England, Scotland, and America, and the numerous changes in the text. Two distinct types of the ballad exist—the first a farcical story of a girl who in men's attire follows her lover to sea and there (contrary to the usual ending) finds him with another lady and kills him. The second is a music hall parody (the original certainly lends itself to parody). This version "Billy Taylor" was sung by "Mr. Bannister, Jun. at several theatres with great applause." The ludicrous nature of this version is pointed by the addition of the longest refrain in balladry, a part of which goes:

Fol de loll,loll,loll,loll,loll,doll,doll (repeated)
then *loll* eight times, *doll,doll,doll,loll,loll,doll.*

"Willy Taylor" should be studied intensively, for it furnishes important evidence of the nature of variation in balladry (*See* discussion of this ballad in Mackenzie, Introd., p. xxxii ff., Laws II, Introd., p. 93, and bibliography on p. 208; JFSS, 5: 162 ff; Belden, p. 182; Greig No. 101).

1. Both the Labrador and Newfoundland versions confuse the first stanza. It usually announces that Willy is courted by a lady gay.

3.2. Carr: Jacky Tarr in several texts.

4. Confused. Two different texts seem to be mingled; in one she's in battle with sword, etc., when the button flies off exposing her breast; in the other she's out on the ocean sailing, or on a yard arm "reefing" with the same result.

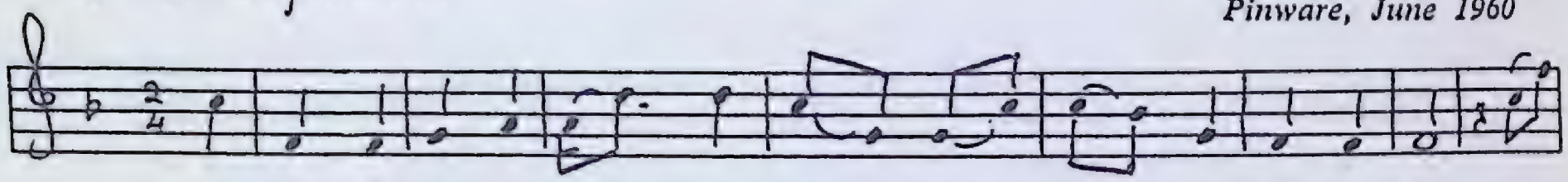
9.3. Ord: "She has shot young Billy Taylor/Stabbed his wife at his right hand." Belden: "And she shot young William Taylor/As she held him by the hand." In some versions she kills herself, not him.

The Sheffield Apprentice

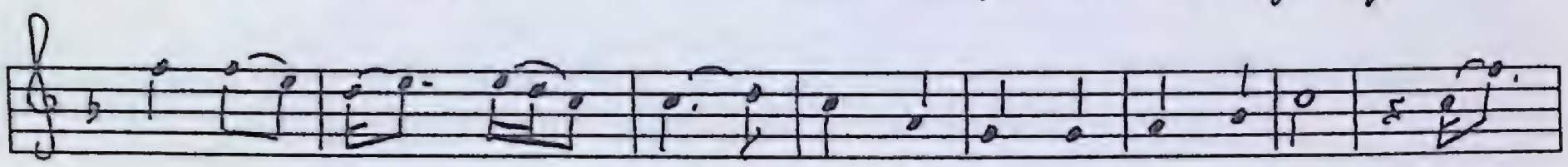
A

♩ = 84 Beg. note A

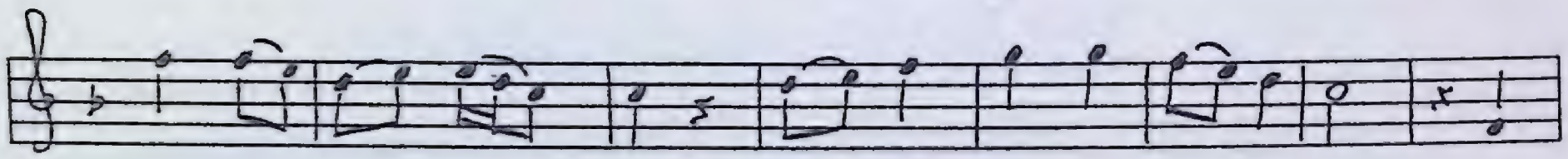
Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, June 1960



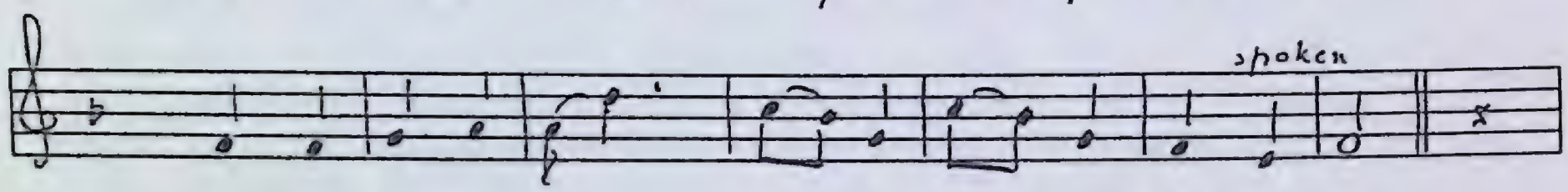
I was brought up in Shef-field town, brought up of high degree; My



parents do---ted — on — me, having no child but me. They



bound me to — a — master, My me-mo-ry tells me well; I



took a re--so--lu------tion not long with him to dwell.

1. I was brought up in Sheffield town, brought up of high degree;
   My parents doted on me, having no child but me.
   They bound me to a master, my memory tells me well;
   I took a resolution not long with him to dwell.

2. Unknown to friends and parents from him I ran away;
   I steered my course for Holland town and curse attend that day.
   I had not been long in Holland, scarce one month, two, or three,
   Before my honorable mistress grew very fond of me.

3. She asked me if I'd marry her; I'd have at my command
   All gold and silver, rich houses and rich land.
   "If you'll agree and marry me, 'twill be at your command."

4. "Excuse me, honorable mistress, for I cannot wed you both.
   For I am already promised and took a solemn oath
   To wed no one but Polly, your handsome chamber maid,
   Excuse me, honorable mistress, for she has my heart betrayed."

5. As I roved out one evening to view the meadows fair,
   My mistress followed after me picking those lilies fair;
   A gold ring from her finger just as she passed me by
   She slipped it in my pocket and for it I must die.

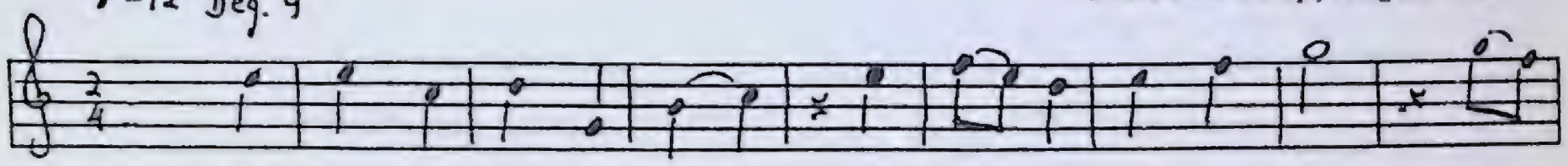
6. 'Twas early next morning to the courthouse I was brought
Before the bar of justice to answer to my fault;
Long time I played so innocent, but that was all in vain.
She swore so hard against me that I was forced to jail.

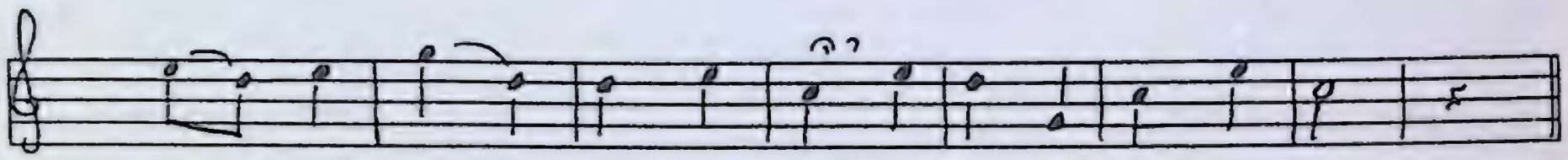
7. Come all ye good people, don't laugh at my downfall,
For 'twas my honorable mistress that have a-done it all;
'Twas my honorable mistress, as you may plainly see,
'Twas my cursed mistress that have a-ruined me.

(*The Apprentice Boy*)

B

Sung by Henry Belber,
Lance au Loup, August 1960





1. In Sheffield I was bor-un, raised up by low degree.
   My parents doted on me, having no child but me.
   I cruised about for pleasure, as to my fancy lay,
   Till I became a prentice, all joys from me did fled [flee?].

2. Unknownst to friends and parents, from dem I stole away;
   I shipped and went to London; may curse be to dat day.
   I was not long in London, not one month, two or three,
   'Fore my young pretty mistress grew very fond of me.

3. "O prentice, my love prentice, fine houses and rich land,
   If you'll agree and marry me, 'twill fall at your command."
   "O mistress, honorable mistress, I cannot wed with both,
   For I am already promised, all with a solemn oath.

4. "I am promised to pretty Polly, your handsome chambermaid;
   So mistress, do believe it; she has my heart in trade."

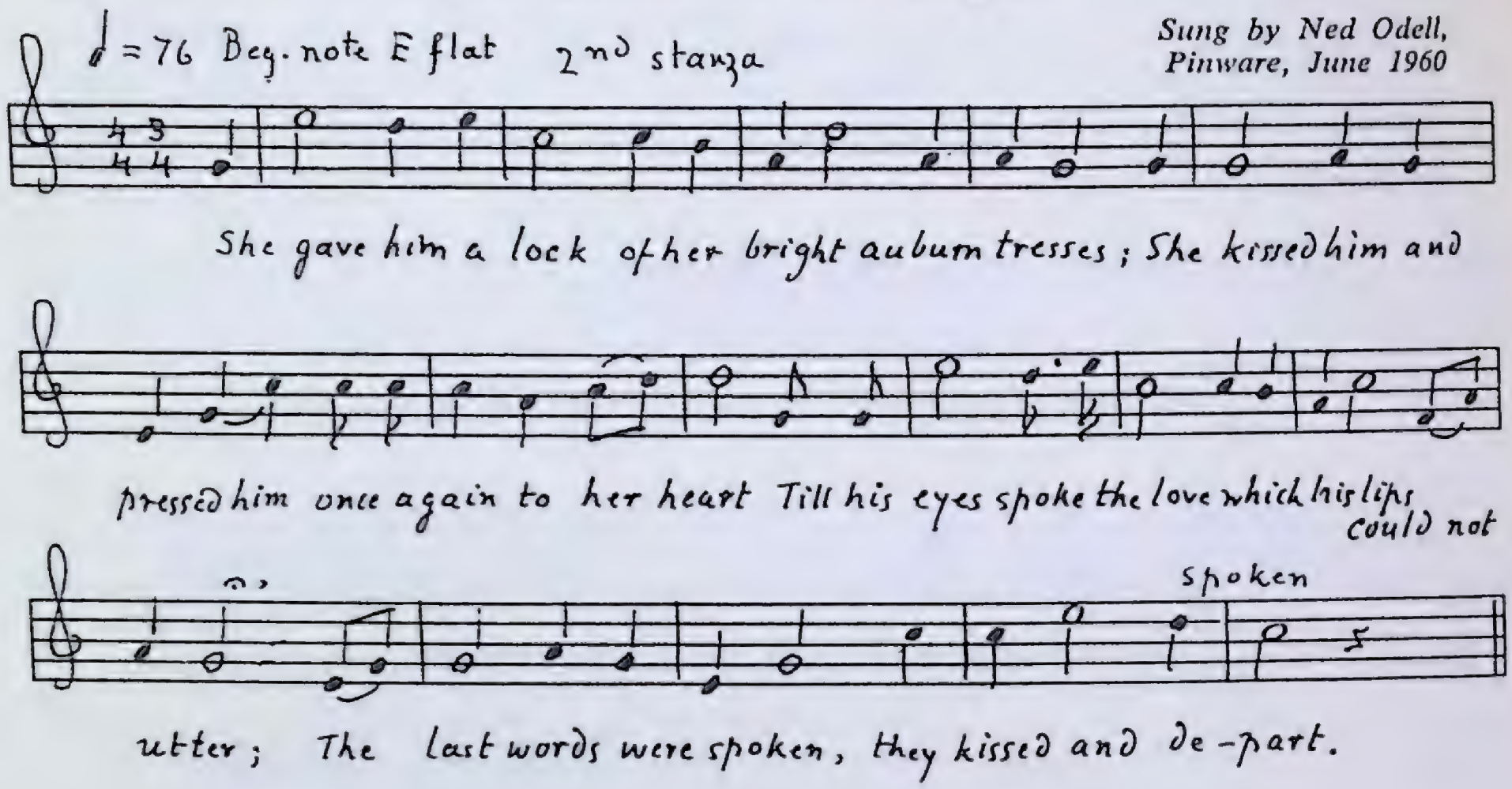
5. One evening as I was a-walking, taking the pleasant air,
   My mistress followed after me, picking dose lilies fair.
   A gold ring from her finger, when passing by my side,
   She slipped it in my pocket and for it I must die.

6. My mistress swore I robbed her, and quickly I was brought
   Before the old Chief Justice to answer for my faut [fault]
   I pleaded my cause innocent, but it proved all in vain
   My mistress swore my life away; I had to go in jail.

7. So farewell, pretty Polly, this world I'll bid adieu,
   So farewell, my love Polly, I will die for the love of you.

(*See* Laws II, p. 245, for the range of this ballad in America and abroad. It descends through tradition and by way of broadside and songster, the story hardly changing. Add to Laws, JAF 35: 51. Christie, 2: 67, prints a good early broadside text.) Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl, *The Singing Island,* London, 1960, p. 195; Greig, No. XLV; Sharp, Appalachians, 2: 266; Ord, p. 42.

The Banks of the Clyde



1. On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad and his lassie;
   The lad's name was Gordie and the Lassie's was Jean;
   She threw her arms round him and cried, "Do not leave me,"
   For Gordie was going to fight for his queen.

2. She gave him a lock of her bright auburn tresses;
   She kissed him and pressed him once again to her heart
   Till his eyes spoke the love which his lips could not utter;
   The last words were spoken, they kissed and depart.

3. The ocean do divide the lad from his lassie,
   And Gordie was forced far way o'er the foam;
   His roof was the sky, and his bed was the desert,
   But his heart with his Jennie was always at home.

4. The morning it dawned on the famed day of battle,
   Found Gordie enacting a real hero's part
   Till an enemy's bullet brought with it his death
   And buried that dear lock of hair in his heart.

5. On the banks of the Clyde dwells a heart-broken mother;
   They tells her of how the great victory was won,
   But the victory of England to her brought no comfort,
   For the victory to her meant the death of her son.

6. But Jennie is with her to comfort and shield her;
   Together they weep and together they pray,
   And Jennie her daughter will be while she's living,
   For the sake of the laddie who died far away.

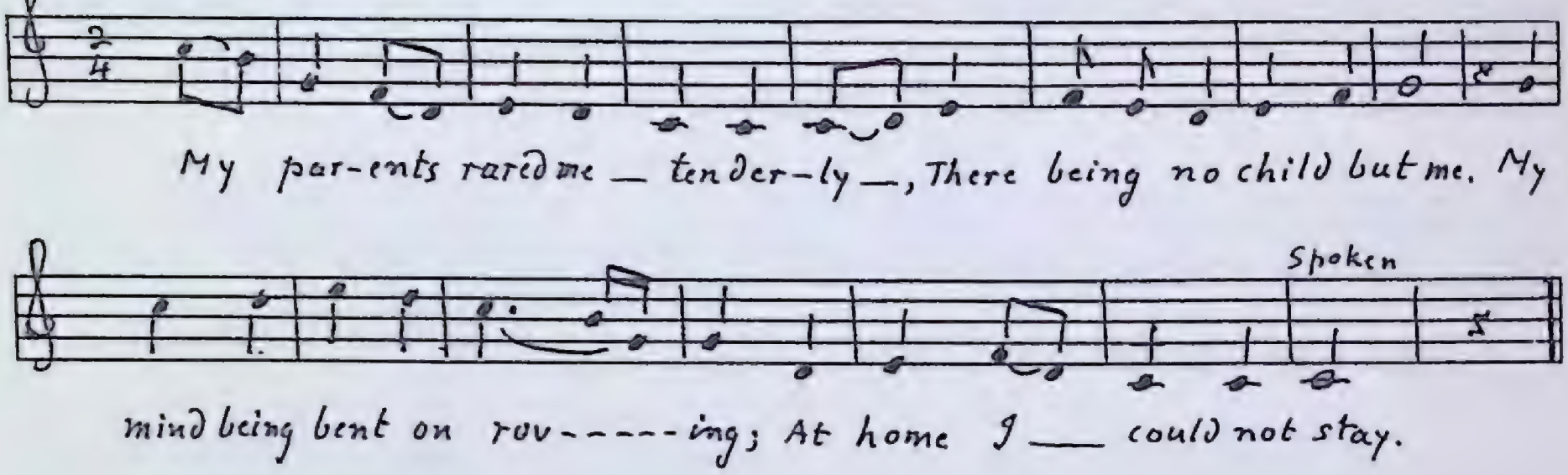
Another song sometimes carries this title, though it is more frequently known as "The Lady of the Lake" (*See* Greig No. 109).

Jennie Ferguson

(*The Girl I Left Behind*)

♩ = 100 Beg. note D

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. My parents rared me tenderly,
   There being no child but me.
   My mind being bent on roving;
   At home I could not stay.

2. Soon I became a rover-great,
   Which grieved my heart full sore.
   I left my aged parents,
   I'll never see dem no more.

3. It's of a wealthy gentleman,
   Who lived near our part;
   He had one lovely daughter fair,
   And I have gained her heart.

4. She was noble-minded too,
   So beautiful and fair.
   With Columbia's fairest daughter,
   She surely could compare.

5. I told her my intentions,
   Was quite soon to cross the main;
   I asked her would she prove true to me
   Till I return again.

6. Till the drops of tears were in her eyes;
   Her bosom hove a sigh,
   "O yes," she said, she'd wait for me,
   For love can never die.

7. "But," said the maid, "I've had a drem [dream],
   For which I scarce can believe,
   That distance breaks the links of love,
   And leaves a girl to grieve."

8. I fondly pressed on her cheeks a kiss,
Saying, "Dearest, do not fear."
And swore by him dat rules de night
That I would prove sincere.

9. "So then," said she, "my prayers may be
For health and a prosperous wind,
And may the Heavens return you safe
To the girl you left behind."

10. At Dolpford town I first set out,
That hospitable land,
Where I met with Jennie Ferguson;
She offered me her hand.

11. Saying, "I got money plentiful,
Rich houses and rich land;
If you'll agree and marry me,
It will be at your command."

12. "If you'll agree and marry me
And the sea no more will roam,
That gold that I proclaimed is yours,
And I will faithful prove."

13. I soon agreed to marry her,
I own's up for my shame,
For what man can be happy,
When he knows himself to blame?

14. O now that I am married,
And my wife is good and kind,
But still my pillow is haunted
By the girl I left behind.

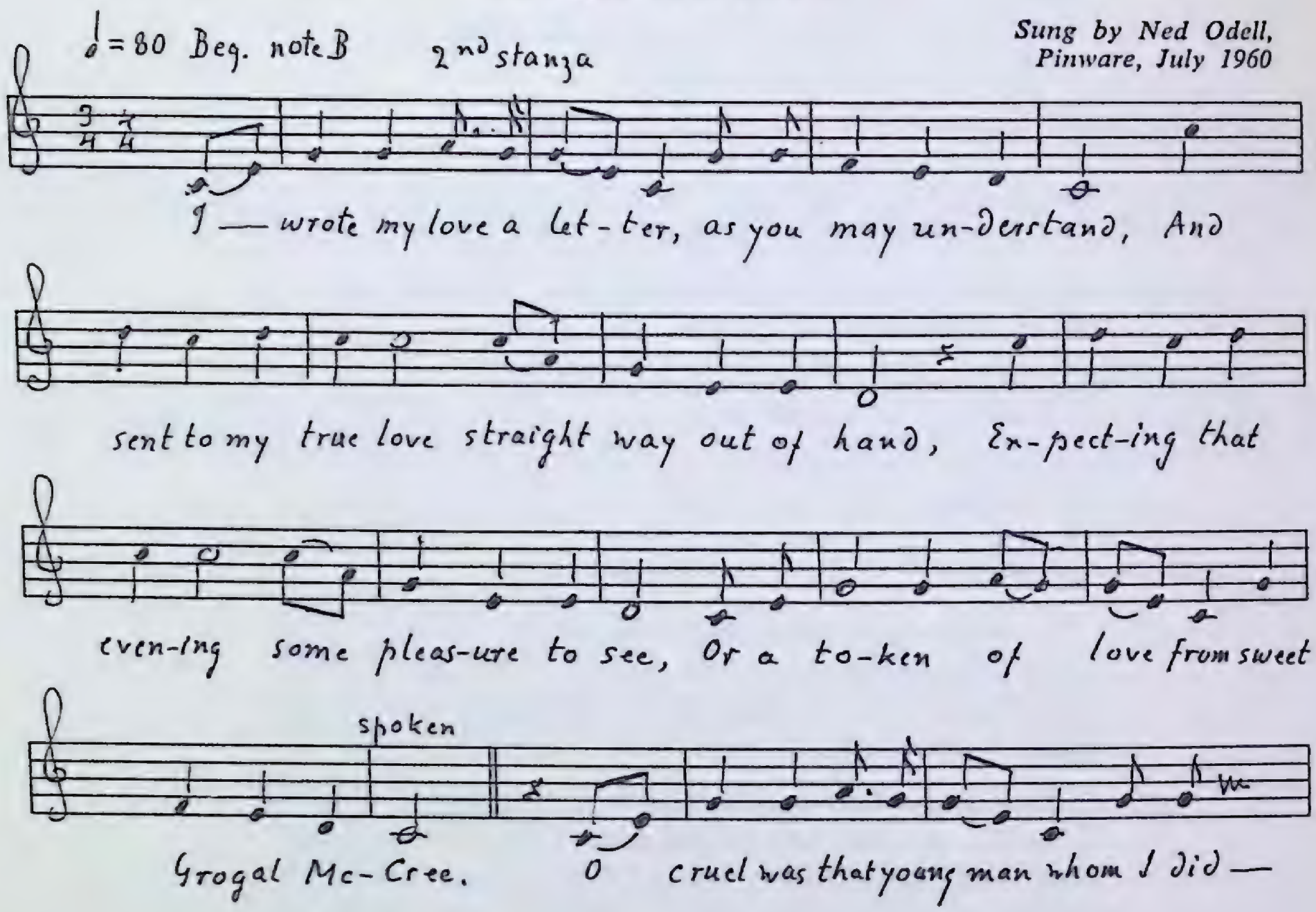
15. My father's in his winding sheets,
My mother setting near,
And the girl I love sits by their sides,
A-drying of their tears.

16. With broken hearts they all have died,
But all too late I find
That God has seen my cruelty
To the girl I left behind.

A slightly different and shorter version of this song from Newfoundland was published in JAF, 67: 128, and Doerflinger prints a text from MS. from Nova Scotia; these are the only texts from the Maritimes. The song was popular in the south and in Scotland. All texts derive from the 18th century broadsides and the *Forget-me-not Songster*. Ord prints a very full version which he titles, "I'll ne'er forget the parting"; here the girl is Peggy Walker. (*See* Laws II, p. 248, for bibliography, and Brown Collection, 2: 378). A number of songs have borne this title.

Grogal McCree

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. I am a young man that's sorely impressed
   By the charms of a fair one and can't find no rest;
   Her name I won't mention, for wounded I'll be,
   But her name in plain Irish is Grogal McCree.

2. I wrote my love a letter, as you may understand,
   And sent to my true love straight way out of hand,
   Expecting that evening some pleasure to see,
   Or a token of love from sweet Grogal McCree.

3. O cruel was that young man whom I did employ,
   In birth and in breeding I believe he's the worst,
   For he proved a deceiver and a traitor to me,
   For he never gave my letter to sweet Grogal McCree.

4. He met her old father, as you may understand;
   He gave my love letter straight into his hand;
   When the old man he read it, he swore bitterly,
   "We will alter the case with sweet Grogal McCree."

5. He sent for his daughter in anger the same,
   Saying, "I have a letter from your darling friend.
   You can't deny it; it's plain for to see,
   For entitled it here is sweet Grogal McCree."

6. Before her old father she fell on her knees,
   Saying, "Honorable father, do just as you please,
   For if by wild horses all torn I'll be,
   I will never deny I'm his Grogal McCree."

7. Her horse was got ready without more delay,
   And to some foreign country my love sent away,
   And now I'm in search of her by night and by day,
   For to try and find tidings of Grogal McCree.

8. I'll travel this wide world. I'll cruise it all round,
   And perhaps in some part of it my love may be found,
   And if I don't find her, I'll mourn constantly,
   And my last dying word will be Grogal McCree.

This is a very rare song. So far as I can find, the air has never before been collected. Randolph has a text (1: 433) and also Flanders-Barry, p. 34, with a borrowed tune. The Flanders-Barry text is from a manuscript of *c.* 1800 in the Barry collection. The Randolph version calls the girl "gay girl Marie"; the Flanders-Barry title is "Sweet Gramachree," evidently obtained from a broadside; but the text as printed calls the girl "sweet Cramocre." The suggestion is that these are various corruptions of Irish *a ghradh mo chroidhe,* "O love of my heart" (*See* Laws II, p. 191).

The texts are not verbally close. The Labrador is shorter, eight quatrains against ten and eleven. It gains by cutting out verbiage. For example, the second stanza in the Flanders-Barry is as follows:

When first I beheld this sweet femal so fair
My eyes was eclip's with her beauty so rare
Her killed glances so enchanted me
I Anguish I Languish for my sweet Cramocre.

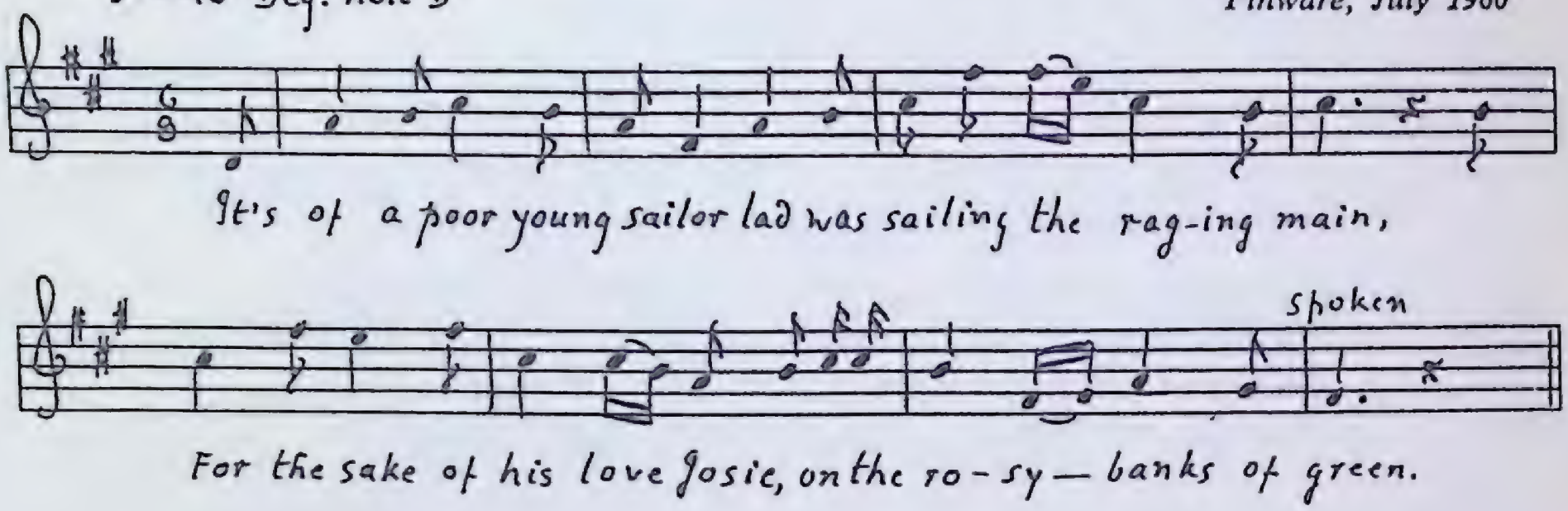
in Randolph:

Her teeth are of the ivory, her cheeks of the rose,
Her skin fair as lilies, her hair black as the crows,
She's handsomely featured in every degree,
She's the pride of all beauty, my gay girl Marie.

The Labrador text passes over this to advance the story with account of sending the letter. The Randolph version adds two stanzas telling of his finding Sweet Marie accidently on Court Square. This seems to be a local addition.

Rosy Banks of Green

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. It's of a poor young sailor lad was sailing the raging main,
   For the sake of his love Josie, on the rosy banks of green.
   Then on one summer's evening it being in her uncle's grove,
   Where Josephine was discoursing with a youth she dearly loved.

2. With tears and fond embraces his only Josephine
   Saying, "We never shall be parted on the rosy banks of green."
   Her father overheard them and his anger could not stand;
   He jumped down in front of them with a loaded gun in hand.

3. He aimed that deadly weapon and that fateful trigger drew,
   And Josephine like lightening to her lover's arms she flew;
   The bullet sped its course and so truly was his aim,
   And those two fell a victim on the rosy banks of green.

4. As Josephine lay dying, these words I heard her say,
   "I'm glad my poor old mother never lived to see this day,
   O Charlie, my dear Charlie, you will never see again,
   Your aged parents you will never see them no more.

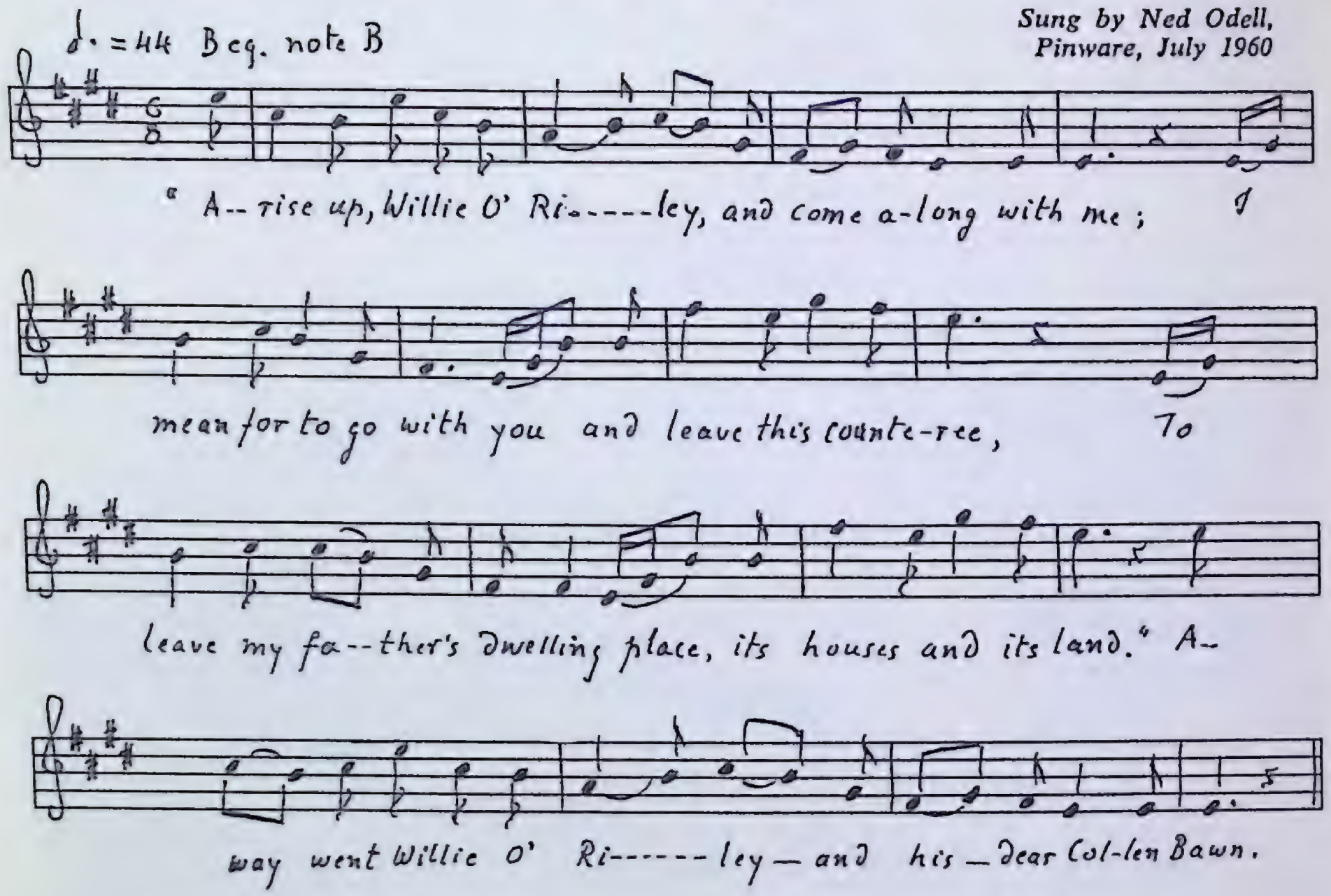
5. "But may you live in glory with your only Josephine,
   And never shall be parted on the rosy banks of green."
   Beneath the marble tombstone it being down by a purling stream
   Sleeps these two constant lovers on the rosy banks of green.

The 'ballad parent' seems always to object to his daughter's marriage. Usually the young people have their way and cleverly circumvent parental opposition. This is an exception; perhaps that is why it was not popular.

Cod drying on the flakes

Willie Riley

Sung by Ned Odell,
Pinware, July 1960



1. "Arise up, Willie O'Riley, and come along with me;
   I mean for to go with you and leave this counteree,
   To leave my father's dwelling place, its houses and its land."
   Away went Willie O'Riley and his dear Collen Bawn.

2. They go by hills and valleys and by a lonely plain;
   Her father followed after them with a well-armed band,
   And taken was poor Riley and his dear Collen Bawn.

3. This lady she being taken home and in her closet bound,
   Poor Riley all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
   Till a jailer summoned to Riley came and dis to him did say,
   "The lady's oat(h) will hang you or else will set you free."

4. "If that be so," said Riley, "some pleasure I will find,
   For never will I be hurted by my own dear Collen Bawn."
   Now Willie is dressed from top to toe in his dark suit of green,
   And his hair hangs over his shoulders most glorious to be seen;
   He's fit for Foillard's daughter, though she's heiress to a queen.

5. Oh, then up spake the cute old judge at the end of the table lay,
Saying, "Gentlemen, consider on this extremity,
To hang a man for love is murder, don' you see?
So spare the life of Riley, let him leave his counteree."

6. "Oh, good my lord, he stole from her a costly diamond ring,
Gold watch and silver buckle and many a precious thing,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than ten thousand pounds;
I'll have the life of Riley, should I lose ten thousand pounds."

7. "Good my lord, I gave them him as token of true love,
And when we are a parting all dose I will remove;
So if you have dem, Riley, please send dem home to me."
"I will, my lovely lady, with many thanks to thee."

8. "There's one among them, Riley, I'll allow yourself to wear;
It's set with costly diamonds, well set in silver fair,
And as a true love token you wear it on your right hand;
You think on my poor broken heart when you're in a foreign land."

This is often known as "Riley's Trial," being a kind of continuation of the ballad "William Riley's Courtship." In the latter ballad Riley elopes with the lady, is pursued by the father, and brought back and lodged in jail. "William Riley" was very popular in Newfoundland, and from there it has drifted to Labrador. In increased incoherence and omissions, the Labrador texts show signs of erosion; they are shorter by three to four stanzas than the Newfoundland texts (For bibliography, *see* Laws II, p. 184, and add O'Connor, p. 86; Charles G. Duffy, *Ballad Poetry of Ireland,* (Dublin, 1845) p. 244. And compare "Mary Riley," Mackenzie, p. 120.)

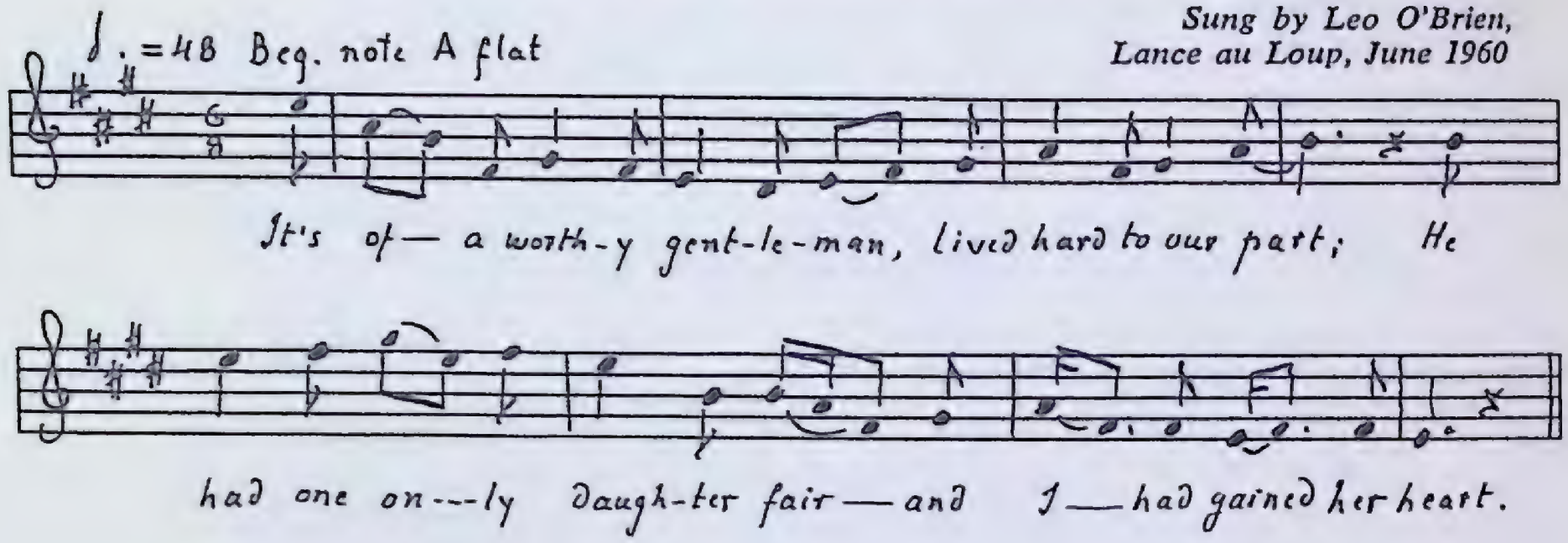
The ballad is based on an event that occurred toward the end of the eighteenth century in northern Ireland. The Foillard family was the most important Protestant family in the district; Riley, a Catholic, was not a welcome suitor. Duffy's note is interesting:

"The story on which it was founded happened some sixty years ago (i.e., *c.* 1765); and as the lover was a young Catholic farmer and the lady's family of high Orange principles, it got a party character, which, no doubt, contributed to its great popularity . . . . Nurses and seamstresses, the honorary guardians of our national songs and legends, have taken it into special favor, and preserved its popularity."

William Carleton used this ballad as the basis for his novel, *William Riley.*

The Girl I Left Behind

Sung by Leo O'Brien,
Lance au Loup, June 1960



1. It's of a worthy gentleman, lived hard to our part;
   He had one only daughter fair and I had gained her heart.
   I asked her if she'd come with me across the raging main,
   Or would she still prove true to me till I return again.

2. I pressed this fair one to my breast till her bosom gave a sigh.
   She said, "Young man, grieve not for me, for my love it can never die."
   Oh, when I heard her say those words, I got on board the ship,
   And to the town of Glasgow I made a pleasant trip.

3. Where golden trade was plenty and the girls were free and kind,
   I soon forgot that bonny girl, the girl I left behind.
   As I roved out one evening to view the foreign land,
   I met with Jennie Ferguson, she offered me her hand.

4. Saying, "Money I have plenty, rich houses and rich lands;
   If you'll agree to marry me, it will be at your command;
   I soon agreed to marry her, I own it to my shame,
   How can a man live happy, when he knows himself to blame?

5. My father's in his winding sheet, my mother standing near,
   And the girl I loved stood by their side a drying of their tears;
   It's broken hearted they all have died, but now too late I find
   'Fore God I showed my cruelty to the girl I left behind.

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